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JOHN LOWIN

From the picture on the Islande l'asam

THE MERMAID SERIES

PHILIP MASSINGER

LDITLD, WITH IN INTRODUCTION AND NOTIS

В

ARTHUR SYMONS



" I lie and dream of your full Mermaid wine "-Beaumont

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LONDON
T. FISHER UNWIN
NFW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS



"What things have we seen Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been So nimble, and so full of subtle flame, As if that every one from whence they came Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest, And had resolved to live a fool the rest Of his dull life "

Master Francis Beaumont to Ben Jons, r.

ంచివేద్దరం-

"Souls of Poets dead and gone, What Elysium have ye known, Happy field or mossy cavern, Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?" Keats





PREFACE.

HE text of the five plays contained in this volume is founded directly on the original editions.

These have been carefully collated with Gifford's second edi-

tion of Massinger. Gifford's notions of textual fidelity were rather lax, notwithstanding his solemn protests to the contrary. Many of his alterations, indeed, are in themselves of little importance; but others, now for the first time corrected back again, are of really serious significance. One or two specimen instances are given in the footnotes to the present edition.

My best thanks are due to Mr. S. W. Orson, who has collated the plays for me from the copies in the British Museum. I am also indebted to him for some useful suggestions, and for reading the proofs.

ARTHUR SYMONS.



JOHN LOWIN



HE actor whose portrait—originally painted in 1640—is prefixed to this volume enjoyed a high reputation during the forty years of the seventeenth central John Lowin, son of Richard Lowin, a carpenter residing in St Giles's, Cripplegate, was born in 1576 Of his early life and education we have no record,

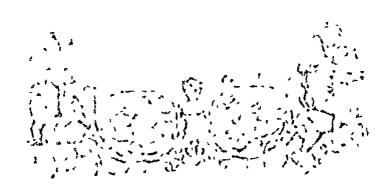
but in 1602 he was one of Henslowe's company at the Fortune Theatre in Golden Lane Soon after his marriage, in 1607, Lowin joined the King's Players, and at once became one of the principal members In Wright's Historia Histrionica (1699) Old Trueman says "In my time, before the wars, Lowin used to act with mighty applause Falstaff, Morose, Volpone, Mammon in The Alchemist, and Melantius in The Maid's Tragedy" Other characters undertaken by him were Eubulus in Massinger's Picture, Domitian in The Roman Actor, and Flaminius in Believe as You List, Bosola in The Duchess of Malfi, and Belleur in The Wild Goose Chase He also appeared in many of Shakespeare's plays, his name being included in the list of actors given in the First Folio', and in the induction to Marston's Malcontent he and others come upon the stage and speak in their own persons It is clear from a couplet in Gill's abusive verses on Ben Jonson (see The Magnetic Lady) that the two actors there mentioned were reckoned the best performers on the stage in 1632 .-

> "Let Lowin cease, and Taylor fear to touch The loathed stage, for thou has made it such"

On the suppression of stage-plays and interludes by the Puntan party at the time of the breaking out of the great Civil War, Lowin, like many of his fellows, was reduced to poverty. He kept the Three Pigeons inn at Brentford for some years, and, according to Malone, died at the age of eighty-three, being interred in the graveyard of St Martin's-in-the-Fields, March 18, 1658-9

s. w o

$\tau_{HE} = \Re \phi_{\gamma M} \cdot E \nabla + i \epsilon_{\gamma} T O \mathcal{R}.$



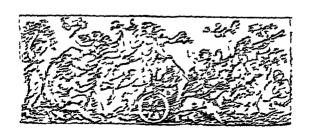


HE POINT ACTOR was increased by
Sir Harry Harbert, Oncober 11, 1626,
and printed in quanto in 162, The trilepage of the first and only old edition
that "The Pointa Actor. A TragediaAs illustrations been, with good
allurance Acted, as the private Mar-

forces in the Elack-Friens, by the Kings Hajesties Servans.

Whiten by Philip Hassinger. London. Printed by B. A. and T. F. for Robert Alin. and are to be sold at his shop at the signs of the Bears in Pauls Charak-yard. 162,1."

The himotical part of the plot is founded upon the life of London in Sustains, with additional particulars from Dir Cassins, and at least one racification from Hamial. Giffed states that the play was replaced by Beatening, who was very subsectful in the part of Paris; and that it was again brought on the stage, with some alteration in 1722.





To my much honoured and most true Friends,

SIR PHILIP KNYVET, KNIGHT AND BARONET,

AND 10 SIR THOMAS JEAY, KNIGHT,

AND THOMAS BELLINGHAM,

of Newtomber, in Sussex, Esquire.



OW much I acknowledge myself bound for your so many and extraordinary favours conferred upon me, as far as it is in my power, posterity shall take notice: I were most unworthy of such noblo friends, if I should not, with all thankfulness, profess and own them. In the composition of this Tragedy you were my only supporters, and it being now by your prin-

cipal encouragement to be turned into the world, it cannot walk safer than under your protection. It hath been happy in the suffrage of some learned and judicious gentlemen when it was presented, nor shall they find cause, I hope, in the perusal, to repent them of their good opinion of it. If the gravity and height of the subject distaste such as are only affected with jigs and ribaldry (as I presume it will), their condemnation of me and my poem can no way offend me my reason teaching me, such malicious and ignorant detractors deserve rather contempt than satisfaction. I ever held it the most perfect birth of my Minerva, and therefore in justice offer it to those that have best deserved of me, who, I hope, in their courteous acceptance will render it worth their receiving, and ever, in their gentle construction of my imperfections, believe they may at their pleasure dispose of him, that is wholly and sincerely

Devoted to their service,
PHILIP MASSINGER



DOMITIANUS CÆSAR
PARIS, the Roman Actor
ÆLIUS LAMIA,
JUNIUS RUSTICUS,
PALPHURIUS SURA,
FULCINIUS,
PARTHENIUS, CÆSAR'S Freedman
ARETINUS CLEMENS, CÆSAR'S Spy.
STEPHANOS, DOMITILLA'S Freedman
ÆSOPUS,
LATINUS,
Players
PHILARGUS, a rich Miser; Father of PARTHENIUS.
ASCLETARIO, an Astrologer.
SEJEIUS,
ENTELLUS,
Conspirators

DOMITIA, Wife of ÆLIUS LAMIA
DOMITILLA, Cousin-german to CÆSAR
JULIA, Daughter of TITUS
CÆNIS, VESPASIAN'S Concubine.
A Lady.

Tribunes, Lictors, Centurions, Soldiers, Hangmen, Servants, Captives

SCENE-ROME





THE ROMAN ACTOR.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I -The Theatre.

Enter Paris, Latinus, and Æsopus

ESOP. What do we act to-day?

Lat Agave's frenzy,

With Pentheus' bloody end

Par It skills not what,

The times are dull, and all that we receive

Will hardly satisfy the day's expense The Greeks, to whom we owe the first invention

Both of the buskined scene and humble sock, That reign in every noble family,

That reign in every noble family,
Declaim against us, and our amphitheatre,
Great Pompey's work, that hath given full delight
Both to the eye and ear of fifty thousand
Spectators in one day, as if it were
Some unknown desert, or great Rome unpeopled,
Is quite forsaken.

Lat. Pleasures of worse natures
Are gladly entertained, and they that shun us,
Practise, in private, sports the stews would blush at.

A litter borne by eight Liburnian slaves To buy diseases from a glorious strumpet. The most censorious of our Roman gentry. Nay, of the guarded robe. the senators Esteem an easy purchase.

Par. Yet grudge us,
That with delight join profit, and endeavour
To build their minds up fair, and on the stage
Decipher to the life what honours wait
On good and glorious actions, and the shame
That treads upon the heels of vice, the salary
Of six sestertii.

Asop. For the profit. Paris
And mercenary gam, they are things beneath us;
Since. while you hold your grace and power with Cæsar,
We. from your bounty, find a large supply,
Nor can one thought of want ever approach us.

Par Our aim is glory, and to leave our names To aftertimes.

Lat. And, would they give us leave. There ends all our ambition.

Esop. We have enemies,
And great ones too. I fear. Tis given out lately,
The consul Arctinus Cæsar's spy,
Said at his table, ere a month expired.
For being galled in our last comedy,
He'd silence us for ever

Par. I expect No favour from him, my strong Aventine 2 is. That great Domitian, whom we oft have cheered In his most sullen moods, will once return. Who can repair, with ease, the consul's ruins.

Vain-glorious (Lat glorious)
 The tunic with purple stripe (laticlave) worn by senctors
 Security Compare Beaumont and Fletcher, The Double

Marriage, v. 2.—

". . . Ferrand fled too,

And with small strength, into the castle's tower.

And with small strength, into the castie's tower, The only Avenume that now is left him."

Lat 'Tis frequent' in the city, he hath subdued The Catti and the Daci, and, ere long, The second time will enter Rome in triumph.

Enter two Lictors.

Par. Jove hasten it! With us?-I now beheve The consul's threats, Æsopus.

1st Liet. You are summoned To appear to-day in Senate.

and Lief. And there to answer What shall be uiged against you.

Par. We obey you.

Nay, droop not, fellows; innocence should be bold We, that have personated in the scene The ancient heroes, and the falls of princes, With loud applause, being to act ourselves, Must do it with undaunted confidence. Whate'er our sentence be, think 'tis in sport; And, though condemned, let's hear it without sorrow, As if we were to live again to-morrow.

1st Lut. 'Tis spoken like yourself.

Enter ÆLIUS LIMIA, JUNIUS RUSIICUS, and PAL-PHURIUS SURA.

Lam Whither goes Pans? 1st Lict He's cited to the Senate.

Lat I am glad the state is

So free from matters of more weight and trouble, That it has vacant time to look on us

Par. That reverend place, in which the affairs of kings And provinces were determined, to descend To the censure of a bitter word, or jest,

Dropped from a poet's pen! Peace to your lordships! We are glad that you are safe

Excunt Lictors, Paris, Latinus, and Æsopus. Lam What times are these!

¹ Currently reported,

To what is Rome fallen 1 may we, being alone, Speak our thoughts freely of the prince and state, And not fear the informer?

Rust. Noble Lamia,

So dangerous the age is, and such bad acts
Are practised everywhere, we hardly sleep,
Nay, cannot dream with safety. All our actions
Are called in question, to be nobly born
Is now a crime, and to deserve too well,
Held capital treason. Sons accuse their fathers,
Fathers their sons, and, but to win a smile
From one in grace at court, our chastest matrons
Make shipwreck of their honours. To be virtuous
Is to be guilty. They are only safe
That know to soothe the prince's appetite,
And serve his lusts

Sura 'Tis true, and 'tis my wonder,
That two sons of so different a nature
Should spring from good Vespasian We had a Titus,
Styled justly "the Delight of all Mankind,"
Who did esteem that day lost in his life
In which some one or other tasted not
Of his magnificent bounties, one that had
A ready tear, when he was forced to sign
The death of an offender, and so far
From pride that he disdained not the converse
Even of the poorest Roman

Lam Yet his brother.

Domitian, that now sways the power of things,
Is so inclined to blood that no day passes
In which some are not fastened to the hook,
Or thrown down from the Gemonies.¹ His freedmen ²
Scorn the nobility, and he himself,

¹ The Scalæ Gemoniæ, a precipice on the Aventine, where the bodies of state criminals were flung

² The quarto edition invariably prints freeman and freemen throughout the play Freeman and freedman were formerly interchangeable terms for libertus, both are given in Coles' Latin Dictionary, I have, therefore, followed Giffold in using the modern term

As if he were not made of flesh and blood. Forgets he is a man.

Rust In his young years, He showed what he would be when grown to ripeness. His greatest pleasure was, being a child, With a sharp-pointed bodkin to kill flies, Whose rooms now men supply. For his escape In the Vitellian war, he raised a temple To Jupiter, and proudly placed his figure In the bosom of the god: and, in his edicts, He does not blush, or start, to style himself (As if the name of emperor were base) Great Lord and God Domitian.

Sura I have letters He's on his way to Rome, and purposes To enter with all glory The flattering Senate Decrees him divine honours, and to cross it, Were death with studied torments —for my part, I will obey the time, it is in vain To strive against the torrent.

Rust. Let's to the Curia, And, though unwillingly, give 1 our suffrages. Before we are compelled.

Lam And since we cannot With safety use the active, let's make use of The passive fortitude, with this assurance,— That the state, sick in him, the gods to friend, Though at the worst, will now begin to mend. [Eacunt



SCENE II -A Room in Lamia's House

Enter Domitia and Parthenius

Dom. To me this reverence! Parth I pay it, lady,

1 The quarto has " grane"

As a debt due to her that's Cæsar's mistress

For understand with joy, he that commands

All that the sun gives warmth to is your servant,

Be not amazed, but fit you to your fortunes

Think upon state and greatness, and the honours

That wait upon Augusta, for that name

Ere long comes to you —still you doubt your vassal—

[Presents a letter]

But, when you've read this letter, writ and signed With his imperial hand, you will be freed From fear and jealousy, and, I beseech you, When all the beauties of the earth bow to you, And senators shall take it for an honour, As I do now, to kiss these happy feet, [Kneels When every smile you give is a preferment, And you dispose of provinces to your creatures, Think on Parthenius

Dom Rise I am transported, And hardly dare believe what is assured here The means, my good Parthenius, that wrought Cæsar, Our god on earth, to cast an eye of favour Upon his humble handmaid?

Parth What but your beauty?
When Nature framed you for her masterpiece,
As the pure abstract of all rare in woman,
She had no other ends but to design you
To the most eminent place I will not say
(For it would smell of arrogance, to insinuate
The service I have done you) with what zeal
I oft have made relation of your virtues,
Or how I've sung your goodness, or how Cæsar
Was fired with the relation of your story
I am rewarded in the act, and happy
In that my project prospered

Dom You are modest, And, were it in my power, I would be thankful If that, when I was mistress of myself, And, in my way of youth,1 pure and untainted, The emperor had youchsafed to seek my favours, I had with joy given up my virgin fort, At the first summons, to his soft embraces, But I am now another's, not mine own. You know I have a husband, -- for my honour, I would not be his strumpet; and how law Can be dispensed with to become his wife, To me's a nddle

Parth I can soon resolve it: When power puts in his plea the laws are silenced. The world confesses one Rome, and one Cresar, And, as his rule is infinite, his pleasures Are unconfined, this syllable, his will, Stands for a thousand reasons.

Dom. But with safety,-Suppose I should consent,—how can I do it? My husband is a senator, of a temper Not to be jested with.

Enter LAMIA.

Parth As if he durst Be Cæsar's rival!—here he comes; with ease I will remove this scruple

Lam. [Aside.] How! so private! My own house made a brothel! Sir, how durst you, Though guarded with your power in court, and greatness, Hold conference with my wife? As for you, minion, I shall hereafter treat-

Parth You are rude and saucy Nor know to whom you speak.

Lam. This is fine, i' faith 13

^{1 2.2} In my youth. Compare A Very Woman, w. 2 -"In way of youth I did enjoy one friend."

² Gifford, without note or warning, adds, "Is she not my wife?" This is a needless addition Parthenius' expression, "Your wife?" refers to "Hold conference with my wife?" just above.

Parth Your wife! But touch her, that respect forgotten That's due to her whom mightiest Cæsar favours, And think what 'tis to die Not to lose time, She's Cæsar's choice it is sufficient honour You were his taster in this heavenly nectar, But now must quit the office.

Lam This is rare!

Cannot a man be master of his wife,

Because she's young and fair, without a patent?

I in mine own house am an emperor,

And will defend what's mine Where are my knaves?

If such an insolence escape unpunished—

Parth In yourself, Lamia —Cæsar hath forgot
To use his power, and I, his instrument,
In whom, though absent, his authority speaks,
Have lost my faculties!

[Stamps

Enter a Centurion with Soldiers.

Lam The guard why, am I Designed for death?

Dom As you desire my favour, Take not so rough a course

Parth All your desires

Are absolute commands Yet give me leave
To put the will of Cæsar into act
Here's a bill of divorce between your lordship
And this great lady · if you refuse to sign it,
And so as if you did it uncompelled,
Won to't by reasons that concern yourself,
Her honour too untainted, here are clerks
Shall in your best blood write it new, till torture
Compel you to perform it

Lam Is this legal?

Parth Monarchs that dare not do unlawful things, Yet bear them out, are constables, not kings Will you dispute?

Lam I know not what to urge

Against myself, but too much dotage on her, Love, and observance

Parth Set it under your hand
That you are impotent, and cannot pay
The duties of a husband; or that you are mad;
Rather than want just cause, we'll make you so
Dispatch, you know the danger else,—deliver it,—
Nay, on your knee.—Madam, you are now free,
And mistress of yourself

Lam. Can you, Domitia, Consent to this?

Dom 'Twould argue a base mind
To live a servant, when I may command.
I now am Cæsar's: and yet, in respect
I once was yours, when you come to the palace.
Provided you deserve it in your service.
You shall find me your good mistress. Wait me, Parthenius;
And now farewell, poor Lamia! [Eacunt all but Lamia.
Lam. To the gods

I bend my knees (for tyranny hath banished Justice from men), and as they would deserve Their altars, and our vows, humbly invoke them, That this my ravished wife may prove as fatal To proud Domitian, and her embraces Afford him, in the end, as little joy, As wanton Helen brought to him of Troy.

[Exit.



SCENE III -The Curra or Senate-house

Enter Lactors, Aretinus, Fulcinius, Rusticus, Sura, Paris, Latinus, and Æsopus

Arct Fathers conscript, may this our meeting be Happy to Casai and the commonwealth!

List. Silence!

Arct The purpose of this frequent Senate1 Is, first, to give thanks to the gods of Rome That, for the propagation of the empire. Vouchsafe us one to govern it, like themselves In height of courage, depth of understanding, And all those virtues, and remarkable graces, Which make a prince most eminent, our Domitian Transcends the ancient Romans I can never Bring his praise to a period What good man That is a friend to truth, dares make it doubtful That he hath Fabius' staidness, and the courage Of bold Marcellus, to whom Hannibal gave The style 2 of Target, and the Sword of Rome? But he has more, and every touch more Roman; As Pompey's dignity, Augustus' state, Antony's bounty, and great Julius' fortune. With Cato's resolution I am lost In the ocean of his virtues, in a word, All excellencies of good men in him meet But no part of their vices

Rust This is no flattery!

Sura. Take heed, you'll be observed

Aret 'Tis then most fit

That we, (as 3 to the father of our country,
Like thankful sons, stand bound to pay true service
For all those blessings that he showers upon us,)
Should not connive, and see his government
Depraved and scandalized by meaner men,
That to his favour and indulgence one
Themselves and being

Par Now he points at us

Arct Cite Paris, the tragedian.

Par Here

Arct Stand forth

^{1 2}e Senatus frequens, a full house
2 Tule
3 2e "Who. as," &c

In thee, as being the chief of thy profession, I do accuse the quality ' of treason.

As libellers against the state and Cæsar.

Par. Mere accusations are not proofs, my lord:

In what are we delinquents?

Ard. You are they
That search into the secrets of the time,
And, under feigned names, on the stage, present
Actions not to be touched at; and traduce
Persons of rank and quality of both sexes,
And, with satirical and bitter jests,
Make even the senators ridiculous
To the plebeians

Put. If I free not my self,
And, in myself, the rest of my profession,
From these false imputations, and prove
That they make that a libel which the poet
Writ for a comedy, so acted too,
It is but justice that we undergo
The heaviest censure.

Ard. Are you on the stage, You talk so boldly?

Par The whole world being one,
This place is not exempted. and I am
So confident in the justice of our cause,
That I could wish Cæsar, in whose great name
All kings are comprehended, sat as judge,
To hear our plea, and then determine of us
If to express a man sold to his lusts,
Wasting the treasure of his time and fortunes
In wanton dalhance, and to what sad end
A wretch that's so given over does arrive at;
Deterring careless youth, by his example,
From such heentious courses; laying open
The snares of bawds, and the consuming arts

Quality, meaning profession, was at this time the technical word for players—as, I believe, the modern equivalent still is

Of prodigal strumpets can deserve reproof,
Why are not all your golden principles,
Writ down by grave philosophers to instruct us
To choose fair virtue for our guide, not pleasure,
Condemned unto the fire?

Sura. There's spirit in this.

Par. Or if desire of honour was the base On which the building of the Roman empire Was raised up to this height, if to inflame The noble wouth with an ambitious heat To endure the frosts of danger nav. of death, To be thought worthy the triumphal wreath By glorious undertakings may deserve Reward or favour from the commonwealth, Actors may put in for as large a share As all the sects of the philosophers: They with cold precepts (perhaps seldom read) Deliver what an honourable thing The active virtue is, but does that fire The blood, or swell the veins with emulation. To be both good and great, equal to that Which is presented on our theatres? Let a good actor, in a lofty scene, Show great Alcides honoured in the sweat Of his twelve labours, or a bold Camillus, Forbidding Rome to be redeemed with gold From the insulting Gauls, or Scipio. After his victories, imposing tribute On conquered Carthage if done to the life, As if they saw their dangers, and their glones, And did partake with them in their rewards, All that have any spark of Roman in them. The slothful arts laid by, contend to be Like those they see presented.

Rust He has put
The consuls to their whisper

¹ State, express

Par. But 'tis urged That we corrupt youth, and traduce superiors When do we bring a vice upon the stage, That does go off unpumshed? Do we teach. By the success of wicked undertakings, Others to tread in their forbidden steps? We show no arts of Lydian panderism, Connthian poisons, Persian flatteries, But mulcted so in the conclusion that Even those spectators that were so inclined Go home changed men And, for traducing such That are above us, publishing to the world Their secret crimes, we are as innocent As such as are born dumb When we present An heir that does conspire against the life Of his dear parent, numbering every hour He lives, as tedious to him; if there be, Among the auditors, one whose conscience tells him He is of the same mould,—we cannot help it.1 Or, bringing on the stage a loose adulteress, That does maintain the notous expense Of him that feeds her greedy lust, yet suffers The lawful pledges of a former bed To starve the while for hunger, if a matron, However great in fortune, birth, or titles, Guilty of such a foul unnatural sin. Cry out, 'Tis writ by 2 me,-we cannot help it Or, when a covetous man's expressed, whose wealth Arithmetic cannot number, and whose lordships

¹ Here, and lower down, Gifford eked out the emphasis with small capitals, a device for which he had no authority in the original quarto

² Gifford reads "for," but compare Merchant of Venuce, n 9 -

[&]quot;... That many may be meant By the fool multitude."

And Ben Jonson, Foetaster, v 1 .-

[&]quot;Is not that engle meant by Casar?"

See Abbott's Stak Gram, under "By"
Mass II.

A falcon in one day cannot fly over, Vet he so sordid in his mind, so griping, As not to afford himself the necessaries To maintain life, if a patrician, (Though honoured with a consulship,) find himself Touched to the quick in this,—we cannot help it Or, when we show a judge that is corrupt. And will give up his sentence as he favours The person, not the cause, saving the guilty, If of his faction, and as oft condemning The innocent, out of particular spleen, If any in this reverend assembly, Nay, e'en yourself, my lord, that are the image Of absent Cæsar, feel something in your bosom, That puts you in remembrance of things past, Or things intended,—'tis not in us to help it. I have said, my lord and now, as you find cause, Or censure us, or free us with applause

Lat Well pleaded, on my life! I never saw him Act an orator's part before

Æsop We might have given Ten double fees to Regulus, and yet Our cause delivered worse

A shout within

Enter PARTHENIUS

Aret What shout is that?

Parth Cæsar, our lord, married to conquest, is Returned in triumph

Ful Let's all haste to meet him

Aret Break up the court, we will reserve to him The censure of this cause

All Long life to Cæsar!

[Exeunt



SCENE IV .- The Approach to the Capital

Enter Julia, C.Enis, Domitilla, and Domitia.

Canis. Stand back—the place is mine.

Jul. Yours! Am I not

Great Titus' daughter, and Domitian's niece?

Dares any claim precedence?

Cans. I was more,-

The mistress of your father, and, in his right, Claim duty from you,

Jul. I confess you were useful

To please his appetite.

Dom. To end the controversy,

For I'll have no contending, I'll be bold; To lead the way myself.

Domital. You, minion!

Dom. Yes,

And all, ere long, shall kneel to catch my favours

Jul Whence springs this flood of greatness?

Dom. You shall know

Too soon, for your vexation, and perhaps

Repent too late, and pine with envy, when

You see whom Cæsar favours

Jul. Observe the sequel.

Enter Captains with laurels, Domitian in his triumphant chariot, Parthenius, Paris, Latinus, and Æsopus, met by Aretinus, Sura, Lamia, Rusticus, Fulcinius, Soldiers and Captives

Cas. As we now touch the height of human glory, Riding in triumph to the Capitol,
Let these, whom this victorious arm hath made
The scorn of fortune, and the slaves of Rome,
Taste the extremes of misery. Bear them off
To the common prisons, and there let them prove
How sharp our axes are.

Excunt Soldiers with Captives

100

Rust A bloody entrance!

Aside

Cas To tell you you are happy in your prince, Were to distrust your love, or my desert, And either were distasteful: or to boast How much, not by my deputies, but myself, I have enlarged the empire; or what horrors The soldier, in our conduct, hath broke through,

Would better suit the mouth of Plautus' braggart

Sur a This is no boast!

Than the adored monarch of the world

Aside

Cas. When I but name the Daci,
And gray-eyed Germans, whom I have subdued,
The ghost of Julius will look pale with envy,
And great Vespasian's and Titus' triumph,
(Truth must take place of father and of brother,)
Will be no more remembered I am above
-All honours you can give me, and the style
Of Lord and God, which thankful subjects give me,

Atcl. At all parts

Celestial sacrifice is fit for Cæsar,

In our acknowledgment.

Cas Thanks, Aretinus,

Not my ambition, is deserved

Still hold our favour Now, the god of war, And famine, blood, and death, Bellona's pages,

Banished from Rome to Thrace, in our good fortune, With justice he may taste the fruits of peace

Whose sword hath ploughed the ground, and reaped the harvest

Of your prosperity. Nor can I think That there is one among you so ungrateful, Or such an enemy to thriving virtue, That can esteem the jewel he holds dearest Too good for Cæsar's use.

Sur a All we possess—

Lam Our liberties-

Ful. Our children-

Parth. Wealth-

SCENE IV.]

Aict. And throats,

Fall willingly beneath his feet.

Rust. [Aside.] Base flattery.!

What Roman can endure this!:

Cas. This calls on

My love to all, which spreads itself among you..

The beauties of the time! [Seeing the ladies.] Receive the honour

To kiss the hand which, reared up thus, holds thunder; To you 'tis an assurance of a calm.

Julia, my niece, and Cænis, the delight

Of old Vespasian, Domitilla, too,

A princess of our blood. Rust. 'Tis strange his pride

Affords no greater courtesy to ladies

Of such high birth and rank.

Sur a Your wife's forgotten.

Lam. No, she will be remembered, fear it not,

She will be graced, and greased Cas. But, when I look on

Divine Domitia, methinks we should meet (The lesser gods applauding the encounter)

As Jupiter, the Giants lying dead

On the Phlegican plain, embraced his Juno

Lamia, it is your honour that she's mine

Lam You are too great to be gainsaid. Cas Let all

That fear our frown, or do affect our favour,

Without examining the reason why,

Salute her (by this kiss I make it good)

With the title of Augusta

Dom. Still your servant.

All Long live Augusta, great Domitian's empress ! Ces. Paus, my hand

Par [Kissing it.] The gods still honour Casar!

Cas. The wars are ended, and, our arms laid by,

We are for soft delights Command the poets'
To use their choicest and most rare invention
To entertain the time, and be you careful
To give it action we'll provide the people
Pleasures of all kinds—My Domitia, think not
I flatter, though thus fond—On to the Capitol'
'Tis death to him that wears a sullen brow.
This 'tis to be a monarch, when alone
He can command all, but is awed by none

[Excunt





ACT THE SECOND

SCENT 1 .- Ar Inner Court in the Palace!

Filter Philamore similars, and Partin Sies



IIII. My son to tutor me! Know your obedience,
And question not my will,
Partie. Sir, were I one
Whom want compelled to wish a full possession

Of what is yours, or had I ever numbered

Your years, or thought you lived too long, with reason You then might nourish ill opinions of me. Or did the suit that I prefer to you Concern myself, and aimed not at your good, You might deny, and I sit down with patience, And after never press you

Phil. I' the name of Pluto, What wouldst thou have me do?

Path Right to yourself,
Or suffer me to do it. Can you imagine
This nasty hat, this tattered cloak, rent shoe,
This sordid linen, can become the master
Of your fair fortunes? whose superfluous means,
Though I were burthensome, could clothe you in
The costliest Persian silks, studded with jewels,

2 Gislord compares Ovid's patiess inquirere in annos, and the

speech of Pans above, p. 17.

¹ Gifford has "A State Room in the Palace" But it is a place overlooked by windows, to one of which Domitia presently comes and sings.

The spoils of provinces and every day Fresh change of Tyrian purple.

Phil. Out upon thee!

My moneys in my coffers melt to hear thee Purple! hence, produgal! Snall I make my mercer Or tailor my heir, or see my jeweller purchase? No. I hate pride.

Parth. Yet decency would do well. -Though for your outside, you will not be altered. Let me prevail so far yet, as to win you Not to deny your belly nourishment; Neither to think von've feasted, when 'is crammed With mouldy barley-bread, onions and leeks, And the drink of bondmen, water,

Pill Wouldst thou have me

Be an Apicius or a Lucullus.

And riot out my state in curious sauces?

Wise nature with a little is contented.

And, following her, my guide, I cannot err.

Parth. But you destroy her in your want of care (I blush to see and speak it) to maintain her In perfect health and vigour; when you suffer-Frighted with the charge of physic-rheums, catarrhs, The scurf, ache in your bones to grow upon you. And hasten on your fate with too much sparing: When a cheap purge a vomit, and good diet. May lengthen it. Give me but leave to send The emperor's doctor to you.

Phil I'll be borne first.

Half-rotten to the fire that must consume me His pills, his cordials his electuaries.1 His syrups, juleps, bezoar stone,2 nor his Imagined unicorn's horn, comes in my belly My mouth shall be a draught first us resolved.

A sympy medicine.

2 Bezozr, a precions stone, very cordial —Cole: Latin Dictionary—It is the concretion sometimes found in the intestines of rumment enimels.

No; I'll not lessen my dear golden heap,
Which, every hour increasing, does renew
My youth and vigour, but, if lessened, then,
Then my poor heart-strings crack. Let me enjoy it,
And brood o'er 't, while I live, it being my life,
My soul, my all: but when I turn to dust,
And part from what is more esteemed, by me,
Than all the gods Rome's thousand alters smoke to,
Inherit thou my adoration of it,
And, like me, serve my idol.

[East

Parth What a strange torture
Is a varice to itself! What man, that looks on
Such a penurious spectacle, but must
Know what the fable meant of Tantalus,
Or the ass whose back is cracked with curious viands,
Yet feeds on thistles? Some course I must take,
To make my father know what crucky
He uses on himself

Enter Paris

Par. Sir, with your pardon,
I make bold to inquire the emperor's pleasure;
For, being by him commanded to attend,
Your favour may instruct us what's his will
Shall be this night presented

Parth. My loved Paris,
Without my intercession, you well know,
You may make your own approaches, since his ear
To you is ever open.

Par. I acknowledge
His elemency to my weakness, and, if ever
I do abuse it, lightning strike me dead!
The grace he pleases to confer upon me,
(Without boast I may say so much,) was never
Employed to wrong the innocent, or to incense
His fury.

Parth 'Tis confessed, many men owe you

For provinces they ne'er hoped for; and their lives, Forfeited to his anger.—you being absent, I could say more.

Par. You still are my good patron:
And, lay it in my fortune to deserve it.
You should perceive the poorest of your clients
To his best abilities thankful

Parth. I believe so.

Met you my father?

Par. Yes, sir with much grief.

To see him as he is Can nothing work him

To be himself?

Parth. O, Paris, 'tis a weight
Sits heavy here and could this right hand s loss
Remove it, it should off: but he is deaf
To all persuasion

Par. Sir. with your pardon, I'll offer my advice. I once observed, In a tragedy of ours, in which a murder Was acted to the life, a guilty hearer, Forced by the terror of a wounded conscience. To make discovery of that which torture Could not wring from him. Nor can it appear Like an impossibility, but that Your father, looking on a covetous man Presented on the stage, as in a mirror, May see his own deformity, and loathe it. Now, could you but persuade the emperor To see a comedy we have, that s styled The Cure of Atarice, and to command Your father to be a spectator of it, He shall be so anatomized in the scene And see himself so personated, the baseness Of a self-torturing miserable wretch Truly described, that I much hope the object Will work compunction in him.

Parth. There's your fee;

I ne'er hought better counsel - Be you in readmess, I will effect the rest

Par Sir, when you please; We'll be prepared to enter.—Sir, the emperor Ext.

Enter CASAR, ARTHNUS, and Guard.

Cas. Repine at us !

Arct "I's more, or my informers, That keep strict watch upon him, are deceived In their intelligence: there is a list Of malcontents, as Junius Rusticus, Palphurius Sura, and this Ælius Lamia, That murmur at your triumphs, as mere pageants; And, at their midnight meetings, tax your justice, (For so I style what they call tyranny.) For Pætus Thrasea's death, as if in him Virtue herself were murdered: nor forget they Agricola, who, for his service done In the reducing Britain to obedience, They dare affirm to be removed with poison; And he compelled to write you a cohen With his daughter, that his testament might stand, Which else you had made void. Then your much love

To Julia your mece, censured as incest, And done in scorn of Titus, your dead brother: But the divorce Lamia was forced to sign To her you honour with Augusta's title, Being only named, they do conclude there was A Lucrece once, a Collatine, and a Brutus; But nothing Roman left now but, in you, The lust of Tarquin.

Cas. Yes, his fire, and scorn Of such as think that our unlimited power Can be confined Dares Lámia pretend An interest to that which I call mine: Or but remember she was ever his,

It is acknowledged, Lamia There's no drop Of melting nectar I taste from her lip, But yields a touch of immortality To the blest receiver; every grace and feature, Prized to the worth, bought at an easy rate, If purchased for a consulship Her discourse So ravishing, and her action so attractive, That I would part with all my other senses, Provided I might ever see and hear her The pleasures of her bed I dare not trust The winds or air with; for that would draw down, In envy of my happiness, a war From all the gods, upon me Lam Your compassion To me, in your forbearing to insult On my calamity, which you make your sport, Would more appease those gods you have provoked

DOMITIA appears at the window.

Cas I sing her praise!
'Tis far from my ambition to hope it,
It being a debt she only can lay down
And no tongue else discharge

Than all the blasphemous comparisons

You sing unto her praise

[He raises his hand Music above

Hark! I think, prompted

With my consent that you once more should hear her,

She does begin. An universal stlence

Dwell on this place! 'Tis death, with lingering torments,

To all that dare disturb her — [A song by Domitia

Who can hear this.

And falls not down and worships? In my fancy, Apollo being judge, on Latmos' hill Fair-haired Calliope, on her ivory lute, But something short of this) sung Ceres' praises,

And grisly Pluto's rape on Proserpine.

The motion of the spheres are out of time.

Her musical notes but heard—Say, Lamia, say.

Is not her voice angelical?

Lam. To your ear:

But I, alas t am silent Cas. Be so ever.

That without admiration canst hear her!

Malice to my felicity strikes thee dumb,

And, in thy hope, or wish, to repossess

What I love more than empire, I pronounce thee

Guilty of treason -Off with his head! Do you stare?

By her that is my patroness, Minerva.

Whose statue I adore of all the gods,

If he but live to make reply, thy life

Shall answer it 1

[The Guard hads off LAMIA, stopping his mouth My fears of him are freed now.

And he that lived to upbraid me with my wrong,

For an offence he never could imagine,

In wantonness removed.—Descend, my dearest;

Plurality of husbands shall no more

Breed doubts or jealousies in you: [East Domitia above]

'tis dispatched, And with as little trouble here, as if

I had killed a fly.

Enter Domitia, ushered in by Arelinus, her train with all state borne up by Julia, Cainis, and Domitella.

Now you appear, and in

That glory you deserve! and these, that stoop To do you service, in the act much honoured! Juha, forget that Titus was thy father,

Canis, and Domitilla, ne'er remember

Sabinus of Vespasian To be slaves

To her is more true liberty than to live

Parthian or Asian queens. As lesser stars,

That wait on Phoebe¹ in her full of brightness, Compared to her, you are. Thus I seat you By Cæsar's side. commanding these, that once Were the adorèd glories of the time. To witness to the world they are your vassals, At your feet to attend you

Don Tis your pleasure,
And not my pride And yet, when I consider
That I am yours all duties they can pay
I do receive as circumstances due
To her you please to honour.

Re-enter Parthenius with Philargus

Parth. Cæsar's will

Commands you hither, nor must you gainsay it.

Phil Lose time to see an interlude! must I pay too

For my vexation?

Parta Not in the court.

It is the emperor's charge.

Pul I shall endure
My torment then the better

Cas. Can it be

This sordid thing, Parthenius is thy father?

No actor can express him · I had held

The fiction for impossible in the scene,

Had I not seen the substance.—Sirrah sit still,

And give attention if you but nod.

You sleep for ever —Let them spare the prologue,

And all the ceremonies proper to ourself,

And come to the last act—there where the cure

By the doctor is made perfect. The swift minutes

Seem years to me. Domitia, that divorce thee

From my embraces my desires increasing

As they are satisfied, all pleasures else

Are tedious as dull sorrows Kiss me,—again.

If I now wanted heat of youth, these fires,

¹ The moon

In Priam's veins, would thaw his frozen-blood, Enabling him to get a second Hector

For the defence of Troy.

Dom. You are wanton!

Pray you, forbear. Let me see the play.

Cas. Begin there.

SCENE 1

Enter Paris, like a doctor of physic, and Æsopus; Latinus is brought forth asleep in a chair, a key in his mouth

Æsop. O master doctor, he is past recovery, A lethargy hath seized him, and, however His sleep resembles death, his watchful care To guard that treasure he dares make no use of Works strongly in his soul.

Par What's that he holds So fast between his teeth'?

Esop The key that opens

His iron chests, crammed with accursed gold, Rusty with long imprisonment. There's no duty

In me, his son, nor confidence in friends, That can persuade him to deliver up

That to the trust of any.

Phil He is the wiser. We were fashioned in one mould.

Æsop. He eats with it;

And when devotion calls him to the temple. Of Mammon, whom, of all the gods, he kneels to, That held thus still, his orisons are paid: Nor will he, though the wealth of Rome were pawned

For the restoring of't, for one short hour

Re won to part with it.

Phil Still, still myself!

Mass 11

And if like me he love his gold, no pawn Is good security.

Par. I'll try if I can force it-It will not be. His avaricious mind.

Like men in rivers drowned, makes him gripe fast To his last gasp, what he in life held dearest,

And, if that it were possible in nature, Would carry it with him to the other world.

Phil As I would do to hell rather than leave it.

Æsop. Is he not dead?

Par. Long since to all good actions,
Or to himself or others, for which wise men
Desire to live. You may with safety pinch him,
Or under his nails stick needles, yet he stirs not;
Anxious fear to lose what his soul dotes on,
Renders his flesh insensible. We must use
Some means to rouse the sleeping faculties
Of his mind; there lies the lethargy. Take a trumpet,
And blow it into his ears tis to no purpose;
The roaring noise of thunder cannot wake him:—
And yet despair not; I have one trick left yet.

##sop. What is it?
Par. I will cause a fearful dream

Par. I will cause a fearful dream To steal into his fancy, and disturb it With the horror it brings with it, and so free His body's organs

Dom 'Tis a cunning fellow:

If he were indeed a doctor, as the play says

He should be sworn my servant; govern my slumbers.

And minister to me waking.

[A chest brought in.

Par. If this fail.

I'll give him o'er. So: with all violence Rend ope this iron chest, for here his life hes Bound up in fetters, and in the defence Of what he values higher, 'twill return, And fill each vein and artery —Louder yet! —'Tis open, and already he begins To stir, mark with what trouble.

[LATINUS stretches himself

Phil. As you are Cæsar.

Defend this honest, thrifty man' they are thieves, And come to rob him.

Parth Peace! the emperor frowns.

Par So nov pour out the bags upon the table,

Remove his jewels, and his bonds.—Again, Ring a second golden peal. His eyes are open; He stares as he had seen Medusa's head, And were turned marble—Once more

Lat. Murder! murder!
Thieves! murder! murder! My son in the plot?
Thou worse than parricide! If it be death
To strike thy father's body, can all tortures
The Furies in hell practise be sufficient
For thee, that dost assassinate my soul?—
My gold! my bonds! my jewels! dost thou envy
My glad possession of them for a day;
Extinguishing the taper of my life
Consumed unto the snuff?

Par. Seem not to mind him.

Lat. Have I, to leave thee rich, denied myself The joys of human being, scraped and hoarded A mass of treasure, which had Solon seen, The Lydian Crossus had appeared to him Poor as the beggar Irus? And yet I, Solicitous to increase it, when my entrails Were clemmed with keeping a perpetual fast, Was deaf to their loud windy cries, as fearing, Should I disburse one penny to their use, My heir might curse me And, to save expense In outward ornaments, 1 did expose My naked body to the winter's cold, And summer's scorching heat nay, when diseases Grew thick upon me, and a little cost Had purchased my recovery, I chose rather To have my ashes closed up in my urn, By hasting on my fate, than to diminish The gold my produgal son, while I am living, Carelessly scatters.

Esop. Would you'd dispatch and die once! Your ghost should feel in hell, that is my slave Which was your master.

Phil. Out upon thee, variet!

^{1 &}quot;Clemmed," which is frequently met with in the old dramatists, is still used in many parts of the country for starved with cold or hunger.

Par And what then follows all your cark and caring, And self-affliction? When your starved trunk is Turned to forgotten dust, this hopeful youth Urines upon your monument, ne'er remembering How much for him you suffered, and then tells, To the companions of his lusts and riots, The hell you did endure on earth, to leave him Large means to be an epicure, and to feast His senses all at once, a happiness You never granted to yourself Your gold, then, Got with vexation, and preserved with trouble, Maintains the public stews, panders, and ruffians, That quaff damnations to your memory, For living so long here

Lat 'Twill be so, I see it—

Lat 'Twill be so, I see it—
O, that I could redeem the time that's past!
I would live and die like myself, and make true use
Of what my industry purchased

Par Covetous men,

Having one foot in the grave, lament so ever But grant that I by art could yet recover Your desperate sickness, lengthen out your life A dozen of years, as I restore your body To perfect health, will you with care endeavour To rectify your mind?

Lat I should so live then,
As neither my heir should have just cause to think
I lived too long, for being close-handed to him,
Or cruel to myself

Par Have your desires
Phœbus assisting me, I will repair
The ruined building of your health, and think not
You have a son that hates you, the truth is,
This means, with his consent, I practised on you
To this good end it being a device,
In you to show the Cure of Avarice

[Exeunt Paris, Latinus, and Æsopus

Phil An old fool, to be gulled thus had he died As I resolve to do, not to be altered, It had gone off twanging.

2

Case. How approve you, sweetest, Of the matter, and the actors?

Don. For the subject. .

I like it not; it was filched out of Horace -Nay, I have read the poets:-but the fellow That played the doctor did it well, by Venus! lie had a tuncable tongue and neat delivery And yet, in my opinion, he would perform A lover's part much better Prithee, Clesar, For I grow weary, let us see, to-morrow,

Iblis and Anaxarete.

Cas Anything

For thy delight. Domitia; to your rest, Till I come to disquiet you. Wait upon her There is a business that I must dispatch,

And I will straight be with you,

[Excent Art 1., Dow, Julia, Canis, and Domitica. Parth. Now, my dread sir,

Endeavour to prevail

Cas. One way or other

We'll cure him, never doubt it Now, Philargus, Thou wretched thing, hast thou seen thy sordid baseness, And but observed what a contemptible creature

A covetous miser is? Dost thou in thyself Feel true compunction, with a resolution To be a new man?

Plul This crazed body's Cresar's,

But for my mind-

Cas. Trifle not with my anger

Canst thou make good use of what was now presented, And imitate, in thy sudden change of life,

The miserable rich man that expressed

What thou art to the life?

Plul. Pray you, give me leave

To die as I have lived I must not part with My gold; it is my life I am past cure.

Cas. No, by Minerva, thou shalt never more

Feel the least touch of avarce. Take him hence And hang him instantly. If there be gold in hell. Enjoy it:—thine here, and thy life together. Is forfeited.

Piul Was I sent for to this purpose?

Parth. Mercy for all my service. Cæsar, mercy'

Cæs. Should Jove plead for him. 'ns resolved he dies.

And he that speaks one syllable to dissuade me:

And therefore tempt me not. It is but justice:

Since such as wilfully will hourly die.

Must tax themselves and not my cruelty.

[Excunt.





ACT THE THIRD

SCENE I .- A Room in the Palace.

Enter Julia, Domitilla, and Stephanos.



Ul. No, Domitilla; if you but compare What I have suffered with your injunes,

(Though great ones, I confess,) they

will appear
Like molehills to Olympus.

Domitil. You are tender

Of your own wounds, which makes you lose the feeling And sense of mine. The incest he committed With you, and publicly professed, in scorn Of what the world durst censure, may admit Some weak defence, as being borne headlong to it, But in a manly way, to enjoy your beauties Besides, won by his perjuites that he would Salute you with the title of Augusta, Your faint denial showed a full consent And grant to his temptations. But poor I, That would not yield, but was with violence forced To serve his lusts, and in a kind Tiberius At Capreæ never practised, have not here One conscious touch to rise up my accuser, I, in my will, being innocent. Steph. Pardon me,

Great princesses, though I presume to tell you, Wasting your time in childish limentations, You do degenerate from the blood you spring from: For there is something more in Rome expected From Titus' daughter, and his uncle's heir,
Than womanish complaints, after such wrongs
Which mercy cannot pardon But, you'll say,
Your hands are weak, and should you but attempt
A just revenge on this inhuman monster,
This prodigy of mankind, bloody Domitian
Hath ready swords at his command, as well
As islands to confine you, to remove
His doubts and fears, did he but entertain
The least suspicion you contrived or plotted
Against his person

Ful 'Tis true, Stephanos,
The legions that sacked Jerusalem,
Under my father Titus, are sworn his,
And I no more remembered

Domitil And to lose
Ourselves by building on impossible hopes,
Were desperate madness

Steph You conclude too fast.

One single arm, whose master does contemn
His own life, holds a full command o'er his,
Spite of his guards I was your bondman, lady,
And you my gracious patroness, my wealth
And liberty your gift, and, though no soldier,
To whom or custom or example makes
Grim death appear less terrible, I dare die
To do you service in a fan revenge,
And it will better suit your births and honours
To fall at once than to hie ever slaves
To his proud empress, that insults upon
Your patient sufferings Say but you, "Go on!"
And I will reach his heart, or perish in
The noble undertaking

Domitil. Your free offer Confirms your thankfulness, which I acknowledge A satisfaction for a greater debt

¹ The quarto has "words"

Then what you stand engaged for; but I must not. Upon uncertain grounds, hazard so grateful And good a servant. The immortal Powers Protect a prince, though sold to impious acts, And seem to slumber, till his roating crimes Awake then justice; but then, looking down. And with impartial eyes, on his contempt Of all religion and moral goodness. They, in their secret judgments, do determine To leave him to his wickedness, which sinks him When he is most secure.

Jul. His cruelty
Increasing daily, of necessity
Must render him as odious to his soldiers,
Familiar friends, and freedmen, as it hath done
Already to the Senate: then, forsaken
Of his supporters, and grown terrible
Even to himself, and her he now so dotes on,
We may put into act what now with safety
We cannot whisper.

Steph. I am still prepared
To execute, when you please to command me:
Since I am confident he deserves much more
That vindicates his country from a tyranny
Than he that sayes a citizen

Enter Cans,

Jul. O, here's Cænis.

Domital Whence come you?

Canis. From the empress, who seems moved In that you wait no better—Her pride's grown To such a height that she disdains the service Of her own women, and esteems herself Neglected when the princesses of the blood. On every coarse employment, are not ready To stoop to her commands

¹ Used like Latin randico for saves, sets free

Domital. Where is her Greatness?

Cents Where you would little think she could descend To grace the room or persons.

Ful Speak, where is she?

Cens. Among the players: where, all state laid by, She does inquire who plays this part, who that, And in what habits? blames the tirewomen For want of curious dressings, -and, so taken She is with Paris the tragedian's shape,1 That is to act a lover, I thought once She would have courted him

Donntel In the mean time

How spends the emperor his hours?

Cans As ever

He hath done heretofore in being cruel To innocent men, whose virtues he calls crimes And, but this morning, if't be possible, He hath outgone himself, having condemned, At Aretinus his informer's suit Palphurius Sura and good Junius Rusticus Men of best repute in Rome for their Integrity of life no fault objected. But that they did lament his cruel sentence On Pætus Thrasea, the philosopher

Their patron and instructor

Steph Can Jove see this,

And hold his thunder!

Domital Nero and Caligula Commanded only mischiefs but our Cæsar Delights to see them.

Jul What we cannot help We may deplore with silence.

Canis. We are called for

By our proud mistress

Domitil We awhile must suffer

Stepn It is true fortitude to stand firm against

Stage-dress

All shocks of fate, when cowards faint and die In fear to suffer more calamity.

Excunt.



SCENE II .- Another Room in the same.

Enter CASAR and PARTHENIUS.

Cas. They are then in fetters?

Parth Yes, sir, but-

Cas. But what?

I'll have thy thoughts; deliver them.

Parth. I shall, sir .

But still submitting to your god-like pleasure.

Which cannot be instructed-

Cas. To the point.

Parth. Nor let your sacred majesty beheve Your vassal, that with dry eyes looked upon His father dragged to death by your command, Can pity these, that durst presume to censure What you decreed.

Cer. Well; forward,

Parth. 'Tis my real

Still to preserve your clemency admired,
Tempered with justice, that emboldens me
To offer my advice. Alas! I know, sn,
These bookmen, Rusticus and Palphuius Sura,
Deserve all toitures; yet, in my opinion,
They being popular senators, and cried up
With loud applauses of the multitude,
For foolish honesty, and beggarly virtue,
"Twould relish more of policy, to have them
Made away in private, with what exquisite toiments
You please,—it skills not,—than to have them drawn
To the Degrees' in public, for 'tis doubted
That the sad object may beget compassion

¹ The Scalae Gemoniae. See note ante, p 8.

In the giddy rout, and cause some sudden uproar That may disturb you

Cas. Hence, pale-spirited coward! Can we descend so far beneath ourself, -As or to court the people's love, or fear Their worst of hate? Can they, that are as dust Before the whirlwind of our will and power, Add any moment 1 to us? or thou think, If there are gods above, or goddesses, But wise Minerya, that's mine own, and sure, That they have vacant hours to take into Their senous protection, or care, This many-headed monster? Mankind lives In few, as potent monarchs and their peers, And all those glorious constellations That do adorn the firmament, appointed, Like grooms, with their bright influence to attend The actions of kings and emperors, : 1 They being the greater wheels that move the less Bring forth those condemned wretches, - [East PARTHE-NIUS]—let me see

One man so lost as but to pity them, And, though there lay a million of souls Imprisoned in his flesh, my hangmen's hooks Should rend it off and give them liberty

Cæsar hath said it

Re-enter Parthenius, with Aretinus, and Guard, Hangmen diagging in Junius Rusticus and Pal-PHURIUS SURA, bound back to back

Aret 'Tis great Cæsar's pleasure, That with fixed eyes you carefully observe The people's looks Charge upon any man That with a sigh or murmur does express A seeming sorrow for these traitors' deaths You know his will, perform it.

¹ Importance, as in the phrase, a thing of moment

Cas A good bloodhound, And fit for my employments.

Sura Give us leave

To die, fell tyrant

Rud For, beyond our bodies.

Thou hast no power.

Car Yes; I'll afflict your souls.

And force them groaning to the Stygian lake, Prepared for such to howl in that blaspheme. The power of princes, that are gods on earth. Tremble to think how terrible the dream is After this sleep of death.

Rust. To guilty men
It may bring terror; not to us that know
What 'tis to die, well taught by his example.
For whom we suffer—In my thought I see
The substance of that pure untainted soul
Of Thrasea, our master, made a star,
That with melodious harmony invites us
(Leaving this dunghill Rome, made hell by thee)
To trace his heavenly steps, and fill a sphere

Above you crystal canopy Cas. Do, invoke him

With all the aids his sanctity of life

Have won on the rewarders of his virtue,

They shall not save you.—Dogs, do you grin? torment them.

¹ This is of course a reminiscence of Hamlet's stilloquy, and is a good instance of Massinger's success in spoiling Shakespeare.

Search deeper, villains Who looks pale, or thinks

Aret Over-merciful
'Tis all your weakness, sir
Parth [Aside] I dare not show

Parth [Aside] I dare not show A sign of sorrow, yet my sinews shrink, The spectacle is so horrid

Cas. I was never

O'ercome till now For my sake roar a little,
And show you are corporeal, and not turned
Aerial spirits —Will it not do? By Pallas,
It is unkindly done to mock his fury
Whom the world styles Omnipotent! I am tortured
In their want of feeling torments Marius' story,
That does report him to have sat unmoved,
When cunning chirurgeons ripped his arteries
And veins, to cure his gout, compared to this,
Deserves not to be named Are they not dead?
If so, we wash an Æthiop

Sur a. No, we live

Rust Live to dende thee, our calm patience treading Upon the neck of tyranny That securely,
As 'twere a gentle slumber, we endure
Thy hangmen's studied tortures, is a debt
We owe to grave philosophy, that instructs us
The flesh is but the clothing of the soul,
Which growing out of fashion, though it be
Cast off, or rent, or torn, like ours, 'tis then,
Being itself divine, in her best lustre
But unto such as thou, that have no hopes
Beyond the present, every little scar,
The want of rest, excess of heat or cold,
That does inform them only they are mortal,
Pierce through and through them

Case We will hear no more

Rust This only, and I give thee warning of it:

Though it is in thy will to grind this earth

As small as atoms, they thrown in the sea too, They shall seem re-collected to thy sense.—And, when the sandy building of thy greatness Shall with its own weight totter, look to see me As I was yesterday, in my perfect shape; For I'll appear in horror

Cas. By my shaking

I am the guilty man, and not the judge
Drag from my sight these cursed ominous wizards,
That, as they are now, like to double-faced Janus,
Which way soe'er I look, are Furies to me.
Away with them! first show them death, then leave
No memory of their ashes
I'll mock Fate.

[Excunt Hangmen with Rusticus and Sura. Shall words fright him victorious armies circle? No, no, the fever doth begin to leave me,

Enter Domitia, Julia, and Clinis, Stithanos following

Or, were it deadly, from this living fountain I could renew the vigour of my youth, And be a second Virbius! O my glory!

My life! command! my all!

Dom As you to me are.

[Embracing and kissing mutually

I heard you were sad; I have prepared you sport Will banish melancholy. Sirrah, Cæsar, (I hug my self for't). I have been instructing The players how to act, and to cut off All tedious impertinency, have contracted The tragedy into one continued scene I have the art of't, and am taken more With my ability that way, than all knowledge, I have but of thy love.

¹ The name taken by Hippolytus after his second coming to hic. See Virgil, Aneid, vii. 776 Johnsonus Virbius was the name given to a collection of verses to the memory of Ben Johnson

Cas Thou art still thyself, The sweetest, withest-

Dom When we are a-bed
I'll thank your good opinion Thou shalt see
Such an Iphis of thy Paris!—and, to humble
The pride of Domitilla, that neglects me
(Howe'er she is your cousin), I have forced her
To play the part of Anavarete—

You are not offended with it?

Cas. Any thing

That does content thee yields delight to me.

My faculties and powers are thine.

Dom I thank you
Prithee let's take our places Bid them enter
Without more circumstance

After a short flourish, enter Paris as Iphis

How do you like

That shape? methinks it is most suitable. To the aspect of a despairing lover.

The seeming late-fallen, counterfeited tears. That hang upon his cheeks, was my device.

Cæs. And all was excellent Dom Now hear him speak

Iphis 1 That she is fair (and that an epithet I oo foul to express her), or descended nobly, Or rich, or fortunate, are certain truths In which poor Iphis glories—But that these Perfections, in no other virgin found, Abused should nourish cruelty and pride In the divinest Anaxarete, Is, to my love-sick, languishing soul, a riddle, And with more difficulty to be dissolved Than that the monster Sphinx, from the steepy rock, Offered to Edipus—Imperious Love, As at thy ever-flaming altars Iphis,

¹ This interlude is founded on Ovid's story of Iphis and Anaxarete (Met, xiv, 698 et seg)

Thy never-tued votary, hath presented, With scalding tears, whole hecatombs of sighs, Preferring thy power, and thy Paphian mother's, Before the Thunderer's, Neptune's, or Pluto's (That, after Saturn, did divide the world, And had the sway of things, yet were compelled By thy unevitable 1 shafts to yield, And fight under thy ensigns), be auspicious To this last trial of my sacrifice Of love and service !

Dom. Does he not act it rarely? Observe with what a feeling he delivers His orisons to Cupid; I am rapt with't.

Iphis. And from thy never-emptied quiver take A golden arrow,2 to transfix her heart, And force her love like me, or cure my wound With a leaden one, that may beget in me Hate and forgetfulness of what's now my idol-But I call back my prayer; I have blasphemed In my rash wish. 'tis I that am unworthy; But she all merit, and may in justice challenge, From the assurance of her excellencies. Not love but adoration. Yet, bear witness, All-knowing Powers! I bring along with me, As faithful advocates to make intercession, A loyal heart with pure and holy flames, With the foul fires of lust never polluted. And, as I touch her threshold, which with tears, My limbs benumbed with cold, I oft have washed. With my glad lips I kiss this earth, grown proud With frequent favours from her delicate feet

Dom By Casar's life he weeps 1 and I forbear Hardly to keep him company.

Iphis. Blest ground, thy pardon, If I profane it with forbidden steps.

2 See Ovid, Met, 1 468 Massinger is never tired of referring to

the golden and leaden-tipped arrows of Cupid.

This was an alternative, though less common, spelling of "inevitable" Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, renders "unevitable " by incretabilis (unavoidable)

I must presume to knock—and yet attempt it
With such a trembling reverence, as if
My hands [were now] held up for expiation
To the incensed gods to spare a kingdom
Within there, ho! something divine come forth
To a distressed mortal

Enter LATINUS as a Porter

Port. Ha! Who knocks there?

Dan What a churlish look this knave has!

Port Is't you, sirrah?

Are you come to pule and whine? Avaunt, and quickly; Dog-whips shall drive you hence else

Dom Churlish devil'

But that I should disturb the scene. as I live I would tear his eyes out.

Cas. 'Tis in jest. Domitia.

Dom. I do not like such jesting, if he were not A flinty-hearted slave, he could not use One of his form so harshly. How the toad swells At the other's sweet humility!

Cas. 'Tis his part:

Let them proceed.

Dom. A rogue's part will ne'er leave him.

Iphis. As you have, gentle sir, the happiness When you please to behold the figure of The masterpiece of nature, limned to the life, In more than human Anaxarete, Scorn not your servant, that with suppliant hands Takes hold upon your knees, conjuring you, As you are a man, and did not suck the milk Of wolves and tigers, or a mother of A tougher temper, use some means these eyes, Before they are wept out, may see your lady. Will you be gracious, sir

Port Though I lose my place for't, I can hold out no longer

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Dom. Now he melts, There is some little hope he may die honest.

Port Madam!

Enter DOMITILLA as ANAXARETE.

Anax. Who calls? What object have we here?

Dom Your cousin keeps her proud state still; I think I have fitted her for a part.

Anav Did I not charge thee I ne'er might see this thing more ! Iphir I am, indeed, What thing you please, a worm that you may tread on . Lower I cannot fall to show my duty, I'll your disdain hath digged a grave to cover This body with forgotten dust; and, when I know your sentence, cruellest of women 1 I'll, by a willing death, remove the object That is an eyesore to you.

Ana Wietch, thou dar'st not That were the last and greatest service to me Thy doting love could boast of. What dull fool But thou could nourish any flattering hope, One of my height in youth, in birth and fortune, Could e'er descend to look upon thy lowness, Much less consent to make my lord of one I'd not accept, though offered for my slave? My thoughts stoop not so low.

Dom. There's her true nature: No personated scorn.

Anax. I wrong my worth, Or to exchange a syllable or look With one so far beneath 'me Iphis. Yet take heed, Take heed of pride, and curiously consider How brittle the foundation is on which You labour to advance it Proud of her numerous issue, durst contemn Latona's double burthen, but what followed? She was left a childress mother, and mourned to marble. The beauty you o'esprize so, time or sickness Can change to loathed deformity; your wealth The prey of thieves: creen Hecuba, Troy fired, Ulrases' bondwoman: but the love I bring you Nor time, nor sickness, violent thieves, nor fate, Can ravish from you.

Down Could the oracle Give better counsel!

Ipris. Say, will rou releat yet. Revoking your decree that I should die? Or shall I do what you command? Resolve: I am impatient of delay.

Arax. Dispatch then: I shall look on your magedy unmoved, Peradventure laugh at it: for it will prove A comeër to me.

Der. O devil! devil!

Ipris. Then thus I take my last leave. All the cruses Of lovers fall coon you - and, hereafter, When any man, like me contemned, shall study, In the anguish of his soul, to give a name To a scornful cruel mistress, let him only Say, "This most bloody woman is to me As Anazarete was to wretched Inhis " "-Now feast your tyrangous mind, and glory in The runs you have made: for Hymen's bards. That should have made us one, this fatal halfer For ever shall divorce us . at your gate, As a trophy of your pride and my affiction. I il presentiv hang myself.

Der. Not for the world-Staris from her sont. Restrain him, as you love your lives! Cas. Why are you

Transported thus. Domina? as a play: Or, grant a serious, it at no part ments

This passion 2 in you.

¹ Decide.

² Emotion.

Par. I ne'er purposed, madam, 'To do the deed in earnest, though I bow To your care and tenderness of me.

Dom Let me, sir,

Entreat your pardon; what I saw presented, Carried me beyond myself.

Cas To your place again,

And see what follows.

Dom. No, I am familiar With the conclusion, besides, upon the sudden I feel myself much indisposed.

Cas. To bed then;

I'll be thy doctor

Arct. There is something more In this than passion,—which I must find out, Or my intelligence freezes

Dom Come to me, Paris, 'To-morrow, for your reward.

Excunt all but Domitilla and Stephanos

Steph Pationess, hear me;

Will you not call for your share? 1 Sit down with this, 2 And, the next action, like a Gaditane strumpet, 3

I shall look to see you tumble!

Domitil Prithee be patient

I, that have suffered greater wrongs, bear this:

And that, till my revenge, my comfort is,

[Excunt

¹ The actors in Shakespeare's time always performed on "sharing terms," in the whole takings of the company were divided among the members according to their share.

2 1 c "Stand this," as we should say now Boyer, in his French Dictionary, gives, as an English idiom, "He is contented to sit

down and rest satisfied with it "
See Juvenal, Sat xi, 162





ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I .- A Room in the Palace.

Enter Parthenius, Julia, Domitilla, and Cænis



ARTH. Why, 'tis impossible.—Paris!

Ful You observed not,

As it appears, the violence of her passion,

When, personating Iphis, he pretended. For your contempt, fair Anaxarete, To hang himself

Parth. Yes, yes, I noted that, But never could imagine it could work her To such a strange intemperance of affection As to dote on him

Donutel. By my hopes, I think not
That she respects ' though all here saw and marked it,
Presuming she can mould the emperor's will
Into what form she likes, though we, and all
The informers of the world, conspired to cross it.

Can. Then with what eagerness, this morning, urging The want of health and rest, she did entreat Casar to leave her!

Donutel. Who no sooner absent, But she calls, 'Dwarf'" (so in her scorn she styles me.) "Put on my pantofles², fetch pen and paper,

I am to write" -and with distracted looks,

² Slippers

¹ Cares Compare Taylor (quoted by Nares) "And he that cares not for his soule, I thinke, Respects not if his country swim or sinke"

In her smock, impatient of so short delay As but to have a mantle thrown upon her, She sealed—I know not what, but 'twas indorsed, "To my loved Paris."

Ful. Add to this, I heard her
Say, when a page received it, "Let him wait me,
And carefully, in the walk called our Retreat,
Where Casar, in his fear to give offence,
Unsent for, never enters"

Parth. This being certain, (For these are more than jealous suppositions,) Why do not you, that are so near in blood, Discover it?

Donated Alas! you know we dare not. 'I'will be received for a malicious practice,! To free us from that slavery which her pilde Imposes on us. But, if you would please To break the ice, on pain to be sunk ever, We would aven it.

Parth I would second you, But that I am commanded with all speed To fetch in 2 Ascletario the Chaldwan, Who, in his absence, is condemned of treason, For calculating the nativity Of Cæsar, with all confidence foretelling, In every circumstance, when he shall die A violent death Yet, if you could approve Of my directions, I would have you speak As much to Aretmus, as you have To me delivered · he in his own nature Being a spy, on weaker grounds, no doubt, Will undertake it, not for goodness' sake, (With which he never yet held correspondence,) But to endear his vigilant observings Of what concerns the emperor, and a little

¹ Conspiracy.

To triumph in the ruins of this Paris, That crossed him in the senate-house -

Enter ARETINUS

Here he comes.

His nose held up, he hath something in the wind, Or I much err, already My designs Command me hence, great ladies, but I leave My wishes with you

Exit

Aret Have I caught your Greatness In the trap, my proud Augusta!

Domital What is't raps 1 him?

Aret And my fine Roman Actor! Is't even so? No coarser dish to take your wanton palate, Save that which, but the emperor, none durst taste of ! 'Tis very well I needs must glory in This rare discovery but the rewards Of my intelligence bid me think, even now, By an edict from Cæsar, I have power To tread upon the neck of slavish Rome, Disposing offices and provinces To my kinsmen, friends, and clients

Donntel This is more

Than usual with him

Ful Aretinus! Aret How!

No more respect and reverence tendered to me, But Aretinus! 'Tis confessed that title, When you were princesses, and commanded all. Had been a favour, but being, as you are, Vassals to a proud woman, the worst bondage. You stand obliged with as much adoration To entertain him that comes armed with strength To break your fetters as tanned galley-slaves

^{1 &}quot;Raps" is the rarely-found third person singular of the verb familiar to us in the past participle "rapt" It is used once by Shakespeare, in Cymbeline, 1, 6, 51, "What, dear sir, thus raps you?"

Pay such as do redeem them from the oar.

I come not to entrap you; but aloud
Pronounce that you are manumized: and to make
Your liberty sweeter, you shall see her fall,
This empress,—this Domitia,—what you will,—
That triumphed in your miseries.

Donatal, Were you serious,
To prove your accusation I could lend
Some help

Can. And I.

Ful. And 1

And No atom to me .-

My eyes and ears are everywhere, I know all, To the line and action in the play that took her: Her quick dissimulation to excuse Her being transported, with her morning passion. I build the hoy that did convey the letter, And, having perused it, made it up again. Your griefs and angers are to me familiar,—That Paris is brought to her, and how fai He shall be tempted

Domital, This is above wonder.

And My gold can work much stranger miracles
Than to corrupt poor waiters Here, join with me—

[Takes out a petition

'Tis a complaint to Cæsar. This is that
Shall ruin her and raise you Have you set your hands
To the accusation?

Ful. And will justify What we've subscribed to

Can And with vehemency.

Domitil I will deliver it

And. Leave the rest to me then.

Enter CASAR, with his Guard.

Cas Let our heutenants bring us victory, While we enjoy the fruits of peace at home,

And, being secured from our intestine foes
(For worse than foreign enemies), doubts and fears.
Though all the sky were hung with blaning meteors.
Which found astrologers give out to be
Assured pressges of the change of empires
And dearly of monarchs, we, undounted yet.
Guarded with our own thander, bid defrance
To them and fate, we being too strongly armed
For them to wound as.

ರ್ಷದ Cresar!

Fal As thou art

More than a man-

Can. Let not thy passions be

Rebellous to thy reason-

[Dainers I'm patient

This trial of your constancy, as unmoved As you go to or from the Capitol,
Thanks given to Jove for triumpis.

Cas. Ha!

D = 477. Vouchsofe

Domini But receive

Awhile to stay the lightning of your eyes. Poor mortals dare not look on.

Arc. Trere's no ven

Of yours that rees with high rage, but is An earthquake to us.

D. T.A. And, if not kept closed With more than human patience, in a moment Will swallow us to the centre.

Gor. Not that we

Repine to serve her, are we her accusers.

F. .. But that she's fallen so low.

Arch Which on sure proofs

We can make good.

D will. And show she is unworthy Of the least spark of that deviner fire You have conferred upon her.

Feeler.

Cas. 1 stand doubtful, And unresolved what to determine of you. In this malicious violence you have offered · To the altar of her truth and pureness to me, You have but fruitlessly laboured to sully A white robe of perfection, black-mouthed envy Could belch no spot on .- But I will put off The derty you labour to take from me, And argue out of probabilities with you, As if I were a man Can I believe That she, that borrows all her light from me, And knows to use it, would betray her darkness To your intelligence, and make that apparent Which, by her perturbations in a play, Was yesterday but doubted, and find none But you, that are her slaves, and therefore hate her, Whose aids she might employ to make way for her? Or Aretinus, whom long since she knew To be the cabinet counsellor, nay, the key Of Casar's secrets? ' Could her beauty raise her To this unequalled height, to make her fall The more remarkable? or must my desires To her, and wrongs to Lamia, be revenged By her, and on herself, that drew on both? Or she leave our imperial bed, to court A public actor?

Arcl. Who dares contradict
These more than human reasons, that have power
To clothe base guilt in the most glorious shape
Of innocence?

Domital. Too well she knew the strength And eloquence of her patron to defend her, And, thereupon presuming, fell securely, Not fearing an accuse, nor the truth Produced against her, which your love and favour Will ne'er discern from falsehood.

Cics. I'll not hear

syllable more that may invite a change n my opinion of her. You have raised fiercer war within me by this fable, hough with your lives you vow to make it story, han if, and at one instant, all my legions Revolted from me, and came armed against me Here in this paper are the swords predestined For my destruction, here the fatal stars, That threaten more than ruin, this the death's head That does assure me, if she can prove false, That I am mortal, which a sudden fever Would prompt me to believe, and faintly yield to But now in my full confidence what she suffers, In that, from any witness but myself, nourish a suspicion she's untrue, My toughness returns to me Lead on, monsters, And, by the forfeit of your lives, confirm She is all excellence, as you all baseness, Or let mankind, for her fall, boldly swear There are no chaste wives now, nor ever were. [Exeunt



SCENE II —A private Walk in the Gardens of the Palace

Enter Douitia, Paris, and Servants

Dom Say we command, that none presume to dare, On forfeit of our favour, that is life, Out of a saucy curiousness, to stand Within the distance of their eyes or ears, Till we please to be waited on

[Excunt Servants

And, sirrah,

Howe'er you are excepted, let it not Beget in you an arrogant opinion 'Tis done to grace you

Par With my humblest service

I but obey your summons, and should blush else. To be so near you.

Dom, 'Twould become you rather To fear the greatness of the grace vouchsafed you May overwhelm you, and 'twill do no less, If, when you are rewarded, in your cups You boast this privacy.

Par That were, mightiest empress, To play with lightning

Dom You conceive it light. The means to kill or save is not alone

In Casar encumscribed, for, if incensed, We have our thunder too, that strikes as deadly

Par. 'Twould ill become the lowness of my fortune To question what you can do, but with all Humility to attend what is your will, And then to serve it.

Dom And would not a secret, Suppose we should commit it to your trust, Scald you to keep it?

Par. Though it raged within me Till I turned cinders, it should ne'er have vent. To be an age a-dying, and with torture, Only to be thought worthy of your counsel,1 Or actuate 2 what you command to me, A wretched obscure thing, not worth your knowledge, Were a perpetual happiness.

Dom. We could wish That we could credit thee, and cannot find In reason but that thou, whom oft I have seen To personate a gentleman, noble, wise, Faithful, and gainsome,3 and what virtues else The poet pleases to adorn you with,

¹ Secret, as in Lore's Labour's Lost, 5 2, 141. "Their several counsels they unbosom shall" We still use the expression, "to keep counsel,"

² Put into action " Meming, probable, "granly," or, perhaps, "winsome"

But that (as vessels still partake the odour

Of the sweet precious liquors they contained 1)

Thou must be really, in some degree

The thing thou dost present.—Nay. do not tremble;

We seriously believe it, and presume

Our Paris is the volume in which all

Those excellent gifts the stage hath seen him graced with

Are curiously bound up

Par The argument
Is the same, great Augusta, that I, acting
A fool a coward, a traitor, or cold cynic,

A fool a coward, a traitor, or cold cynic,
Or any other weak and vicious person,
Of force I must be such O gracious madam,
How glorious soever, or deformed,
I do appear in the scene, my part being ended,
And all my borrowed ornaments put off,

And all my borrowed ornaments put off, I am no more, nor less, than what I was Before I entered.

Dom Come you would put on A wisful ignorance, and not understand What 'tis we point at. Must we in plain language, Against the decent modesty of our sex, Say that we love thee, love thee to enjoy thee; Or that in our desires thou art preferred, And Cæsar but thy second? Thou in justice, If from the height of majesty we can Look down upon thy lowness, and embrace it. Art bound with fervour to look up to me.

Par O, madam ' hear me with a patient ear. And be but pleased to understand the reasons That do deter me from a happiness Kings would be rivals for Cau I that owe My life, and all that's mine, to Cæsar's bounties

Not a bad rendering of Horace, Ep 1 2, 69 "Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem Testa diu"

² Necessarily.

Beyond my hopes or merits, showered upon me, Make payment for them with ingratitude, Falsehood and treason! Though you have a shape Might tempt Hippolytus, and larger power To help or hurt than wanton Phædra had, Let loyalty and duty plead my pardon. Though I refuse to satisfy.

Dom. You are coy, Expecting I should court you Let mean ladies Use prayers and entreaties to their creatures To rise up instruments to serve their pleasures; But for Augusta so to lose herself, That holds command o'er Cæsar and the world. Were poverty of spirit Thou must—thou shalt. The violence of my passions knows no mean. And in my punishments and my rewards I'll use no moderation. Take this only, As a caution from me threadbare chastity Is poor in the advancement of her servants, But wantonness magnificent; and 'tis frequent To have the salary of vice weigh down The pay of virtue. So, without more trifling, Thy sudden answer.

Par. In what a strait am I brought in! Alas! I know that the denial's death; Nor can my grant, discovered, threaten more. Yet to die innocent, and have the glory For all posterity to report that I Refused an empress, to preserve my faith To my great master, in true judgment must Show fairer than to buy a guilty life With wealth and honours. 'Tis the base I build on: I dare not, must not, will not.

Dom. How! contemned?

[Andc.] Since hopes, nor fears in the extremes, prevail not.

¹ Compare p 66, " Of which, if again I could be ignorant of"

I must use a mean — Think who 'tis sues to thee. Deny not that yet, which a brother may Grant to a sister, as a testimony

Enter Cæsar, Aretinus, Julia, Domitilla, Cænis, and a Guard, behind

I am not scorned, kiss me,—kiss me again,— Kiss closer Thou art now my Trojan Pans, And I thy Helen

Par. Since it is your will

Cæs And I am Menelaus but I shall be Something I know not yet

Dom Why lose we time

And opportunity? These are but salads To sharpen appetite · let us to the feast,

[Courting Paris wantonis

Where I shall wish that thou wert Jupiter, And I Alcmena, and that I had power To lengthen out one short night into three, And so beget a Hercules

Cæs [Comes for war d] While Amphitrio Stands by, and draws the curtains

Par Oh !____

Falls on his face 1

Dom Betrayed!

Cas No, taken in a net of Vulcan's filing,
Where, in myself, the theatre of the gods
Are sad spectators, not one of them daring
To witness, with a smile, he does desire
To be so shamed for all the pleasure that
You've sold your being for! What shall I name thee?
Ingrateful, treacherous, insatiate, all
Invectives which, in bitterness of spirit,
Wronged men have breathed out against wicked women,

² This stage-direction being in the quarto, I have preserved it in the text, as it would seem to have been followed by the actors of the time—but surely nothing could be more preposterous than such an action on the part of such a man.

SCENE II]

Cannot express thee! Have I raised thee from Thy low condition to the height of greatness, Command, and majesty, in one base act constraints and majesty, in one base act constraints and majesty. To render me, that was, before I hugged thee, it is it An adder, in my bosom, more than man, A thing beneath a beast! Did I force these Of mine own blood, as handmaids to kneel to Thy pomp and pride, having myself no thought. But how with benefits to bind thee mine; And am I thus rewarded! Not a knee, Nor tear, nor sign of sorrow for thy fault? Break, stubborn silence · what canst thou allege To stay my vengeance? Dom. This. Thy lust compelled me To be a strumpet, and mine hath returned at In my intent and will, though not in act, To cuckold thee. Cas. O, impudence! take her hence, . . And let her make her entrance into hell, By leaving life with all the tortures that Flesh can be sensible of. Yet stay. What power Her beauty still holds o'er my soul, that wrongs Of this unpardonable nature cannot teach me To right myself, and hate her!-Kill her.-Hold! O that my dotage should increase from that Which should breed detestation! By Minerva. If I look on her longer, I shall melt,. . . And sue to her, my injuries forgot, Again to be received into her favour; Could honour yield to it ! Carry her to her chamber; Be that her prison, till in cooler blood. I shall determine of her., [East Guard with Douties. Aret Now step I in; While he's in this calm mood, for my reward.+

Sir, if my service hath deserved——

And I'll reward thee. Thou hast robbed me of

Cas. Yes, yes:

Mass. II

All rest and peace and been the principal means
To make me know that, of which if again
I could be ignorant of, I would purchase it
With the loss of empire. [Re-enter Guard.] Strangle him;

take these hence too
And lodge them in the dungeon Could your reason
Dull wretches, flatter you with hope to think
That this discovery that bith showered upon me
Perpetual vevation, should not fall
Heavy on you? Away with them!—stop their mouths:
I will hear no reply

[East Guard with Aretinus, Julia Canis, and Domitilla

O Paris, Paris!

How shall I argue with thee? how begin
To make thee understand, before I kill thee,
With what grief and unwillingness 'tis forced from me?
Yet, in respect I have favoured thee. I'll hear
What thou canst speak to qualify or excuse
Thy readiness to serve this woman's lust,
And wish thou couldst give me such satisfaction.
As I might bury the remembrance of it
Look up—we stand attentive.

Par O dread Cæsar!

To hope for lafe, or plead in the defence
Of my ingratitude, were again to wrong you
I know I have deserved death—and my suit is
That you would hasten it—yet, that your highness
When I am dead (as sure I will not live)
May pardon me, I'll only urge my frailty.
Her will and the temptation of that beauty
Which you could not resist. How could poor I, then,
Fly that which followed me, and Cæsar sued for 2
This is all—And now your sentence

Gæs Which I know not

How to pronounce O that thy tault had been But such as I might pardon' If thou hadst

In wantonness, like Nero; fired proud Rome, Betrayed an army, butchered the whole Senate, Committed sacrilege, or any crime The justice of our Roman laws calls death,

I had prevented any intercession, And freely signed thy pardon.

Par But for this,

Alas! you cannot, nay, you must not, sir;
Nor let it to posterity be recorded,
That Cæsar, unrevenged, suffered a wrong
Which, if a private man should sit down with it,
Cowards would baffle him

Cies. With such true feeling

Thou arguest against thyself that it

Works more upon me than if my Minerva,

The grand protectress of my life and empire,

On-forfeit of her favour, cried aloud,

"Cæsar, show mercy!" and, I know not how,

I am inclined to it Rise. I'll promise nothing;

Yet clear thy cloudy fears, and cherish hopes.

What we must do, we shall do we remember

A tragedy we oft have seen with pleasure,

Called The False Servant

Par. Such a one we have, sir.

Cas. In which a great lord takes to his protection: A man forlorn, giving him ample power

To order and dispose of his estate
In's absence, he pietending, then a journey,
But yet with this restraint, that, on no terms,
(This lord suspecting his wife's constancy,
She having played false to a former husband)
The servant, though solicited, should consent,
Though she commanded him, to quench her flames.

Par. That was, indeed, the argument.

Didst thou play in it?,

Par. The false servant, sir

Ces. Thou didst, indeed. Do the players wait with-

Par They do, sir, and prepared to act the story Your majesty mentioned

Cas Call them in Who presents

The injured lord?

Enter Æsopus, Latinus, and a Lady.

Esop 'Tis my part, sm.

Cas Thou didst not

Do it to the life, we can perform it better.

Off with my robe and wreath since Nero scorned not The public theatre, we in private may

Disport ourselves This cloak and hat, without Wearing a beard or other property,

Will fit the person

Æsop Only, sir, a foil,

The point and edge rebated, when you act,

To do the murder If you please to use this,

And lay aside your own sword.

Cæs By no means ·

In jest nor earnest this parts never from me,
We'll have but one short scene—that where the lady 'I
In an imperious way commands the servant
To be unthankful to his patron when
My cue's to enter, prompt me—Nay, begin,
And do it sprightly though but a new actor,
When I come to execution, you shall find
No cause to laugh at me

Lat In the name of wonder, What's Cæsar's purpose!

Æsop There is no contending

The quarto reads "rebutted," an obvious misprint. Rebated (from the French rabattre) means blunted, as in the single instance of it in Shakespeare, Measure for Measure, 1, 4, 60

[&]quot;But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge"

Cas. Why, when ?

Par I am aimed:

id, stood grim Death now in my view, and his

And, stood grim Death now in my view, and his Unevitable² dart aimed at my breast, His cold embraces should not bring an ague To any of my faculties, till his pleasures. Were served and satisfied; which done, Nestor's years To me would be unwelcome.

Lady. Must we entreat,

That were born to command? or court a servant, That owes his food and clothing to our bounty, For that which thou ambitiously shouldst kneel for? Urge not, in thy excuse, the favours of Thy absent lord, or that thou stand'st engaged For thy life to his charity; nor thy fears Of what may follow, it being in my power To mould him any way

Par. As you may me,
In what his reputation is not wounded,
Nor I, his creature, in my thankfulness suffer.
I know you're young, and fair, be virtuous too,
And loyal to his bed, that hath advanced you
To the height of happiness

Lady 'Can my love-sick heart

Be cured with counsel? or durst reason ever

Offer to put in an exploded plea

In the court of Venus? My desires admit not
The least delay, and therefore instantly

Give me to understand what I shall trust to:
For, if I am refused, and not enjoy
Those ravishing pleasures from thee I run mad for,
I'll swear unto my lord, at his retuin,
(Making what I deliver good with tears,)
That brutishly thou wouldst have forced from me
What I make suit for. And then but imagine
What 'tis to die, with these words, "slave and traitor,"

A common exclamation of impatience, implying "when will it be done?"

With burning corsives 1 writ upon thy forehead, And live prepared for t.

Par. [Aside] This he will believe
Upon her information, 'tis apparent,
And then I'm nothing, and of two extremes,
Wisdom says, choose the less—Rather than fall
Under your indignation, I will yield
This kiss, and this, confirms it

Esop. Now, sir, now

Cas. I must take them at it?

Esop Yes, sir, be but perfect. [now;

Cas. "O villam! thankless villam!"—I should talk

But I've forgot my part. But I can do

Thus thus and thus!

[Stabs Paris

Par Oh! I am slain in earnest.

Cas. 'Tis true, and 'twas my purpose, my good Paris. And yet, before life leaves thee, let the honour I've done thee in thy death bring comfort to thee. If it had been within the power of Cæsar, His dignity preserved, he had pardoned thee But cruelty of honour did deny it. Yet, to confirm I loved thee, 'twas my study To make thy end more glorious, to distinguish My Pans from all others, and in that Have shown my pity. Nor would I let thee fall By a centurion's sword, or have thy limbs Rent piecemeal by the hangman's hook, however Thy crime deserved it but, as thou didst live Rome's bravest actor, 'twas my plot that thou Shouldst die in action, and, to crown it, die, With an applause enduring to all times, By our imperial hand,2—His soul is freed

1 "Corsive" is a frequent, almost constant, contraction of "corrosive."

² Compare *Une Mort Heroique*, the twenty-seventh of Baude-laure's *Petuts Poemes en Prose*—an exquisite little masterpiece, the story of which has a distinct resemblance to Massinger's effective device here.

From the prison of his flesh; let it mount upward? And for this trunk, when that the funeral pile. Hath made it ashes, we'll see it enclosed. In a golden urn; poets adoin his hearse. With their most ravishing soriows, and the stage. For ever mourn him, and all such as were. His glad spectators weep his sudden death, The cause forgotten in his epitaph.

[Sad music, the Players bear off Paris' body, Casar and the rest following.





ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I -A Room in the Palace, with an image of

Enter Parthenius, Stephanos, and Guard

ARTH Keep a strong guard upon him, and admit not Access to any, to exchange a word Or syllable with him, till the emperor pleases

To call him to his presence —[Exit Guard]—The relation

That you have made me, Stephanos, of these late Strange passions in Cæsar, much amaze me. The informer Arctinus put to death For yielding him a true discovery Of the empress' wantonness, poor Paris killed first, And now lamented, and the princesses Confined to several islands, yet Augusta, The machine on which all this mischief moved, Received again to grace!

Steph Nay, courted to it
Such is the impotence of his affection!
Yet, to conceal his weakness, he gives out
The people made suit for her, whom they hate more
Than civil way, or famine—But take heed,
My lord, that, nor in your consent nor wishes,
You lend or furtherance or favour to
The plot contrived against her—should she prove it,

¹ te Ascletario 2 Uncontrollableness (Lat., impotens)

Nay, doubt it only, you are a lost man. Her power o'er doting Clesar being now Greater than ever.

I am yours, and sure.

Parth I'll stand one trial more, And then you shall hear from me.

Steph. Now observe

The fondness' of this tyrant, and her pride.

[They stand andc.

Enter CÆSAR and DOMITIA.

Cas. Nay, all's forgotten.

Dom. It may be, on your part.

Cas. Forgiven too, Domitia:—'tis a favour That you should welcome with more cheerful looks. Can Cæsar pardon what you durst not hope for, That did the injury, and yet must sue To her, whose guilt is washed off by his mercy, Only to entertain it?

Dom I asked none.

And I should be more wretched to receive Remission for what I hold no crime, But by a bare acknowledgment, than if, By slighting and contemning it, as now, I dared thy utmost fury. Though thy flatterers Persuade thee that thy murders, lusts, and rapes. Are virtues in thee, and what pleases Casar. Though never so unjust, is right and lawful: Or work in thee a false belief that thou Art more than mortal; yet I to thy teeth, When circled with thy guards, thy rods, thy axes, And all the ensigns of thy boasted power. Will say, Domitian, nay, add to it Casar,

1 Folly.

Is a weak, feeble man, a bondman to His violent passions, and in that my slave: Nay, more my slave than my affections made me To my loved Paris.

Cas. Can I live and hear this?
Or hear, and not recented? Come, you know
The strength that you hold on me: do not use it
With too much cruelty; for, though 'its granuel
That Lydian Omphale had less command
O'er Hercules than you usurp o'er me.
Reason may teach me to shake off the yoke
Of my fond dotage.

Der. Never: do not hope it:
It cannot be. Then being my beauty's captive, and not to be redeemed, my empire's larger.
Than thine, Dominian, which I'll enercise.
With rigour on thee for my Paris' death, and, when I've forced those eyes, now red with fury, To drop do in tears, in vain spent to appease me, I know thy fervour such to my embraces.
Which shall be, though still kneeled for, still denied thee. That they with languishment shalt with my actor. Did has again, so they mightst be his second. To feed upon those delicates, when he's sated.

Con. O my Minerya!

Dry There she is [Prive to the claim] Invoke her:
The cannot arm thee with ability
To drantify sword on me, my power being greater;
Or only say to the committees.
"Date none of you do what I shall to think on.
And, in this woman's death, remove the Funes
That every hour afflict me?"—Lama's wrongs.
When they list forced me from him, are in me.
At the height revenged; nor would I outlive Paris.
But that the love increasing with my hate.
May add unto the comments: so, with all
Contempt I can I leave then

Cas. I am lost:

Nor am' I Cæsar When' I' first betrayed' The freedom of my faculties and will

To this imperious siren, I laid down

The empire of the world; and of my self, . . . At her proud feet!. Sleep all my ireful powers?

Or is the magic of my dotage such, a

That I must still make suit to hear those charms

That do increase my thraldom? Wake, my anger! For shame, break through this lethargy, and appear

With usual terror, and enable me.

Since I wear not a sword to pierce her heart, Nor have a tongue to say this, "Let her die,"

Though 'tis done with a fever-shaken hand.

Pulls out a table-book.

To sign her death Assist me, great Minerva.

And vindicate thy votary! [Wites.] So, she's now Among the list of those I have proscribed,

And are, to free me of my doubts and fears.

To die to-morrow.

Steph. That same fatal book

Was never drawn yet, but some men of tank

Were marked out for destruction

Exit.

Parth, I begin

To doubt myself. Cas. Who waits there?

Parth. [Coming forward] Casar.

Cas So!

troops, quake at my These that command armed frowns.

Where's the wizard And yet a woman slights them We charged you to fetch in?

Parth Ready to suffer

What death you please to appoint him Cas Bring him in

We'll question him ourself

Enter Tribunes, and Guard with Ascletario.

Now, you, that hold

Intelligence with the stars, and dare prefix. The day and hour in which we are to part. With life and empire, punctually foretelling. The means and manner of our violent end; As you would purchase credit to your art, Resolve me, since you are assured of us, What fate attends yourself?

Ascle. I have had long since A certain knowledge, and, as sure as thou. Shalt die to-morrow, being the fourteenth of The kalends of October, the hour five, Spite of prevention, this carcass shall be Torn and devoured by dogs;—and let that stand For a firm prediction.

Cas May our body, wretch,
Find never nobler sepulchre, if this
Fall ever on thee! Are we the great disposer
Of life and death, we cannot mock the stars
In such a trifle? Hence with the impostor,
And, having cut his throat, erect a pile,
Guarded with soldiers, till his cursed trunk
Be burned to ashes upon forfeit of
Your life, and theirs, perform it.

Ascle 'Tis in vain,
When what I have foretold is made apparent,
Tremble to think what follows.

Cas Drag him hence,

[The Tribunes and Guard bear off Ascletario And do as I command you I was never Fuller of confidence, for, having got The victory of my passions, in my freedom From proud Domitia, (who shall cease to live, Since she disdains to love,) I rest unmoved. And, in defiance of prodigious meteors,

Chaldwans' vain predictions, jealous fears Of my near friends and freedmen, certain hate ì Of kindred and alliance, or all terrors The soldier's doubted faith, or people's rage, Can bring to shake my constancy, I am armed. That scrupulous thing styled conscience is seared up, And I insensible of all my actions, For which, by moral and religious fools, I stand condemned, as they had never been. And, since I have subdued triumphant love, I will not deify pale captive fear, Nor in a thought receive it: for, till thou, Wisest Minerva, that from my first youth Hast been my sole protectress, dost forsake me, Not Junius Rusticus' threatened apparition, Nor what this soothsayer but even now foretold, Being things impossible to human reason, Shall in a dream disturb me. Bring my cough there; A sudden but a secure1 drowsiness

Invites me to repose myself [A couch brought 11-] Let

With some choice ditty, second it —[End Parthenius.]
—I' the mean time.

Rest there, dear book, which opened, when I wake,

[Lays the book under his fillow.

Shall make some sleep for ever.

[Music and a song CESAR sleeps.

Re-enter Parthenius and Domitia.

Dom. Write my name In his bloody scroll, Parthenius! the fear's idle: He durst not, could not.

Parth. I can assure nothing:

But I observed, when you departed from him.

^{1 &}quot;Secure" is accented on the first syllable Compare Hamlet,
1., 5, 61 "Upon my secure hour your uncle stole"

After some little passion, but much fury,
He drew it out whose death he signed, I know not,
But in his looks appeared a resolution
Of what before he staggered at What he hath
Determined of is uncertain, but too soon
Will fall on you, or me, or both, or any,
His pleasure known to the tribunes and centurions,
Who never use to inquire his will, but serve it.
Now, if, out of the confidence of your power,
The bloody catalogue being still about him,
As he sleeps yourdare peruse it, or remove it,
You may instruct yourself, or what to suffer,
Or how to cross it

Dom I would not be caught

With too much confidence By your leave, sir. Ha!

No motion —you he uneasy, sir,

Let me mend your pillow — Takes away the book.

Parth Have you it?

Dom 'Tis here

Cies Oh!

Parth You have waked him, softly, gracious madam, While we are unknown 1, and then consult at leisure.

[Excunt.

Dieadful music The apparations of Junius Rusticus and Palphurius Sura rise, with bloody swords in their hands, they wave them over the head of Cæsar, who seems to oubled in his sleep, and as if praying to the image of Minerva, which they scornfully seize, and then disappear with it

Cas [Starting] Defend me, goddess, or this horrid

Will force me to distraction! whither have
These Furies borne thee? Let me rise and follow

[&]quot;till," compare Macheth, in 1, 44 "While then, God be with you!"

I was the later of the end sever of death, At I will proceed to proceed to proceed the samples of the Att I at once half later of the proceeding the proceeding the samples of the proceeding the samples of the sample of the samples of the sample of the samples o

Mrs of the store

Ye . The, a dik he discover e', to know an aff West, & to a grafter Whitevers We are seen about the tensor in the It I . , y ** reather? Who dies speak this? Additional to the Committee of the Process made trainer that their the Whet thettor? He first I this no reason belom elf. And stand commend here. Yet who can set A compete a habe of Covar? Crear Ves. Carls Cest's intered, and must ruffer, Mineral content says had. Hall when is she? Where is my goldess? vanished! I am lost then, No. Twas no dream, but a most real truth, That Japan Rucheus and Palphumus Sura. Although their robes were cost in the sen, Were by their innovence made up again, And in corpored forms last now upgetred, Waying their bloody swords those my head, As at their deaths they threatened. And methought Minerva, ravished hence, whispered that she Was, for my blasphemes, disarmed by Jove. And could no more protect me. Yes, 'twas so, Thunder and lightning.

His thunder does confirm it, against which, Howe'er it spare the laurel, this proud wreath

Later three Tribunes

Is no assurance.—Ha! come you resolved To be my executioners? 1st Teth Allegiance

Reason. More precisely, "range of reasoning ficulty."

And faith forbid that we should lift an arm . !
Against your sacred head.

and Trib We rather sue

For mercy

3rd Trib. And acknowledge that in justice Our lives are forfeited for not performing What Cæsar charged us

Ist Trib Nor did we transgress it
In our want of will or care, for, being but men
It could not be in us to make resistance,
The gods fighting against us.

Cas Speak, in what.

Did they express their anger? we will hear it,
But dare not say, undaunted

1st Trib In brief thus, sir.

The sentence given by your imperial tongue, For the astrologer Ascletario's death, With speed was put in execution.

Cæs Well

1st Trib For, his throat cut, his legs bound, and his

Pinioned behind his back, the breathless trunk Was with all scorn dragged to the Field of Mars, And there, a pile being raised of old dry wood. Smeared o'er with oil and brimstone, or what else Could help to feed or to increase the fire, The carcass was thrown on it, but no sooner The stuff, that was most apt, began to flame. But suddenly, to the amazement of The fearless soldier, a sudden flash Of lightning, breaking through the scattered clouds, With such a horrid violence forced its passage, And as disdaining all heat but itself, In a moment quenched the artificial fire And, before we could kindle it again, A clap of thunder followed, with such noise As if then Jove, incensed against mankind,

Had in his secret purposes determined of the ord.

An universal rum to the world.

This horror past, not at Deucahon's flood (the control of the control of

Imagine rather, si, that with less fury
The waves rush down the cataracts of Nile;

Or that the sea; spouted into the air
By the angry Orc, endangering tall ships

But sailing near it, so falls down again.

Yet here the wonder ends not, but begins, "

"

For, as in vain we laboured to consume The witch's 2 body, all the dogs of Rome,

Howling and yelling like to famished wolves, Brake in upon us; and, though thousands were

Killed in th' attempt, some did ascend the pile, ... And with their eager fangs seized on the carcass.

Cass. But have they torn it?

Cas I then am a dead man, since all predictions Assure me I am lost. O, my loved soldiers,

Your emperor must leave you! yet, however I cannot grant myself a short reprieve, I freely pardon you. The fatal hour

Steals fast upon me: I must die this morning By five, my soldiers, that's the latest hour

You e'er must see me living 1st Trib. Jove avert it!

Mase IT

of Neptune (quoted by Nares)

"Now turn and view the wonders of the deep, " " Where Proteus' herds and Neptune's orcs do keep."

From Coceter to Cunningham; every editor has altered the "witches" of the original into the modern term "wizaids" But in Massinger's time witch was used of men as well as of women (see Gymbeline, 1 6, 166). Reginald Scot, giving a tale from Danaus in the Epistle "To the Readers" of the Discoverie of Witcheraft, says. "I will requite Danaus his tale of a manwitch (as he termeth him) with another witch of the same sex or gender."

In our swords lies your fate, and we will guard it. Cas O no, it cannot be; it is decreed

Above, and by no strengths1 here to be altered.

Let proud mortality but look on Cæsar,

Compassed of late with armies, in his eyes.

Carrying both life and death, and in his arms

Fathoming the earth, that would be styled a god, And is, for that presumption, cast beneath

The low condition of a common man,

Sinking with mine own weight 1st Trib Do not forsake

Yourself, we'll never leave you

and Trib We'll draw up

More cohorts of your guard, if you doubt treason

Cæs. They cannot save me. The offended gods, That now sit judges on me, from their envy

Of my power and greatness here, conspire against me.

1st Trib Endeavour to appease them

Cas 'Twill be fruitless:

I am past hope of remission. Yet, could I Decline this dreadful hour of five, these terrors, That drive me to despair, would soon fly from me And could you but till then assure me-

1st Trib Yes, sir,

Or we'll fall with you, and make Rome the urn In which we'll mix our ashes

Cas. 'Tis said nobly

I am something comforted howe'er, to die Is the full period of calamity

[Excunt

1 "Strengths" in the plural often occurs in Massinger Compare

Prologue to The Guardian

2 Avoid One of the equivalents given by Coles in his Latin Dictionary is evito, Boyer translates furr, eviter, eluder



SCENE II .- . Inother Room in the Palace

Enter Parthenius, Domitia, Julia, Cenis, Domitilla, Stephanos, Supius, and Enterius.

Parth. You see we are all condemned; there's no evasion.

We must do, or sufter.

Steph. But it must be sudden,

The least delay is mortal

Dom. Would I were

A man, to give it action!

Domital Could I make my approaches, though my statute

Does promise little. I have a spirit as dating As hers that can reach higher

Steph I will take

That burthen from you, madam All the art is,
To draw him from the tribunes that attend him;
For, could you bring him but within my sword's reach,
The world should owe her freedom from a tyrant
To Stephanos

Scj You shall not share alone The glory of a deed that will endure To all posterity.

Ent I will put in For a part, myself

Parth Be resolute, and stand close.

I have conceived a way, and with the hazard Of my life I'll practise it, to fetch him lither But then no trifling

Steph. We'll dispatch him, fear not

A dead dog never bites

Parth. Thus then at all 1

[Exit, the rest conceal the miselves.

¹ A gaming term, meaning that the player will take up any stakes,

Enter Calsan and the Tribunes.

Cas How slow-paced are these minutes! in extremes, How miserable is the least delay! Coula I imp feathers to the wings of time, Or with as little ease command the sun To scourge his coursers up heaven's eastern hill, , Making the hour I tremble at, past recalling, As I can move this dial's tongue to six; My yeins and arteries, emptied with fear, Would fill and swell again How do I look? Do you yet see Death about me?

1st Trib. Think not of him, There is no danger all these prodigies That do affright you, rise from natural causes: And though you do ascribe them to yourself, Had vou ne'er been, had happened

Cas 'Tis well said:

Exceeding well, brave soldier. Can it be, That I, that feel myself in health and strength, Should still believe I am so near my end, And have my guards about me? Perish all Predictions 1 I grow constant 1 they are false, And built upon uncertainties

1st Trib This is right. Now Casar's heard like Casar

Cas We will to

The camp, and having there confirmed the soldier With a large donative, and increase of pay. Some shall——I say no more,

Re-cuter Parthenius

Parth All happiness, Security, long life, attend upon The monarch of the world!

Cas. Thy looks are cheerful

Parth And my relation full of joy and wonder. Why is the care of your imperial body,

Sec. Help ma

Sty'. Help me.

Ert. Thus, and thus!

Sej. Are you so long a-falling?

[Falls erd else.

Part . This for my father's death. D. This for my Paris.

Jul. This for thy incest.

Detall. This for the couse

[Tree secrally stab hir. O' Domizlia Triberat. [Hitter.] Force the doors!

Re-erter Tribunes.

O Mars!

What have you done?

Part. What Rome shall give us thanks for.

Step 1. Dispatched a monster.

1st Triv. Yet he was our prince.

Hoverer wicked: and, in you this murder, --

Which whosoe'er succeeds him will revenge:

Nor will we, that served under his command.

Consent that such a monster as thyself. Te Dourth

(For in thy workedness Augusta's title

Hath quite forsook thee,) thou, that went the ground Of all these mischess, shall go hence unpunished.

Lay hands on her and drag her to her? sentence.-

We will refer the hearing to the Seinte.

Who may at their best leasure consure you.

Take up his body the in decid heath paid

For all as crueltes. Here s the difference.

Good lings are mormed for after life; but ill.

And such as governed only by their will

And not their reason, unlargented fall-

No good man's tear shed at their fineral.

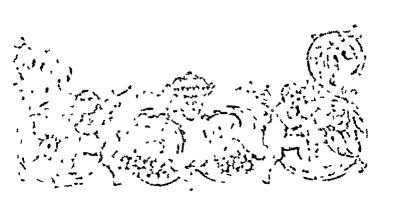
Execut. the Tribunes them to be like of CESAR.

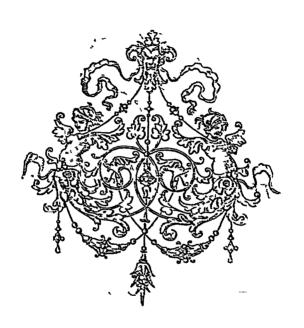
ed Tors a marrier The contraction comes several traces in

"His " is not to the quests



THE FAITSHE DONRY.







TIE Fatal Dawry was first printed, in quarto, in 1632. The title-page runs. "The Fatall Dowry A Tragedy As it hath beene often Acted at the Prinate House in Blackefryers, by his Maiesties Seruants. Written by P. M and N. F. London, Printed by John Norton, for

Francis Constable, and are to be sold at his shop at the Crane, in Pauls Church-yard 1632." It is a badly printed book, the type is old and battered, and the general execution is very careless. None of the plays given in this volume (except Believe as You List) has its text in so corrupt a state.

The share of Massinger in this play is assigned by Mr Robert Boyle, in a paper read before the New Shakspere Society, as follows. Act 1; Act III 1 to "Enter Novall, jun", Act IV 11, 111, 120, which were interpolated by Field. This division seems at least as reasonable as any other.

The Fatal Dowry was revived at Sadler's Wells, August 27th, 1845, Phelps playing Romont. Marston, Charalois; George Bennett, Rochfort; and Miss Cooper, Beaumelle

It is well known that Rowe's Fair Pentlent, formerly one of the most popular and extravagantly lauded plays on the stage, is founded on The Fatal Downy. An elaborate comparison of the two plays was published by Richard Cumberland in the Observer, Nos Ixxii.—Ixxiv. It is reprinted in Gifford's edition of Massinger.



ROCHFORT Ex-Premier President of the Parliament of Dijon

CHARALOIS, a noble Gentleman, Son of the deceased Marshal.

ROMONT. a brave Officer, friend to CHARMON NOVALL, senior, Premier President of the Parliament of Dijon

NOVALL jumor, his Son, in love with BEAUMILLE. Du Croy, President of the Parliament of Dijon.

CHARMI, an Advocate

BEAUMONT, Secretary to ROCHFORT

PONTALIER, Friends of NOVALL, junior

LILADAM, a Parasite, dependent on NOVITL,

AYMER, a Singer and Keeper of a Music-house, also dependent on NOVALL, junior.

'Advocates

Three Creditors

A Priest

Tailor

Barber

Perfumer

Page

Presidents, Captains, Soldiers, Mourners, Gaolers, Bailiffs, Servants

BLLL APERT, Servants to BEAUTIELF, the latter
BLLL APERT, the secret agent of NOVALL Jun

SCFNF -Dijox



THE FATAL DOWRY.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I -A Street before the Court of Justice.

Enter CHARALOIS with a paper, ROMONT, and CHARMI.



HARMI. Sir, I may move the court to serve your will,

But therein shall both wrong you and myself.

Rom. Why think you so, sir? Charmi." Cause I am familiar

With what will be their answer 'they will say,'
'Tis against law, and argue me of ignorance,
For offering them the motion

Rom You know not, sir, ""
How, in this cause, they may dispense with law;
And therefore frame not you their answer for them,
But do your parts.

Charmi I love the cause so well.

As I could run the hazard of a check for't,

Rom. From whom?

Chai mi. Some of the bench, that watch to give it. More than to do the office that they sit for But give me, sir, my fee

Rom. Now you are noble. [Gives him his purse. Charm I shall deserve this better yet, in giving My lord some counsel, if he please to hear it

The memory of that happy age, when justice.
Had no guards to keep off vronged innocence.
From flying to her succours, and, in that,
Assurance of refress! where now, Romon.
The damned with more ease may ascend from held.
Than we arrive at her. One Cerberrs there.
Forbids the passage, in our courts a thousand.
As loud and femile-headed: and the offent.
That wants the sops to fill their raterious throats.
Must hope for no access: why should I, then.
Attempt impossibilities: you, friend, being.
Too well acquainted with my dearth of means.
To make my entrance that way?

Rr- Would I were not

But sir, you have a cause, a cause so just.

Of such necessity, not to be deferred.

As would compel a maid, whose foot was never.

Set ofer her father's threshold, nor within.

The house where she was born ever spake word.

Which was not ushered with pure virgin blushes.

To drown the tempest of a pleader's tongue.

And force compoint to give back the hire.

It took against her. Let examples move you.

You see men great in both, esteem, and fortune.

Rather than lose a scruple of their right.

Farm basely upon such, whose gowns put off.

They would disdain for servants.

Charal. And to these Can I become a suitor?

Rem. Without loss.

Would you consider that to gain their favours. Our chiefest dames put off their modesties. Solders forget their honours, usiners. Hake samifice of gold, poets of vit. And men religious part with fame and goodness. Be therefore won to use the means that may Advance your prous ends.

Charal. You shall o'ercome Rom. And you receive the glory Pray you now Charal 'Tis well. [practise.]

Enter Novall, senior, Advocates, Liladam, and three Creditors.

[Tenders his petition.] Not look on me Rom You must have patience—
Offer it again.

Charal And be again contemned!

Nov. sen I know what's to be done.

1st Cred And, that your lordship Will please to do your knowledge, we offer first

Nov. sen One word more of this,

I am your enemy. Am I a man Your bribes can work on? ha?

Lilad. [Aside to Creditors,] Friends, you mistake The way to win my lord; he must not hear this,

But I, as one in favour, in his sight

May hearken to you for my profit —Sir!

I pray hear them

Nor. sen. 'Tis well

Lilad. Observe him now.

Nov. sen. Your cause being good, and your proceed-Without corruption I am your friend, [ings so, Speak your desires.

and Cred. Oh, they are charitable.

The marshal stood engaged unto us three Two hundred thousand crowns, which, by his death, We are defeated of for which great loss We aim at nothing but his rotten flesh, Nor is that cruelty.

Ist Cred. I have a son That talks of nothing but of guns and armours, And swears he'll be a soldier, 'tis an humour. The difficulties that you'encounter with Will crown the undertaking-Heaven! you weep; And I could do so too, but that I know There's more expected from the son and friend Of him whose fatal loss now shakes our natures. Than sighs or tears, in which a village nurse, Or cunning strumpet when her knave is hanged, We are men, young lord, May overcome us Let us not do like women To the court. And there speak like your birth wake sleeping justice, Or dare the ave This is a way will sort With what you are I call you not to that I will shrink from myself, I will deserve Your thanks, or suffer with you-O how bravely That sudden fire of anger shows in you ! Give fuel to it Since you are on a shelf 1 Of extreme danger, suffer like yourself Excunt



SCENE II -The Court of Justice

Enter Rochfort, Novall, senior, Presidents, Charmi, Du Croy, Beaumont, Advocates, the ce Creditors, and Officers

Du Croy Your lordships seated, may this meeting Prosperous to us, and to the general good [prove Of Burgundy!

Nov sen Speak to the point.

Du Croy Which is
With honour to dispose the place and power
Of premier president, which this reverend man,
Grave Rochfort, whom for honour's sake I name,
Is purposed to resign, a place, my lords,
In which he hath with such integrity

1 Sandbank

Performed the first and best parts of a judge That, as his life transcends all fair examples Of such as were before him in Dijon, So it remains to those that shall succeed him, A precedent they may imitate, but not equal. Roch I may not sit to hear this.

Du Croy. Let the love

And thankfulness we are bound to pay to goodness, In this o'ercome your modesty.

Roch. My thanks

For this great favour shall prevent your trouble The honourable trust that was imposed Upon my weakness, since you witness for me It was not ill discharged, I will not mention; Nor now, if age had not deprived me of The little strength I had to govern well The province that I undertook, forsake it.

Nov. sen That we could lend you of our years ! Du Crov. Or strength!

Nov. sen. Or, as you are, persuade you to continue The noble exercise of your knowing judgment!

Roch. That may not be; nor can your lordships' goodness.

Since your employments have conferred upon me Sufficient wealth, deny the use of it. And, though old age, when one foot's in the grave,

In many, when all humours else are spent, Feeds no affection in them but desire

To add height to the mountain of their riches, I rest content In me it is not so With the honours and estate I now possess: And, that I may have liberty to use

What Heaven, still blessing my poor industry, Hath made me master of, I pray the court

To ease me of my burthen, that I may Employ the small remainder of my life In lying well, and learning how to die so. His face more than the cause for which he pleads?

Charms. Forbear

Rom Or cannot you, that have the power To qualify the ngour of the laws
When you are pleased, take a little from
The strictness of your sour decrees, enacted
In favour of the greedy creditors,
Against the o'erthrown debtor?

Nov sen Sirrah! you that prate Thus saucily, what are you?

Rom Why, I'll tell you,
Thou purple-coloured man' I am one to whom
Thou ow'st the means thou hast of sitting there,
A corrupt elder

Charmi Forbear

Rom The nose thou wear'st is my gift, and those eyes, That meet no object so base as their master, Had been long since torn from that guilty head, And thou thyself slave to some needy Swiss, Had I not worn a sword, and used it better Than, in thy prayers, thou e'er didst thy tongue Nov. sen Shall such an insolence pass unpunished!

Chai mi Hear me

Rom Yet I, that, in my service done my country, Disdain to be put in the scale with thee, Confess myself unworthy to be valued With the least part, nay, hair of the dead marshal, Of whose so many glorious undertakings, Make choice of any one, and that the meanest, Performed against the subtle fox of France, The politic Louis, or the more desperate Swiss, And 'twill outweigh all the good purposes, Though put in act, that ever gownman practised, Nov sen Away with him to prison Rom If that curses, Urged justly, and breathed forth so, ever fell

On those that did deserve them, let not mine

Be spent in vain now, that thou from this instant Mayst, in thy fear that they will fall upon thee, Be sensible of the plagues they shall bring with them; And for denying of a little earth To cover what remains of our great soldier. May all your wives prove whores, your factors thieves, And, while you live, your riotous heirs undo you! And thou, the patron of their cruelty, Of all thy lordships live not to be owner. Of so much dung as will conceal a dog, Or, what is worse, thyself in ! And thy years, To th' end thou mayst be wretched, I wish many, And, as thou hast denied the dead a grave, May misery in thy life make thee desire one, Which men and all the elements keep from thee 1-[To Charalois] I have begun well, imitate, exceed.

Roch. Good counsel, were it a praiseworthy deed

[Excust Officers with Romon is

Du Cror Remember what we are. Charal Thus low my duty Answers your lordship's counsel I will use. In the few words with which I am to trouble Your lordship's ears, the temper that you wish me; Not that I fear to speak my thoughts as loud, And with a liberty beyond Romont; But that I know, for me, that am made up Of all that's wretched, so to haste my end Would seem to most rather a willingness To gut the burthen of a hopeless life Than scorn of death, or duty to the dead. I, therefore, bring the tribute of my praise To your seventy, and commend the justice That will not, for the many services That any man hath done the commonwealth, Wink at his least of ills What though my father

Writ man before he was so, and confirmed it. By numbering that day no part of his life

In which he did not service to his country, Was he to be free, therefore, from the laws And ceremonious form in your decrees? Or else, because he did as much as man, In those three memorable overthrows At Granson, Morat, Nancy, where his master, The warhke Charalois, (with whose misfortunes I bear his name,) lost treasure, men, and life, To be excused from payment of those sums of Which (his own patrimony spent) his zeal. To serve his country forced him to take up?

Nov sen. The precedent were ill

Charal And yet my lord, this much,

I know, you'll grant; after those great defeatures,²

Which in their dreadful ruins buried quick

Re-enter Officers

Courage and hope in all men but himself,
He forced the foe, in his height of conquest,
To yield unto an honourable peace,
And in it saved an hundred thousand lives,
To end his own, that was sure proof against
The scalding summer's heat and winter's frost,
Ill airs, the cannon, and the enemy's sword,
In a most loathsome prison

Du Croy 'Twas his fault To be so prodigal

Nov sen He had from the state
Sufficient entertainment for the army

Charal Sufficient, my lords! You sit at home, And, though your fees are boundless at the bar, Are thrifty in the charges of the war——But your wills be obeyed To these I turn, To these soft-hearted men, that wisely know,

Charles, Duke of Burgundv
Defeat In Coles' Lat Dut "defeat" and "defeature" are

They're only good men 1 that pay what they owc. 2nd Cred. And so they are. 1st Cred It is the city doctrine:

We stand bound to maintain it

Charal. Be constant in it:

And since you are as merciless in your natures, As base and mercenary in your means By which you get your wealth, I will not urge The court to take away one scruple from The right of their laws, or wish one good thought In you, to mend their disposition with I know there is no music to your ears So pleasing as the groans of men in prison, And that the tears of widows, and the cries Of famished orphans, are the feasts that take you; That to be in your danger,2 with more care Should be avoided than infectious air, The loathed embraces of diseased women, A flatterer's poison, or the loss of honour — Yet, rather than my father's reverend dust Shall want a place in that fair monument In which our noble ancestors lie entombed, Before the court I offer up myself A prisoner for it. Load me with those irons That have worn out his life; in my best strength I'll run to the encounter of cold, hunger, And choose my dwelling where no sun dares enter,

So he may be released

1st Cied. What mean you, sir?

and Advo. Only your fee again there's so much said Already in this cause, and said so well,

The expression is a term of feudal law

¹ Compare Merchant of Venuce, 1 3, 12-17

[&]quot; Shy. Antonio is a good man

[&]quot;Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

[&]quot;Shy Oh, no, no, no, no my meaning in saying he is a good man is to have you understand me that he is sufficient" 2 1 e In your power Compare Merchant of Venue, w. 1, 180.

That should I only offer to speak in it.

I should or not be heard, or laughed at for it.

1st Cred. Tis the first money advocate e'er gave back.

1st Cred. Tis the first money advocate e er gave back. Though he said nothing.

Rech. Be advised, young lord.

And well considerate; you throw away

Your liberty and joys of life together:

Your bounty is employed upon a subject
That is not sensible of it, with which wise man
Never abused his goodness. The great virtues
Of your dead father vindicate themselves

From these men's mal'ce, and break ope the prison, Though it contain his body.

Ner. sen. Let him alone:

If he love cords, in God's name let him wear them; Provided these consent.

Charal. I hope they are not So ignorant in any way of profit. As to neglect a possibility

To get their own, by seeking it from that Which can return them nothing but ill fame.

And cures, for their barbarous cruelius, grd Cred. What think you of the offer? and Cred. Very well.

1.7 Cred. Accept this all means. Let's shut him the is well shaped, and has a villamous torque.

And should be study that way of revenge.

As I date almost sweat he loves a wench.

We have no wives, not never shall get daughters, That will hold out against him.

Du Croy. What's your answer? 2rd Cred. Speak you for all.

ist Crad. Why, let our executions.

That Le upon the father, be returned Upon the son, and we release the body.

Not so. The court must grant you that Gural. I thank your lordships.

They have in it confirmed on me such glory As no time can take from me: I am ready, Come, lead me where you please. Captivity, That comes with honour, is true liberty.

[Event Charalois, Charmi, Officers, and Creditors.

Nov. sen. Strange rashness!

Roch. A brave resolution rather,
Worthy a better fortune: but, however,
It is not now to be disputed; therefore
To my own cause. Already I have found
Your lordships bountiful in your favours to me,
And that should teach my modesty to end here,
And press your loves no further

Du Croy. There is nothing The court can grant, but with assurance you May ask it, and obtain it.

Rech. You encourage

A bold petitioner, and 'tis not fit
Your favours should be lost: besides, 't has been
A custom many years, at the surrendering
The place I now give up, to grant the president
One boon, that parted with it; and, to confirm
Your grace towards me, against all such as may
Detract my actions and life hereafter,
I now prefer it to you

Du Crey. Speak it freely.

Roch I then desire the liberty of Romont, And that my Lord Novall, whose private wrong Was equal to the injury that was done. To the dignity of the court, will pardon it, And now sign his enlargement.

Now sen. Pray you demand The moiety of my estate, or any thing Within my power, but this.

Roch. Am I denied then My first and last request?

Du Croj It must not be.

2nd Prc. I have a voice to give in it.

3rd Prc. And I.

And if persuasion will not work him to it.

We will make known our power

Not. sen You are too violent.

You shall have my consent. but would you had

Made trial of my love in any thing

But this, you should have found then—but it skills not; You have what you desire.

Rech I thank your lordships

Dr Cros. The court is up. Make way.

[Exeunt all but Rochfort and Beaumont.

Reen I follow you.

Beaumont!

Beau. My lord

Roch You are a scholar, Beaumont
And can search deeper into the intents of men,
Than those that are less knowing —How appeared
The piety and brave behaviour of

Young Charalois, to you?

Beau. It is my wonder.

Smce I want language to express it fully:

And sure the colonel----

Roch. Fie! he was faulty

What present money have I?

Beau. There s no want

Of any sum a private man has use for

Rech 'Tis well -

I am strangely taken with this Charalois
Methinks from his example the whole age
Should learn to be good, and continue so.
Virtue works strangely with us, and his goodness,
Rising above his fortune, seems to me,

Prince-like, to will not ask a courtesy

Execunt

¹ Matters not.



ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE 1 .- A Street before the Prison.

Enter Pontalier, Maiorin, and Braumoni.



Al. "Tis strange

Beau. Methinks so

Pout In a man but young,

Yet old in judgment; theoric and practic

In all humanity, and, to increase the wonder,

Religious, yet a soldier, that he should Yield his free-hing youth a captive for The freedom of his aged father's corpse, And rather choose to want life's necessaries, Liberty, hope of fortune, than it should In death be kept from Christian ceremony.

Mal. Come, 'tis a golden precedent in a son, To let strong nature have the better hand, In such a case, of all affected reason. What years sit on this Charalois?

Beau Twenty-eight

For since the clock did strike him seventeen old, Under his father's wing this son hath fought, Served and commanded, and so aptly both. That sometimes he appeared his father's father, And never less than 's son, the old man's virtues So recent in him, as the world may swear, Nought but a fair tree could such fair fruit bear.

Pont. But wherefore lets he such a barbarous law,

¹ te In the humanities, polite literature

And men more barbarous to execute it,
Prevail on his soft disposition,
That he had rather die alive for debt
Of the old man, in prison, than he should
Rob him of sepulture, considering
These moneys borrowed bought the lenders peace,
And all the means they enjoy, nor were diffused
In any impious or licentious path?

Beau True! for my part, were it my father's trunk,
The tyrannous ram-heads' with their horns should gore it,
Or cast it to their curs, than they less currish,
Ere prey on me so with their hon-law,
Being in my free-will, as in his, to shun it.

Pont Alas! he knows himself in poverty lost For, in this partial avaricious age, What price bears honour? virtue? long ago, It was but praised, and freezed, but now-a-days, 'Tis colder far, and has nor love nor praise The very praise now freezeth too, for nature Did make the heathen far more Christian then, Than knowledge us, less heathenish, Christian

Mal This morning is the funeral? Pont Certainly,

And from this prison,—'twas the son's request I hat his dear father might interment have, See, the young son entered a lively grave!

Beau They come —observe their order

Solemn music. Enter the Funeral Procession The Coffin borne by four, preceded by a Priest Captains, Lieutenants, Ensigns, and Soldiers, Mourners, Scutcheons, &c, and very good order Romont and Charalois, followed by the Gaolers and Officers, with Creditors, meet it

Charal How like a silent stream shaded with night, And gliding softly, with our windy sighs

¹ Cuckolds.

Moves the whole frame of this solemnity!

Tears, sighs, and blacks! filling the simile:

Whilst I, the only murmur in this grove

Of death, thus hollowly break forth. Vouchsafe

[To the Bearers, who set down the Coffin.

To stay awhile.—Rest, rest in peace, dear earth!
Thou that brought'st rest to their unthankful lives,
Whose cruelty denied thee rest in death!
Here stands thy poor executor, thy son,
That makes his life prisoner to bail thy death.
Who gladher puts on this captivity.
Than virgins, long in love, their wedding weeds.
Of all that ever thou hast done good to,
These only have good memories; for they
Remember best forget not gratitude.
I thank you for this last and friendly love.

To the Soldiers.

And though this country, like a viperous mother. Not only hath eat up ungratefully All means of thee, her son, but last, thyself, Leaving thy heir so base and indigent He cannot raise thee a poor monument, Such as a flatterer or a usurer hath, Thy worth, in every honest breast, builds one, Making their friendly hearts thy funeral stone.

Pont. Su

Charal. Peace! O, peace! this scene is wholly mine. What! weep ye, soldiers? blanch not. — Romont weeps!——

Ha! let me see!—my miracle is eased,
The gaolers and the creditors do weep;
Even they that make us weep, do weep themselves!
Be these thy body's balm! these and thy virtue
Keep thy fame ever odoriferous,
Whilst the great, proud, rich, undeserving man,
Alive, stinks in his vices, and, being vanished,

·1 Mourning garb.

The golden calf, that was an idol decked With marble pillars, jet, and porphyry, Shall quickly, both in bone and name, consume, Though wrapt in lead, spice, cerecloth, and perfume! 1st Cred Sir.

Charal What? away, for shame! you, profane rogues, Must not be mingled with these holy relics, This is a sacrifice, our shower shall crown His sepulchre with olive, myrrh, and bays,

The plants of peace, of sorrow, victory, Your tears would spring but weeds.

1st Cred. Would they? Not so; We'll keep them to stop bottles then.

Rom No. keep them

For your own sins, you rogue, till you repent, You'll die else, and be damned

and Cred. Damned !- ha! ha! ha!

Rom Laugh ye?

3rd Cred Yes, faith, sir, we would be very glad To please you either way.

1st Cred You are ne'er content.

Crying nor laughing

Rom Both with a birth, ye rogues? 2nd Cred Our wives, sir, taught us

Rom. Look, look, you slaves 1 your thankless cruelty,

And savage manners of unkind Dijon,

Exhaust 1 these floods, and not his father's death.

1st Cred 'Shd, sir! what would ye? ye're so cholenc. and Cred Most soldiers are so, i'faith?—let him alone

They have little else to live on We've not had

A penny of him, have we?

31 d Cred. 'Slight! would you have our hearts? 1st Cred We have nothing but his body here, in durance.

For all our money.

¹ Draw out A word not used, I believe, by Massinger It is given in Coles' Lat Dict

Privat On.

Charal. One moment more, But to bestow a few poor legacies, All I have left in my dead father's rights, And I have done Captain, wear thou these spurs That yet ne'er made his horse run from a foe. Lieutenant, thou this scarf; and may it tie Thy valour and thy honesty together! For so it did in him. Ensign, this currass, Your general's necklace once You, gentle bearers. Divide this purse of gold; this other, strew Among the poor; 'tis all I have. Romont— Wear thou this medal of himself——that, like A hearty oak, grew'st close to this tall pine, Even in the wildest wilderness of war. Whereon foes broke their swords, and tired themselves · Wounded and hacked ye were, but never felled, For me, my portion provide in Heaven !-My root is earthed, and I, a desolate branch, Left scattered in the highway of the world, Trod under foot, that might have been a column Mainly supporting our demolished house. This would I wear as my inheritance-And what hope can arise to me from it, When I and it are both here prisoners! Only may this, if ever we be free, Keep, or redeem, me from all infamy.

A DIRGE (to solemn music).

Fie! cease to wonder. I'hough you hear Orpheus with his ivory lute Move trees and rocks. Chaim bulls, bears, and men more savage, to be mute 6. .Weak foolish singer, here is one Would have transformed thyself to stone,

1 His father's sword - Monch Mason,

Mass 11

1st Cred. No farther look to them at your own peril.

and Cred. No, as they please their masters a good man 1——

I would they were at the Bermudas!

Gaol. You must no further.

The prison limits you, and the creditors

Exact the strictness

Rom. Out. you wolvish mongrels !

Whose brains should be knocked out, like dogs in July, Lest your infection poison a whole town

Charal They grudge our sorrow. Your ill wills perforce

Turn now to charity. They would not have us
Walk too far mourning · usurer's relief
Grieves, if the debtors have too much of grief. [Exemi-



SCENE II -A Room in ROCHFORT'S House

Enter Beaumelle, Florimel, and Bellapert.

Beaumel I prithee tell me. Florimel, why do women marry?

Flor. Why truly, madam, I think, to he with their husbands.

Bell You are a fool She hes, madam women marry husbands, to he with other men

Flor. Faith, even such a woman wilt thou make. By this light, madam, this wagtail will spoil you, if you take delight in her licence

Beaumel 'Tis true, Florimel, and thou wilt make me too good for a young lady. What an electuary 5 found my father out for his daughter, when he compounded you

¹ See note ante, p 105
² A medicinal composition

² Loose woman.

two my women ! for thou, Florimel, art even a grain too heavy, simply, for a waiting-gentlewoman-

Flor And thou, Bellapert, a grain too light.

Bell. Well, go thy ways, Goody Wisdom, whom nobody regards.1 I wonder whether be elder, thou or thy hood? You think, because you served my lady's mother, are thirty-two years old, which is a pip out,2 you know-

Flor. Well said, whirliging

Bell. You are deceived; I want a peg in the middle -Out of these prerogatives, you think to be mother of the maids 3 here, and mortify them with proverbs, go, go, govern the sweetmeats, and weigh the sugar, that the wenches steal none, say your prayers twice a day, and, as I take it, you have performed your function.

Flor. I may be even with you

Bell. Hark! the court's broke up Go, help my old lord out of his caroch,1 and scratch his head till dinner time

Flot. Well.

Esit

Bell. Fie, madam, how you walk! By my maidenhead, you look seven years older than you did this morning. Why, there can be nothing under the sun valuable to make you thus a minute

Beaumel. Ah, my sweet Bellapert, thou cabinet To all my counsels, thou dost know the cause That makes thy lady wither thus in youth.

Bell Uds-light! enjoy your wishes whilst I live, One way or other you shall crown your will Would you have him your husband that you love, And can it not be? he is your servant, though,

1 See Prozerbs 1, 24.

The chief of the ladies of honour

² A pip is a spot upon a card. The allusion is to the very ancient game of "One-and-Thirty," it was once a favourité diversion, and is mentioned, among others, in Green's Art of Congre catching.-Gifford.

⁴ Coach.

And may perform the office of a husband Beaumel. But there is honour, wench.

Bell. Such a disease

There is indeed, for which ere I would die-

Beaumel. Prithee. distinguish me a maid and wife.

Bell. Faith, madam, one may bear any man's children. t'other must bear no man's

Beaumel. What is a husband?

Bell. Physic. that. tumbling in your belly, will make you sick in the stomach. The only distinction betwixt a husband and a servant is, the first will he with you when he please: the last shall lie with you when you please. Pray tell me lady, do you love, to marry after, or would you marry, to love after?

Beaumel I would meet love and marriage both at once.

Bell. Why, then you are out of the fashion, and will be contemned: for I will assure you, there are few women in the world, but either they have married first, and love after; or love first, and married after. You must do as you may, not as you would, your father's will is the goal you must fly to. If a husband approach you you would have further off, is he you love the less near you? A husband in these days is but a cloak, to be oftener laid upon your bed than in your bed.

Beaumel. Humph!

Bdl. Sometimes you may wear him on your shoulder: now and then under your arm, but seldom or never let him cover you for us not the fashion.

Erter Novall junior. Pontalier, Malotin. Liladam. and Aymer.

Nor. jun. Best day to Nature's curiosity
Star of Dijon, the lustre of all France!
Perpetual spring dwell on thy rosy cheeks.
Whose breath is perfume to our continent!
See' Flora trimmed in her varieties.

Bell. O. divine lord !

Nov. jun. No autumn not no age ever approach. This heavenly piece, which Nature having wrought, She lost her needle, and did then despur. Ever to work so lively and so fair!

Lilad Uds-light! my lord, one of the purls! of your band is without all discipline, fallen out of his rank.

Nev. jun How' I would not for a thousand crowns she had seen't. Dear Liladam, reform it.

Bell. Oh lord fer se, lord! quintessence of honour! she walks not under a weed! that could deny thee anything

Beaumel, Prithee peace, wench, thou dost but blow the fire.

That flames too much already

[LII ADAM and AYMER trim NOVALL, while Bell APERT diesses her lady.

Arm. By gad, my lord, you have the divinest tailor of Christendom, he hath made you look like an angel m your cloth-of-ussue doublet

Pont This is a three-legged lord, there's a fresh assault. Oh! that men should spend time thus! See, see, how her blood drives to her heart, and straight vaults to her cheeks again!

Malot. What are these?

Pont One of them there, the lower, is a good, foolish, knavish, sociable gallimatify of a man, and has much caught my lord with singing, he is master of a musichouse. The other is his dressing-block, upon whom my lord lays all his clothes and fashions ere he vouchsafes them his own person, you shall see him in the morning in the Galleyfoist, at noon in the Bullion, in the evening in Querpo and all night in—

¹ Edgings of lace 2 Garment.
1 A mixture or jumble Boyer (Fr. Dut) has "Gallimawire, Hotchpotch"

Fashionably dressed 5 Without a clock, en deshabilli

Malot A bandyhouse

Pont If my lord deny, they deny, if he affirm, they affirm they skip into my lord's cast skins some twice a year, and thus they lie to eat, eat to live, and live to praise my lord.

Matot Good sir, tell me one thing

Pont What's that?

Malot Dare these men ever fight on any cause?

Pont Oh, no! 'twould spoil their clothes, and put

Note jun 'Mistress, you hear the news? your father has resigned his presidentship to my lord my father

Malot And Lord Charalors

Undone for ever

Pont Troth, 'tis pity, sir

A braver hope of so assured a father

Did never comfort France

Lilad A good dumb mourner

Aym A silent black

Nov jun Oh fie upon him, how he wears his

As if he had come this Christmas from St Omers, To see his friends, and returned after Twelfth-tide,

Lilad His colonel looks finely like a drover-

Nov jun That had a winter lain perdu in the rain Avm What, he that wears a clout about his neck.

His cuffs in's pocket, and his heart in's mouth?

Now, out upon him!

Beaumel Servant, tie my hand

[Novall jun kisses her hand

How your lips blush, in scorn that they should pay Tribute to hands, when lips are in the way '

Nov jun I thus recant, [Kisses her] yet now your hand looks white,

Because your lips robbed it of such a right Monsieur Aymer, I prithee sing the song Devoted to my mistress 1ym. [Sings.]

Music.

A DIALOGUE BETWEFN A MAN AND A WOMAN.1

Man. Set. Phoebus, set; a fairer sun doth rise From the bright radiance of my mistress' eyes Than ever thou begatt'st: I dare not look. Each hair a golden line, each word a hook, The more I strive, the more still I am took.

IVom. Fair servant, come; the day these eyes do lend To warm thy blood, thou dost so vainly spend; Come, strangle breath.

Man. What note so sweet as this, That calls the spirits to a further bliss?

Hom. Yet this out-sayours wine, and this perfume. Man. Let's die; I languish, I consume.

Enter ROCHFORT and BEAUMONT.

Beau. Romont will come, sir, straight.

Roch 'Tis well

Beaumel. My father!

Now jun. My honourable lord.

Roch. My Lord Novall, this is a virtue in you;

So early up and ready before noon,

That are the map² of dressing through all France!

Nov. 100. I rise to say my prayers, sir; here's my saint.

Roch. "I's well and courtly:—you must give me leave,— I have some private conference with my daughter;

Pray use my garden: you shall dine with me.

Lilal. We'll wait on you.

Nev. jun Good morn unto your lordship!

Renember what you have vowed-[Aside to BEAUMILLE. Beaumel. Perform I must.

[Exernt all but ROCHFORT and Braumflle. Roch. Why, how now, Beaumelle?? thou look'st not well.

¹ The quarto has "between Novall and Beaumelle."

² Compare Riclard II, \ 1, 12 - "Thou map of honour."

3 Here, and generally, pronounced as a trisyllable.

Thou art sad of late,—come, cheer thee, I have found A wholesome remedy for these maiden fits A goodly oak whereon to twist my vine,
Till her fair branches grow up to the stars Be near at hand.—Success crown my intent!
My business fills my little time so full,
I cannot stand to talk, I know thy duty
Is handmaid to my will, especially
When it presents nothing but good and fit.

Beaumel Sir, I am yours—Oh! if my fears prove true, Fate hath wronged love, and will destroy me too

Aside and evit.

Enter ROMONT and Gaoler

Rom Sent you for me, sir?

Roch Yes

Rom Your lordship's pleasure?

Roch Keeper, this prisoner I will see forthcoming,
Upon my word —Sit down, good colonel [Exit Gaoler
Why I did wish you hither, noble sir,
Is to advise you from this iron carriage,
Which so affectedly, Romont, you wear,
To pity, and to counsel you submit
With expedition to the great Novall.
Recant your stern contempt, and slight neglect
Of the whole court and him, and opportunely,
Or you will undergo a heavy censure
In public, very shortly

Rom Hum, hum—reverend sir,
I have observed you, and do know you well,
And am now more afraid you know not me,
By wishing my submission to Novall
Than I can be of all the bellowing mouths
That wait upon him to pronounce the censure,
Could it determine me torments and shame
Submit, and crave forgiveness of a beast!——
'Tis true this boil of state wears purple tissue,

, ,

Is high-fed, proud; so is his lordship's horse, And bears as rich caparisons. I know This elephant carries on his back not only Towers, castles, but the ponderous republic And never stoops for't, with his strong-breathed timele. Smuffs others' titles lordships, offices, Wealth, bribes, and lives, under his ravenous jaws. What's this unto my freedom? I dare die: And therefore ask this camel, if these blessings (For so they would be understood by a man) But mollify one rudeness in his nature, Sweeten the eiger trelish of the law, At whose great helm he sits. Helps he the poor, In a just husiness? nay, does he not cross Lyery deserved soldier and scholar, As if, when Nature made him, she had made The general antipathy of all virtue? How swagely and blasphemously he spake Touching the general, the brave general dead ! I must weep when I think on't.

Roth. Sir.

Rom. My lord,
I am not stubborn. I can melt, you see,
And prize a virtue better than my life
For, though I be not learned, I ever loved
That holy mother of all issues good,
Whose white hand, for a sceptre, holds a file
To polish roughest customs; and, in you,
She has her right: see! I am calm as sleep
But when I think of the gross injuries,
The godless wrong done to my general dead,
I rave indeed, and could eat this Novall,
A soulless dromedary!

Roch. Oh! be temperate
Sir, though I would persuade, I'll not constrain.
Each man's opinion freely is his own

¹ Eager [in taste], acer, acutus, acerbus, acidus -Coles' I at. Dict

Concerning any thing, or any body, Be it right or wrong, 'tis at the judge's peril.

Re-enter Beautiont

Beau These men, sir, wait without, my lord is come too

Roch. Pay them those sums upon the table, take
Their full releases —stay, I want a witness
Let me entreat you, colonel, to walk in,
And stand but by to see this money paid,
It does concern you and your friend; it was
The better cause you were sent for, though said otherwise.

The deed shall make this my request more plain

Rom I shall obey your pleasure, sir, though ignorant
To what it tends. [Excunt ROMONT and BEAUMON!

Enter CHARALOIS

You are most welcome Fie, no more of this!
You have outwept a woman, noble Charalois
No man but has or must bury a father
Charal Grave sir, I buried sorrow for his death,

In the grave with him I did never think
He was immortal—though I vow I grieve,
And see no reason why the vicious,
Virtuous, valiant, and unworthy man,
Should die alike

Roch They do not Charal In the manner

Roch. Worthest sir.

Of dying, sir, they do not, but all die,
And therein differ not —but I have done
I spied the lively picture of my father,
Passing your gallery, and that cast this water
Into mine eyes See,—foolish that I am,
To let it do so!

Roch Sweet and gentle nature !

How silken is this well,1 comparatively To other men! [Aside.] I have a suit to you, sir.

Charal. Take it, 'tis granted.

Roch. What?

Charal. Nothing, my lord.

Roch Nothing is quickly granted.

Charal. Faith, my lord,

That nothing granted is even all I have, For, all know, I have nothing left to grant

Roch. Sir, have you any suit to me? I'll grant You something, anything

Char al Nay, surely, I that can Give nothing, will but sue for that again

No man will grant me anything I sue foi.

But begging nothing, every man will give it Roch. Sir!

The love I bore your father, and the worth

I see in you, so much resembling his,

Made me thus send for you :-- and tender here, Draws a curtain and discovers a table with money

and servels upon it

Whatever you will take, gold, jewels, both,

All, to supply your wants, and free yourself.

Where heavenly virtue in high-blooded veins

Is lodged, and can agree, men should kneel down,

Adore, and sacrifice all that they have,

And well they may, it is so seldom seen -

Put off your wonder, and here freely take,

Or send your servants · nor, sir, shall you use.

In aught of this, a poor man's fee, or bribe

Unjustly taken of the rich, but what's

Directly gotten, and yet by the law.

Charal How ill, sir it becomes those hairs to mock!

Rock Mock! thunder stuke me then!

Charal You do amaze me

One may hope there is some corruption of the text here, for a silken well would be something quite new under the sun

But you shall wonder too I will not take
One single piece of this great heap Why should I
Borrow, that have not means to pay? my, am
A very bankrupt even in flattering hope
Of ever raising any All my begging.
Is Romont's liberty.

Re-enter ROMONT and BEAUMONT, with Creditors.

Roch. Here is your friend.

Enfranchised ere you spake. I give him to you. And, Charalois I give you to your friend As free a man as he Your father's debts Are taken off.

Charal How!

Rom. Sir it is most true:

I am the witness

ist Cred. Yes faith, we are paid

2nd Cred Heaven bless his lordship! I did think him wiser.

31d Cted. He a statesman! he an ass Pay other men's debts!

ist Cred. That he was never bound for.

Rom One more such

Would save the rest of pleaders

Charal Honoured Rochfort-

Lie still, my tongue, and blushes, scald my cheeks,

That offer thanks in words, for such great deeds

Roch Call in my daughter Still I have a suit to you,

Eut Beat word.

Would you requite me.

Rom With his life, assure you

Roch. Nay, would you make me now your debtor.

Re-enter Beau Mont with Braumfille

This is my only child, what she appears Your lordship well may see, her education

Follows not 1 any, for her mind, I know it To be far fauer than her shape, and hope It will continue so. If now her birth Be not too mean for Charalois, take her, This virgin by the hand, and call her wife, Endowed with all my fortunes Bless me so, Requite me thus, and make me happier, In joining my poor empty name to yours,

Than if my state were multiplied tenfold. Charal Is this the payment, sir, that you expect! Why, you precipitate 2 me more in debt, That nothing but my life can ever pay. This beauty being your daughter, in which "yours" I must conceive necessity of her virtue, Without all dowry is a prince's aim Then, as she is, for poor and worthless I How much too worthy! Waken me, Romont, That I may know I dreamed, and find this vanished. Rom. Sure, I sleep not. Roch Your sentence—life or death

Charal Fair Beaumelle, can you love me? Beaumel Yes, my lord.

Enter Novall, junior, Pontalier, Malotin, Liladam, and AYMER. They all salute.

Charal. You need not question me if I can you. You are the fairest virgin in Dijon,

And Rochfort is your father.

Nov. jun [Aside] What's this change? Roch You meet my wishes, gentlemen.

Rom. What make

These dogs in doublets here?

Beau A visitation, sii

Charal. Then thus, fair Beaumelle, I write my faith,

¹ te Is not inferior to

² I suppose Gistord is right in changing the "participate" of the original into "precipitate"

Thus seal it in the sight of Heaven and men!

Your fingers tie my heart-strings with this touch, In true-love knots which nought but death shall loose And let these tears, an emblem of our loves, Like crystal rivers individually Flow into one another, make one source, Which never man distinguish, less divide! Breath marry breath, and kisses mingle souls, Two hearts and bodies here incorporate! And, though with little wooing I have won My future life shall be a wooing time, And every day new as the bridal one. O, sir I groan under your courtesies, More than my father's bones under his wrongs: You, Curtius-like, have thrown into the gulf Of this his country's foul ingratitude Your life and fortunes to redeem their shames Roch No more, my glory! come, let's in, and hasten This celebration

Rom, Mal Pent., Beau. All fair bliss upon it!

[Excunt Rochfort, Charalois, Romont Beaumont.

and Malotin.

Not jun [As Beaumelle is going out] Mistress!

Beaumel O, servant!—Virtue strengthen me!

Thy presence blows round my affection's vane—

You will undo me, if you speak again

[Entl
Lilad, And Here will be sport for you! this works.

Excunt

Not jun Peace! peace!

Pont One word my Lord Noval!

Not. jun What, thou wouldst money?—there!

Pont No, I will none, I'll not be bought a slave,

A pander, or a parasite for all

Your father's worth. Though you have saved my life,

Rescued me often from my wants I must not

Wink at your follies that will ruin you.

You know my blunt way, and my love to truth—

Forsake the pursuit of this lady's honour, Now you do see her made another man's,— And such a man's, so good, so popular!--Or you will pluck a thousand mischiefs on you. The benefits you have done me are not lost, Nor cast away, they are pursed here in my heart; But let me pay you, sir, a fairer way Than to defend your vices, or to soothe them. Nov. jun. Ha, ha! what are my courses unto thee?-Good cousin Pontalier, meddle with that That shall concern thyself. Pout No more but scorn!

[Exit.

Move on then, stars, work your permicious will. Only the wise rule, and prevent your ill Ext [Hauthors. Here a passage, over the stage, while the act is playing for the mairiage of Charalois with BI AT MILLIE, &c





ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I -A Room in Charalois' House

Enter Novall, junior, and Bellaperi.

P F U

OV jun Fly not to these excuses, thou hast been
False in thy promise—and, when I have said

Ungrateful, all is spoken Bell Good my lord,

But hear me only

Now jun To what purpose, trifler? Can anything that thou canst say make void The marriage, or those pleasures but a dream, Which Charalois, O Venus! hath enjoyed?

Bell I yet could say that you receive advantage In what you think a loss, would you voucshafe me, That you were never in the way, till now, With safety to arrive at your desires, That pleasure makes love to you, unattended By danger or repentance.

Nov jun That I could

But apprehend one reason how this might be! Hope would not then forsake me.

Bell The enjoying

Of what you most desire, I say the enjoying, Shall, in the full possession of your wishes, Confirm that I am faithful

Nov jun Give some relish How this may appear possible

۸.

Bell. I will.

Relish and taste, and make the banquet easy. You say my lady's married,—I confess it; That Charalois hath enjoyed her ;- 'tis most true: That, with her, he's already master of The best part of my old lord's state-still better. But, that the first or last should be your hindrance, I utterly deny: for, but observe me; While she went for, and was, I swear, a virgin, What courtesy could she, with her honour, give, Or you receive with safety?—take me with you 1: When I say courtesy, do not think I mean A kiss, the tying of her shoe or garter, An hour of private conference, those are trifles. In this word courtesy we, that are gamesters, point at The sport direct, where not alone the lover Brings his artillery, but uses it; Which word expounded to you, such a courtesy Do you expect, and sudden.

Nov. jun. But he tasted The first sweets, Bellapert,

Bell. He wronged you shrewdly!

He toiled to climb up to the phænix' nest,
And in his prints leaves your ascent more easy.

I do not know, you that are perfect critics
In women's books, may talk of maidenheads—

Nov. jun. But for her marriage! Bell. 'Tis a fair protection

'Gainst all arrests of fear or shame for ever.

Such as are fair, and yet not foolish, study
'To have one at thirteen; but they are mad

That stay till twenty. Then, sir, for the pleasure,
To say adultery's sweeter; that is stale;

This only—is not the contentment more

To say, This is my cuckold, than my rival?

More I could say—but briefly, she dotes on you;

1 Understand me.

If it prove otherwise, spare not poison me With the next gold you give me.

Enter BEAUMELLE.

Beaumed How's this, servant!
Courting my woman?

Bell As an entrance to .

The favour of the mistres. You are together, And I am perfect in my cue.

[Geing.

Beaumel Stay, Bellapert.

Bell. In this I must not, with your leave, obey you Your tailor and your tirewoman wait without. And stay my counsel and direction for Your next day's dressing. I have much to do. Nor will your ladyship, now time is precious. Continue idle; this choice lord will find So fit employment for you!

Beaumel. I shall grow angry.

Now jun Not so: you have a jewel in her, madam

Re-enter Bellapert.

Bell. I had forgot to tell your ladyship
The closet is private, and your couch there ready:
And, if you please that I shall lose the key
But say so and 'tis done

Beaurel You come to chide me seriant, and bring with you

Sufficient warrant. You will say, and truly, My father found too much obedience in me. By being won too soon. yet, if you please But to remember all my hopes and fortunes Had reference to his liking, you will grant That, though I did not well towards you. I yet Did wisely for myself.

Nov jun With too much fervour I have so long loved, and still love you, mistress, To esteem that an injury to me,

Which was to you convenient.—that is past My help, is past my cure. You yet may, lady, ' In recompense of all my duteous service, (Provided that your will answer your power,) Become my creditress

Beaumel I understand you;
And for assurance the request you make
Shall not be long unanswered,—pray you sit;
And by what you shall hear, you'll easily find,
My passions are much fitter to desire
Than to be sued to

Enter ROMONT and FLORIMEL behind

Flor. Sir, it is not envy
At the start my fellow has got of me in
My lady's good opinion, that's the motive
Of this discovery; but the due payment
Of what I owe her honour.

Rom So I conceive it

Flor. I have observed too much, nor shall my silence Prevent the remedy ——Yonder they are, I dare not be seen with you You may do What you think fit, which will be. I presume, The office of a faithful and tried friend To my young lord [East.

Rom This is no vision ha!

Nov. jun With the next opportunity? Beaumel By this kiss,

And this, and this

Nov jun That you would ever swear thus!

Rom [Comes forward.] If I seem rude, your pardon, lady,—yours

I do not ask come; do not dare to show me

A face of anger, or the least dislike, Put on, and suddenly, a milder look,

I shall grow rough else.

Nov jun What have I done, sir,

To draw this harsh unsavoury language from you? Rom Done, populay! why, dost thou think that, if I e'er had dreamt that thou hadst done me wrong. Thou shouldst outlive it?

Beaumel This is something more Than my lord's friendship gives commission for. Nov jun Your presence and the place make him pre-

sume

Upon my patience

Rom As if thou e'er wert angry

But with thy tailor! and yet that poor shred Can bring more to the making up of a man

Than can be hoped from thee thou art his creature,

And did he not, each morning, new create thee. Thou'dst stink, and be forgotten 'I'll not change

One syllable more with thee, until thou bring Some testimony, under good men's hands,

Thou art a Christian I suspect thee strongly,

And will be satisfied, till which time, keep from me --The entertainment of your visitation

Has made what I intended one, a business

Nov jun So! we shall meet -Madam

Rom Use that leg again

And I'll cut off the other

Nov jun Very good

Exit Rom What a perfume the muskcat leaves him!

Do you admit him for a property,

To save you charges, lady?

Beaumel 'Tis not useless.

Now you are to succeed him

Rom So I respect you,

Not for yourself, but in remembrance of Who is your father, and whose wife you now are,

That I choose rather not to understand

Your nasty scoff than-

Beaumel What, you will not beat me

If I expound it to you! Here's a tyrant Spares neither man nor woman!

Rom. My intents,

Madam, deserve not this, nor do I stay

To be the whetstone of your wit: preserve it

To spend on such as know how to admire

Such coloured stuff. In me, there now speaks to you

As true a friend and servant to your honour,

And one that will with as much hazard guard it,

As ever man did goodness—but then, lady,

You must endeavour not alone to be,

But to appear, worthy such love and service.

Beaumel To what tends this? Rom Why, to this purpose, lady

I do desire you should prove such a wife To Charalois (and such a one he merits) As Cæsar, did he live, could not except at, Not only innocent from crime, but free From all taint and suspicion.

Beaumel. They are base. That judge me otherwise.

Rom But yet be careful. Detraction's a bold monster, and fears not To wound the fame of princes, if it find But any blemish in their lives to work on But I'll be planer with you had the people Been learned to speak but what even now I saw, Then malice out of that would raise an engine To overthrow your honour. In my sight, With yonder painted fool I frighted from you, ic You used familiarity beyond A modest entertainment, you embraced him With too much ardour for a stranger, and Met him with kisses neither chaste nor comely. But learn you to forget him, as I will Your bounties to him; you will find it safer Rather to be uncourtly than immodest

Beaumel This pretty rag 1 about your neck shows well And, being coarse and little worth, it speaks you As terrible as thrifty.

Rom Madam!

Beaumel. Yes:

And this strong belt, in which you hang your honour, Will outlast twenty scarfs.

Rom. What mean you, lady?

Beaumel. And then all else about you cap-à-pié.

So uniform in spite of handsomeness.

Shows such a bold contempt of comeliness

That 'tis not strange your laundress in the leaguer?

Grew mad with love of you

Rom Is my free counsel

Answered with this ridiculous scorn?

Beaumel These objects

Stole very much of my attention from me.

Yet something I remember, to speak truth,

Delivered gravely, but to little purpose.

That almost would have made me swear some curate

Had stolen into the person of Romont

And, in the praise of Goodwife Honesty,

Had read an homily.

Rom By this hand-

Beaumel And sword .

I will make up your oath, it will want weight else,-

You are angry with me, and poor I laugh at it Do you come from the camp, which affords only

The conversation of cast suburb whores.

To set down, to a lady of my rank,

Limits of entertainment?

Rom. Sure a legion

Has possessed this woman !

Beaumel One stamp more would do well, yet I desire not

You should grow horn-mad till you have a wife.

1 See ante, p 118

2 Camp The quarto has "league"

You are come to warm meat, and perhaps clean linen,

Feed, wear it, and be thankful—For me, know,
That though a thousand watches were set on me,
And you the master-spy, I yet would use
The liberty that best likes me.—I will revel,
Feast, kiss, embrace, perhaps grant larger favours,
Yet such as live upon my means shall know
They must not murmur at it.—If my loid
Be now grown yellow, and has chose out you
To serve his jealousy this way, tell him this:
You have something to inform him.

[Ent.]

Rom. And I will;

Believe it, wicked one. I will Hear, Heaven, But, hearing, pardon me 1—if these fruits grow Upon the tree of marriage, let me shundt, As a forbidden sweet. An heir, and rich, Young, beautiful, yet add to this—a wife, And I will rather choose a spittle 1 sinner Carted an age before, though three parts rotten, And take it for a blessing, rather than Be fettered to the hellish slavery.

Enter Beaumon's with writings.

Bean. Colonel, good fortune
To meet you thus! You look sad, but I'll tell you
Something that shall remove it. O, how happy
Is my Lord Charalois in his fair bride!

Rom. A happy man, indeed 1—pray you, in what?

Beau. I dare swear, you would think so good a lady
A dower sufficient.

Rom. No doubt. But on.

Beau So fair, so chaste, so virtuous, so—indeed, All that is excellent!

1 Hospital, from which the word is contracted Coles (Lat Dut) has "A spittle begger, valetudinarius e notocomio."

Rem. [Aside.] Women have no cunning To gull the world '

Beau. Yet, to all these, my lord Her father, gives the full addition of All he does now possess in Bargundy: These writings, to confirm it, are new sealed And I most fortunate to present him with them, I must go seek him out. Can you duect me?

Row. You'll find him breaking a young horse.

Beau. I thank you.

Ron. I must do something worthy Charalous' friendship.

If she were well inclined, to keep her so Deserved not thanks; and yet, to stay a woman Spurred headlong by hot lust to her own ruin. Is harder than to prop a falling tower With a deceiving reed.

Enter Rochfort. speaking to a Servant within.

Roch. Some one seek for me As soon as he returns.

Rom. Her father? ha!-How if I break this to him? sure it cannot Meet with an ill construction · his wisdom. Made powerful by the authority of a father. Will warrant and give privilege to his counsels. It shall be so .- My lord '

Recr. Your friend, Romont. Would you aught with me?

Row. I stand so engaged To your so many favours, that I hold it A breach in thankfulness should I not discover Though with some imputation to myself. All doubts that may concern you.

Rest. The performance Will make this protestation worth my thanks.

Rom. Then with your patience, lend me your attention:

For what I must delive, whispered only, You will with too much grief receive. Re-enter BEAUMELLE and BELLAPERT, behind. Beaumel See, wench! Upon my life, as I forespake, he's now Preferring his complaint; but be thou perfect, And we will fit him. Bell Fear not me proxion him label 1 A captain turn informer against kissing to a Would he were hanged up in his rusty armourd-But, if our fresh wits cannot turn the plots Of such a mouldy murrion? on itself, Rich clothes, choice fare, and a true friend at a call, With all the pleasures the night yields, forsake us? Rock. This is my daughter! do not wrong her. !! Bell Now Begin: the game's afoot; and we in distance Beaumel. [Comes forward.] "Tis thy fault, foolish girl! pin on my veil, I will not wear those jewels. Am I not Already matched beyond my hopes? yet still You prune and set me forth, as if I were. Again to please a suitor. . Bell. 'Tis the course. That our great ladies take. Beaumel A weak excuse 12, Those that are better seen in what concerns A lady's honour and fair fame, condemn it. You wait well ! in your absence my lord's friend,... The understanding, grave, and wise Romont-Rom. Must I be still her sport? Beaumel Reproved me for it, And the has travelled to bring home a judgment.

¹ Morion, helmet. They were sometimes of leather
2 The quarto gives these words, "A weak excuse!" to Romont
Gifford rightly, I think, assigned them to Beaumelle

Not to be contradicted You will say

My father, that owes more to years than he,

Has brought me up to music, language, courtship,

And I must use them 'true; but not to offend,

Or render me suspected

Roch Does your fine story'

Begin from this?

Beaumel I thought a parting kiss
From young Novall would have displeased no more
Than heretofore it hath done, but I find
I must restrain such favours now, look, therefore,
As you are careful to continue mine,
That I no more be visited. I'll endure
The strictest course of life that jealousy
Can think secure enough, ere my behaviour

Shall call my fame in question () () () () ()

Are in this subtle devil! You believe this?

Roch So far, that if you trouble me again
With a report like this, I shall not only
Judge you malicious in your disposition,
But study to repent what I have done
To such a nature

Rom. Why, 'tis exceeding well

Roch And for you, daughter, off with this, off with I have that confidence in your goodness, I,

That I will not consent to have you live
Like to a recluse in a cloister go,
Call in the gallants, let them make you merry
Use all fit liberty.

Bell Blessing on you'
If this new preacher with his sword and feather
Could prove his doctrine for canonical,
We should have a fine world

We should have a fine world Roch Sir, if you please

To bear yourself as fits a gentleman,
The house is at your service, but, if not,

SCENE 17

Though you seek company elsewhere, your absence Will not be much lamented. [Exit

Rom If this be

The recompense of striving to preserve
A wanton giglet honest, very shortly
'Twill make all mankind panders—Do you smile,
Good lady looseness! your whole sex is like you,
And that man's mad that seeks to better any:
What new change have you next?

Beaumel. Oh, fear not you, sir,

I'll shift into a thousand, but I will. Convert your heresy.

Rom. What heresy? speak

Beaumel. Of keeping a lady that is mairied, From entertaining servants——

Enter Novall, junior, Malotin, Litauam, Aymer, and Pontalier.

---O, you are welcome t

Use any means to vex him,

And then with welcome follow me. [And to them, and exit Nov tun. You are tired

With your grave exhortations, colonel !

Lilad How is it? faith, your lordship may do well To help him to some church preferment. 'tis' The fashion now for men of all conditions.

'However they have hved, to end that way.

Aym. That face would do well in a surplice.

Rom. Rogues,

Be silent-or-

Pont 'Sdeath! will you suffer this?

Rom And you, the master-rogue the coward rascal.

I shall be with you suddenly

Nov jun Pontalier,

If I should strike him, I know I should kill him,

1 Coles tenders "giglet," famina petulans, which in turn he translates "abusive, saucy, malapert, bold and lustful!"

And therefore I would have thee beat him, for He's good for nothing else.

Lilad His back

Appears to me as it would tire a beadle, And then he has a knotted brow, would bruise

A courtlike hand to touch it.

Aym. He looks like

A currier when his hides grow dear.

Pont Take heed

He curry not some of you.

Nov. jun. Gods me! he's angry

Rom I break no jests; but I can break my sword About your pates.

Enter CHARALOIS and BEAUMONT.

Lilad. Here's more.

Aym. Come, let's begone

We are beleaguered.

Nov. jun Look, they bring up their troops Pont Will you sit down'

With this disgrace? you are abused most grossly.

Lilad. I grant you, sir, we are, and you would have us Stay, and be more abused.

Nov. jun My lord, I'm sorry

Your house is so inhospitable, we must quit it.

Excunt all but CHARALOIS and RONONT

Charal. Prithee Romont, what caused this uproar? Rom. Nothing.

They laughed, and used their scurvy wits upon me.

Charal. Come, 'tis thy jealous' nature but I wonder That you, which are an honest man and worthy, Should foster this suspicion: no man laughs, No one can whisper but thou apprehend'st His conference and his scorn reflect on thee For my part, they should scoff their thin wits out. So I not heard them, beat me, not being there.

Le Put up,

² Suspicious

Leave, leave these fits to conscious men, to such As are obnoxious to those foolish things. As they can gibe at.

Rom. Well, str.

Charal Thou art known
Valuant without defect, rightly defined,
Which is as fearing to do injury,
As tender to endure it, not a brabbler,
A swearer——

Rom. Pish, pish! what needs this, my lord? If I be known none such, how vainly you Do cast away good counsel! I have loved you, And yet must freely speak; so young a tutor Fits not so old a soldier as I am: And I must tell you, 'twas in your behalf I grew enraged thus, yet had rather die Than open the great cause a syllable further.

Char al. In my behalf! Wherein hath Charalois
Unfitly so demeaned himself, to give
The least occasion to the loosest tongue
To throw aspersions on him? or so weakly
Protected his own honour, as it should
Need a defence from any but himself?
They are fools that judge me by my outward seeming.
Why should my gentleness beget abuse?
The hon is not angry that does sleep,
Nor every man a coward that can weep.
For God's sake, speak the cause
Rom. Not for the world.

Oh! it will strike disease into your bones,
Beyond the cure of physic, drink your blood,
Rob you of all your rest, contract your sight,
Leave you no eyes but to see misery,
And of your own; nor speech, but to wish thus,
"Would I had perished in the prison's jaws,
From whence I was redeemed "—'twill wear you old
Before you have experience in that art

That causes your affliction Charal Thou dost strike A deathful coldness to my heart's high heat. And shrink'st my liver like the calenture 1 Declare this foe of mine, and life's, that like A man I may encounter and subdue it. It shall not have one such effect in me As thou denouncest with a soldier's aim. If it be strength, I'll meet it, if a fault Belonging to my mind, I'll cut it off With mine own reason, as a scholar should

Rom I'll die first

Farewell, continue merry, and high Heaven Keep your wife chaste!

Speak, though it make me monstrous

Charal Hum! Stay, and take this wolf -Out of my breast, that thou hast lodged there, or For ever lose me

Rom Lose not, sir, yourself, And I will venture --- so, the door is fast. [Locks the door Now, noble Charalois, collect yourself. Summon your spirits, muster all your strength That can belong to man, sift passion From every vein, and, whatsoe'er ensues. Upbraid not me hereafter, as the cause of Jealousy, discontent, slaughter, and ruin Make me not parent to sin -You will know This secret that I burn with?

Charal Devil on't.

What should it be! Romont, I heard you wish My wife's continuance of chastity

Rom. There was no hurt in that Charal Why, do you know A likelihood, or possibility, Unto the contrary?

Rom I know it not, but doubt it, these the grounds

1 A burning fever

SCLNL 1']

The servant of your wife now, young Novall, The son unto your father's enemy, (Which aggravates presumption the more,) I have been warned of, touching her emay, seen them Tie heart to heart, one in another's arms, Multiplying kisses, as if they meant To pose arithmetic; or whose eyes would Be first burnt out with gazing on the other's. I saw their mouths engender, and their palms Glued, as if love had locked them, their words flow And melt each other's, like two circling flames, Where chastity, like a phænix, methought, burned, But left the world nor ashes nor an heu -Why stand you silent thus? what cold dull phlegm, As if you had no drop of choler mixed In your whole constitution, thus prevails! To fix you now thus stupid, hearing this? Charal You did not see him; on my couch within, Like George a-horseback, on her, nor a-bed? Rom No. 'we' Charal, Haliha! Rom. Laugh you! even so did your wife, And her indulgent father, in Charal They were wise · Wouldst-have me be a fool? Rom No, but a man Charal. There is no dram of manhood to suspect, On such thin airy circumstance as this, Mere compliment and courtship 'Was this tale The hideous monster which you so concealed? Away, thou curious impertment,2: And idle searcher of such lean, nice toys! Go, thou seditions sower of debate, " Fly to such matches, where the bridegroom doubts. He holds not worth enough to countervail

^{&#}x27;11'The quarto has "'em" See Don Quecote, book vi

The virtue and the beauty of his wife!
Thou buzzing drone, that 'bout my ears dost hum,
To strike thy rankling sting into my heart,
Whose venom time nor medicine could assuage,
Thus do I put thee off! and, confident
In mine own innocency and desert,
Dare not conceive her so unreasonable
To put Novall in balance against me;
An upstart, craned up to the height he has.
Hence, busybody! thou'rt no friend to me,
That must be kept to a wife's injury.

Rom. Is't possible?—farewell, fine honest man! Sweet-tempered lord, adieu! What apoplexy Hath knit sense up? is this Romont's reward? Bear witness, the great spirit of thy father, With what a healthful hope I did administer This potion, that hath wrought so virulently! I not accuse thy wife of act, but would Prevent her precipice to thy dishonour, Which now thy tardy sluggishness will admit. Would I had seen thee graved with thy great sire. Ere lived to have men's marginal fingers' point. At Charalois, as a lamented story! An emperor put away his wife for touching Another man, but thou wouldst have thine tasted, And keep her, I think-Puff! I am a fire, To warm a dead man, that waste out myself. Bleed -what a plague, a vengeance, is't to me If you will be a cuckold? here. I show A sword's point to thee, this side you may shun, Or that, the penl, if you will run on. I cannot help it.

Charal. Didst thou never see me

sages.—Gifford.

This is perhaps a misprint for "'sblood!" but it may, as Gifford supposes, be the interrupted commencement of a new sentence.

Alluding to the ancient custom of placing an index (in the margin of books to direct the reader's attention to the striking passages.—Gifford.

Angry, Romont?

Rom Yes, and pursue a foe

Like lightning,

Charal. Prithee, see me so no more: I can be so again. Put up thy sword.

And take thyself away, lest I draw mine

Rom. Come. fright your foes with this, sir! I'm your friend.

And dare stand by you thus

Charal Thou art not my friend.

Or being so, thou art mad, I must not buy Thy friendship at this rate. Had I just cause.

Thou know'st I durst pursue such injury

Through fire, air, water, earth, nay, were they all Shuffled again to chaos, but there's none.

Thy skill, Romont, consists in camps, not courfs.

Farewell, uncivil man! let's meet no more:

Here our long web of friendship I untwist,

Shall I go whine, walk pale, and lock my wife, 📑

For nothing, from her birth's free liberty,

That opened mine to me? yes! if I do.

The name of cuckold then dog me with scorn !

I am a Frenchman, no Italian born

Row A dull Dutch rather Fall and cool, my blood! Boil not in zeal of thy friend's hurt so high,

That is so low and cold himself in't! Woman,

How strong art thou! how easily beguiled!

How thou dost rack us by the very horns!

Now wealth I see change manners and the man

Something I must do mine own wrath to assuage.

And note my friendship to an after-age.

Evil.

1 Unmannerly.





ACT THE FOURTH

SCENE I -A Room in NOVALL'S House

Novall, junior, discovered scated before a looking-glass, with a Barber and Perfumer diessing his han, while a Tailor adjusts a new suit which he wears Liladam, Aimer, and a Page attending.



OV. fun Mend this a little: pox! thou hast burnt me. Oh, fie upon t! O Lard! he has made me smell for all the world like a flax, or a red-headed woman's chamber Powder, powder, powder!

Perf. Oh, sweet lord!

Page That's his perfumer.

Tail Oh, dear lord !

Page That's his tailor.

Now jun Monsieur Liladam, Aymer, how allow 1 you the model of these clothes?

A) m. Admirably, admirably, oh, sweet lord ! assuredly it's pity the worms should eat thee

Paga Here's a fine cell! a lord, a tailor, a perfumer, a barber, and a pair of monsieurs three to three, as little wit in the one, as honesty in the other. 'Sfoot! I'll into the country again, learn to speak truth, drink ale, and converse with my father's tenants, here I hear nothing all day but—" Upon my soul, as I am a gentle man, and an honest man!"

Aym. I vow and affirm, your tailor must needs be an

expert geometrician; he has the longitude, lititude, altitude profundity, every dimension of your body, so exquisitely here's a lace but as directly as it truth were a tailor.

Prys. That were a muncle,

Island. With a hair's-breadth error, there's a shoulderpiece cut, and the base of a pickadille? in functo

Avn. You are right monsieur; his vestaments? sit as if they grew upon him, or art had wrought them on the same loom as nature framed his lordship; as if your tulor were deep read in astrology, and had taken measure of your honourable body with a Jacoh's staff, an ephemendes

2nd I am bound t'ye, gentlemen

Page. You are deceived; they'll be bound to your you must remember to trust them none

Not jun. Nay, 'faith, thou art a reasonable neat artisficer, give the devil his due.

Page Ay, if he would but cut the coat according to the cloth still.

Net. Jun I now want only my mistress' approbation, who is, indeed, the most polite, punctual queen of dressing in all Burgundy—puh! and makes all other young ladies appear as if they came from board last week out of the country: is't not true, Ialadam?

Lilad True, my lord? as if anything your lordship could say could be otherwise than true

Now, jun. Nay, o' my soul, 'tis so, what fouler object in the world than to see a young, fair, handsome beauty unhandsomely dighted 4 and incongruently accounted? or a hopeful chevaher unmethodically appointed in the external ornaments of nature? For, even as the index tells

Ere as a rhyme for "testament"

³ Precise. ⁴ Dressed, or decked.

Piccadilles, the several divisions or pieces fastened together about the birm of the collar of a doublet, &c —Cotgrave, Fr Dick The word is preserved in "Piccadilly."

2 This variation on "vestment" is used by Browning in Christmas

us the contents of stones, and directs to the particular chapters, even so does the outward habit and superficial order of garments (in man or woman) give us a taste of the spirit, and demonstratively point (as it were a manual note from the margin) all the internal quality and habiliment of the soul, and there cannot be a more evident, palpable, gross manifestation of poor, degenerate, dunghilly blood and breeding than rude, unpolished, disordered and slovenly outside.

Page. An admirable lecture! oh, all you gallants, that hope to be saved by your clothes, edify, edify!

Aym. By the Lard, sweet lard thou deservest a pension o' the state

Page O' the tailors two such lords were able to spread tailors o'er the face of a whole kingdom.

Now jun Pox o' this glass! it flatters. I could find in my heart to break it.

Page O, save the glass, my lord and break them heads;

They are the greater flatterers, I assure you Aym. Flatters! detracts, impairs—yet, put it by Lest thou, dear lord, Narcissus-like, shouldst dote Upon thyself, and die; and rob the world Of Nature's copy, that she works form by.

Lilad. Oh that I were the infanta queen of Europe' Who but thyself, sweet lord, should marry me?

Nov. jun. I marry! were there a queen o' the world.

not I.

Wedlock! no, padlock, horselock —I wear spurs

To keep it of — Late [He capers

To keep it off my heels Yet, my Aymer, Like a free, wanton jennet in the meadows, I look about, and neigh, take hedge and ditch Feed in my neighbours' pastures, pick my choice Of all their fair-maned mares, but, married once,

¹ See note, ante, p 144

A man is stiked or pound, and cannot graze Beyond his own hedge.

Enter Postabler and Malous.

P. M. I have waited, sir, Three hours to speak will ye, and not take it well Such magnes are admitted, whilst I dance Attendance

Lalad. Magnes I what d've take me for?

Pout. A long thing with a most unpromising face.

Ain. I'll never ask him what he takes me for.

Malet. Do not, su.

For he'll go near to tell you.

Pent Art not thou

A barber-surgeon?

Back Ves. surah; why?

Pent. My lord is sorely troubled with two scabs.

Islad , Arm. Hum-

Post. I prithee cure him of them

Nev. jun. Pish I no more,

Thy gall sure's overflown, these are my council, And we were now in serious discourse.

Pont. Of perfume and apparel (Can you rise, And spend five hours in dressing-talk with these?

Not jun Thou'ldst have me be a dog, up, stretch, and shake,

And ready for all day.

Pont. Sir, would you be.

More curious in preserving of your honour Trim, 'twere more manly—I am come to wake Your reputation from this lethargy You let it sleep in, to persuade, importune, Nay, to provoke you, sir, to call to account This colonel Romont, for the foul wrong Which, like a burthen, he hath laid on you, And, like a drunken porter, you sleep under.

'Tis all the town talks; and, believe it, sir, If your tough sense persist thus, you are undone, Utterly lost; you will be scorned and baffled By every lacquey season now your youth With one brave thing, and it shall keep the odour Even to your death, beyond, and on your tomb, Scent like sweet oils and frankincense. Sir, this life, Which once you saved, I ne'er since counted mine, I borrowed it of you, and now will pay it. I tender you the service of my sword, To bear your challenge; it you'll write, your fate I'll make mine own, whate'er betide you, I, " That have lived by you, by your side will die

Nov nun Ha! ha! wouldst have me; challenge poor Romont?--

Fight with close breeches, thou mayst think I dare not

Do not mistake me, coz, I am very valiant, But valour shall not make me such an ass What use is there of valour now-a-days? 'Tis suie or to be killed or to be hanged, Fight thou as thy mind moves thee, 'tis thy trade ' Thou hast nothing else to do Fight with Romont! No, I'll not fight, under a lord Pont Farewell, sir!

I pity you

Such living lords walk, their dead honour's graves, For no companions fit but fools and knaves Come, Malotin [Exeunt PONTALIFR and MALOTIN

Enter ROMONT

Lilad 'Sfoot, Colbrand, the low giant ! Arm He has brought a battle in his face, let's go Page Colbrand,1 d'ye call him? he'll make some of you

Smoke, I helieve

¹ Gifford is very much shocked at the pun evidently intended here upon "Colbrand," the Danish giant," and "cold brand"

Rom By your leave, sirs'

Aim. Are you a consort?

Rem Do you take me for

A fiddler? you're deceived · look! I'll pay you

[Kicks them.

Page It seems he knows you one, he humfiddles you

Lilad Was there ever so base a fellow?

Arm A rascal.

Lilad. A most uncivil groom.

Aym Offer to kick a gentleman in a nobleman's chamber! a pox o' your manners!

Lilad. Let him alone, let him alone thou shalt lose thy aim, fellow, if we stir against thee, hang us.

Page. 'Sfoot! I think they have the better on him though they be kicked, they talk so

Lilad. Let's leave the mad ape.

. [Going.

Nov. jun Gentlemen !

Lilad. Nay, my lord, we will not offer to dishonour you so much as to stay by you, since he's alone

Nov jun Hark you!

Aym. We doubt the cause, and will not disparage you so much, as to take your lordship's quarrel in hand. Plague on him, how he has crumpled our bands!

Page. I'll e'en away with them, for this soldier beats man, woman, and child.

[Excunt all but Novall, junior, and Romont.

Now jun. What mean you, sir? My people!

Rom.' Your boy's gone, [Locks the door And your door's locked; yet for no hurt to you, sn,

But privacy. Call up your blood again —

Be not afraid, I do beseech you, sir;

And, therefore, come, without more circumstance,2

Tell me how far the passages have gone 'Twixt you and your fair mistress, Beaumelle...

Tell me the truth, and by my hope of Heaven,

A band of musicians

It never shall go further

Now jun Tell you! why, sir, are you my confessor?

Rom I will be your confounder, if you do not

Di arus a pocket dag'

Stir not, nor spend your voice

Nov. yun. What will you do?"

Rom Nothing, but line your brain-pan, sir, with lead If you not satisfy me suddenly

I am desperate of my life, and command yours

Nov jun Hold hold I'll speak I vow to Heaven.

She's yet untouched, more than her face and hands I cannot call her innocent, for, I yield,
On my solicitous wooing, she consented,
Where time and place met opportunity,
To grant me all requests

Rom: But may I build

On this assurance?

Nov jun As upon your faith

Rom Write this, sir, nay, you must

[Draws inkhorn and paper

Nov jun Pox of this gun!

Rom Withal, sir, you must swear, and put your oath.
Under your hand—shake not—ne'er to frequent

This lady's company, nor ever send Token, or message, or letter, to incline This too much prone already, yielding lady

Nov jun 'Tis done, sir

Rom Let me see this first is right [Reading And here you wish a sudden death may light Upon your body, and hell take your soul, If ever more you see her, but by chance, Much less allure her Now, my lord, your hand

A pocket pistol
The quarto has "wrongs," which Monck Mison changed with great probability, to "wooing" Possibly this should be in the p ural

East.

Nov. jun. My hand to this! Rom Your heart else, I assure you. Nov. jun. Nay, 'there'tis. 14 Rom So ! keep this last article Of your faith given, and, 'stead of threatenings, sugar a The service of my sword and life is yours and life is yours. But not a word of it -- 'tis fames' treasure, Which but revealed, brings on the blabber's ruin. Use your youth better, and this excellent form Heaven hath bestowed upon you. So, good morrow, To your lordship! Nav. jun. Good devil to your rogueship! No man's safe----I'll have a cannon planted in my chamber, ... Against such roaring rogues. Enter BELLAPERT, hastily. Bell My lord, away! The caroch stays: now have your wish and judge If I have been forgetful Nov. jun Hah! Bell Do you stand Humming and habing now? Now jun Sweet wench, I come. Hence, fear! I swore—that's all one, my next oath I'll keep

I swore—that's all one, my next oath I'll keep.
That I did mean to break, and then 'tis quit.
No pain is due to lovers' perjury:
If Jove himself laugh at it, so will I.

The quarto has "coach," The alteration was made by Gifford for the sake of the metre

The quarto has "love," The context shows the right reading, the passage being of course one of the unumerable references to Ovid's famous hings, a See Nerv and other Plays, p. 313



SCENE II -An outer Room in AIMIR'S House

Enter CHARALOIS and BEAUMONT.

Beau I grieve for the distaste, though I have manners Not to inquire the cause, fallen out between Your lordship and Romont.

Charal I love a friend,
So long as he continues in the bounds
Prescribed by friendship; but, when he usurps
Too far on what is proper to myself,
And puts the habit of a governor on,
I must and will preserve my liberty
But speak of something else, this is a theme
I take no pleasure in What's this Aymer
Whose voice for song, and excellent knowledge in
The chiefest parts of music, youbestow
Such praises on?

Beau He is a gentleman
(For so his quality 1 speaks him) well received
Among our greatest gallants; but yet holds
His main dependence from the young Lord Novall
Some tricks and crotchets he has in his head,
As all musicians have, and more of him
I dare not author—but, when you have heard him
I may presume your lordship so will like him
That you'll hereafter be a friend to music.

Charal I never was an enemy to't. Beaumont
Nor yet do I subscribe to the opinion
Of those old captains that thought nothing musical
But cries of yielding enemies neighing of horses
Clashing of armour, loud shouts drums and trumpets,
Nor, on the other side, in favour of it.
Affirm the world was made by musical discord,
Or that the happiness of our life consists
In a well-varied note upon the lute

¹ Profession

I love it to the worth of thand no further.

But let us see this wonder.

Beau. He prevents 1
My calling of him

SCENE II]

Enter AYMER, speaking to one within.

Arm. Let the coach be brought "

To the back gate, and serve the banquet up ——
My good Lord Charalois! I think my house

Much honoured in your presence.

Charal To have means

To know you better, sir, has brought me hither. A willing visitant; and you'll crown my welcome

In making me a witness to your skill, ;
Which, crediting from others, I admire.

Aym. Had I been one hour sooner made acquainted is With your intent, my lord, you should have found me Better provided now, such as it is,

Pray you grace with your acceptance.

Beau You are modest.

Aym. [To the Musicians within] Begin the last new

Char al Shall we not see them?

Aym This little distance from the instruments Will to your ears convey the harmony

With more delight.

Charal I'll not contend.²

Arm. [To the Musicians.] You are tedious.

[Aside] By this means shall I with one banquet please; Two companies, those within and these gulls here [Music.

CITIZENS' SONG OF THE COURTIER

Courtier, if thou needs wilt wive. From this lesson learn to thrive. If thou match a lady that Array Passes thee in birth and state,

² The quarto has "consent" The emendation in the text is due to Coxeter,

Let her curious garments be '
Twice above thine own degree,
This will draw great eyes upon her,
Get her servants, and thee honour.

Beaumel [Within] Ha! ha! ha!!

Charal [Aside] How's this last is my lady's laugh, most certain.

When I first pleased her, in this merry language
She gave me thanks

Beau How like you this?

Aym, I (would be were well off | Rerhaps your lordship

Likes not these sad tunes? I have a new song,
Set to a lighter note, may please you better;
"Tis called "The Happy Husband"

Aym [Sings]

COURTIER'S SONG OF THE CITIZENS.

Poor citizen, if thou wilt be
A happy husband, learn of me
To set thy wife first in thy shop,
A fair wife, a kind wife, a sweet wife, set

A fair wife, a kind wife, a sweet wife, sets a poor man up What though thy shelves be ne'er so bare?

A woman still is current ware,

Each man will cheapen, foe and friend; But, whilst thou art at t'other end,

Whate'er thou seest, or what dost hear,

Fool, have no eye to, nor an ear, And after supper, for her sake,

When thou hast fed, snort, though thou wake

What though the gallants call thee mome 11 Yet with thy lantern light her home, ti i Then look into the town, and tell ... If no such tradesmen there do well. Beaumel, [Within.] Ha! ha! 'tis such'a groom! Charal. Do I hear this, Rushes into the house. And yet stand doubtful? Aym. Stay hm-I am undone, And they discovered' Beau What's the matter? Avm. Ah 1 That women, when they're well pleased, cannot hold, But must laugh out. Re-enter CHARALOIS, with his sword drawn, pur suing NOVALL, Junior, BEAUMELLE, and BELLAPERT. Nov jun. Help! save me! murder! murder! Beaumel. Undone for ever lead to the Charal Oh, my heart! Hold yet a little-do not hope to scape By flight, it is impossible Though I might On all advantage take thy life, and justly, This sword, my father's sword, that ne'er was drawn But to a noble purpose, shall not now Do the office of a hangman I reserve it To right mine honour, not for a revenge So poor, that though with thee it should cut off Thy family, with all that are allied To thee in lust or baseness, 'twere still short of All terms of satisfaction. Draw'

Nov jun I dare not I have already done you too much wrong, To fight in such a cause

Charal. Why, darest thou neither'
Be honest coward, nor'yet valuant knave,
In such a cause! come, do not shame thyself.

1 A gull, a mnny, a mome, a sot .-- Florio

Such whose bloods wrongs, or wrong done to themselves,¹ Could never heat, are yet in the defence Of their whores daring Look on her again.

You thought her worth the hazard of your soul, And yet stand doubtful, in her quarrel. to

And yet stand doubtful, in her quarrent to Venture your body

Bean. No, he fears his clothes,

More than his flesh

Charal Keep from me 1 guard thy life. Or, as thou hast lived like a goat, thou shalt Die like a sheep

Nov. jun Since there's no remedy,

Despair of safety now in me prove courage!

[They fight; Novall is slain

Cnaral. How soon weak wrong's o'erthrown! Lend me your hand.

Bear this to the caroch 2—come, you have taught me To say, you must and shall!

[Exeunt Beaumont and Bellapert, with the Bod] of Novall; followed by Beaumelle.

I wrong you not

You are but to keep him company you love.-

Re-enter BEAUMONT

Is't done? 'tis well. Raise officers, and take care All you can apprehend within the house May be forthcoming. Do I appear much moved?

Beau. No, sir.

Charal. My griefs are now thus to be borne Hereafter I'll find time and place to mourn [Excut.



SCENE III —A Street

Enter ROMONT and PONTALIER.

Pont. I was bound to seek you, sir Rom. And, had you found me

1 Unintelligible.

² Coach.

In any place but in the street, I should
Have done,—not talked to you. Are you, the captain,
The hopeful Pontalier, whom I have seen
Do, in the field, such service as then made you
Then envy that commanded, here, at home,
To play the parasite to a gilded knave,
And, it may be, the pander?

Pant. Without this,
I come to call you to account for what
Is past already. I, by your example
Of thankfulness to the dead general,
By whom you were raised, have practised to be so
To my good Lord Novall, by whom I live';
Whose least disgrace that is or may be offered,
With all the hazard of my life and fortunes
I will make good on you, or any man
That has a hand m't: and, since you allow me
A gentleman and a soldier, there's no doubt
You will except against me. You shall meet
With a fair enemy: you understand
The right I look for, and must have?

Rom. I do:

And with the next day's sun you shall hear from me

Exeunt



SCENE IV .- A Room in Charalois' House.

Enter Charalois with a casket, Blaumille, and Blaumont.

Charal Pray bear this to my father, at his leisure!

He may peruse it: but with your best language

Entreat his instant presence You have sworn

Not to reveal what I have done.

Beau Nor will I-

But---

Charal Doubt me not; by Heaven, I will do nothing But what may stand with honour. Pray you, leave me Exit BEAUMONT

To my own thoughts,-If this be to me, rise [BEAUMFLLE kneels

I am not worth the looking on, but only To feed contempt and scorn, and that from you, Who, with the loss of your fair name, have caused it, Were too much cruelty.

Beaumel I dare not move you To hear me speak I know my fault is far in Beyond qualification or excuse, That 'tis not fit for me to hope, or you and the To think of mercy, only I presume To entreat you would be pleased to look upon My sorrow for it, and believe these tears Are the true children of my grief, and not A woman's cunning.

Charal Can you, Beaumelle, Having deceived so great a trust as mine, ... Though I were all credulity, hope again To get belief? No, no if you look on me With pity, or dare practise any means To make my sufferings less, or give just cause To all the world to think what I must do Was called upon by you, use other ways Deny what I have seen, or justify What you have done, and, as you desperately Made shipwreck of your faith, to be a whore, Use the arms of such a one, and such defence, And multiply the sin with impudence. Stand boldly up, and tell me to my teeth. You have done merely but what's warranted By great examples, in all places where Women inhabit, urge your own deserts, Or want in me of ment, tell me how, Your dower, from the low gulf of poverty.

١,

Weighed up my fortunes to what now they are:
That I was purchased by your choice and practice,
To shelter you from shame, that you might sin
As boldly as securely, that poor men
Are married to those wives that bring them wealth,
One day their husbands, but observers ever,—
That when, by this proud usage, you have blown
The fire of my just vengeance to the height,
I then may kill you, and yet say 'twas done
In heat of blood, and after die myself,
To witness my repentance,

Beaumel. O my fate!
That never would consent that I should see
How worthy you were both of love and duty,'
Before I lost you; and my misery made
The glass in which I now behold your virtue!'
While I was good, I was a part of you,
And of two, by the virtuous harmony
Of our fair minds, made one; but, since I wandered
In the forbidden labyrinth of lust,
What was inseparable is by me divided.—
With justice, therefore, you may cut me off,
And from your memory wash the remembrance
That e'er I was; like to some vicious purpose,
Which, in your better judgment, you repent of,
And study to forget

Char al O Beaumelle,
That you can speak so well, and do so ill!
But you had been too great a blessing, if
You had continued chaste · see, how you force me
To this, because mine honour will not yield
That I again should love you.

Beaumel. In this life
It is not fit you should. yet you shall find,
Though I was bold enough to be a strumpet,
I dare not yet live one. Let those famed matrons,

1 Servants.

E

That are canonized worthy of our sex. Transcend me in their sanctity of life; I yet will equal them in dying nobly,

Ambitious of no honour after life,

But that when I am dead, you will forgive me.

Craral. How pity steals upon me! should I hear her [Erecking within

But ten words more. I were lost—One knocks, go in.

[Exit BEAUMELLE

That to be merciful should be a sin!

Enter ROCHFORT.

O, sir, most welcome!—Let me take your cloak. I must not be denied.—Here are your robes. As you love justice, once more put them on. There is a cause to be determined of. That does require such an integrity. As you have ever used.—Fil put you to. The trial of your constancy and goodness: And look that you that have been eagle-eyed. In other men's affairs, prove not a mole. In what concerns yourself. Take you your sent; I will be for you presently.

Resi. Angels grand me!

To what suringe tragedy does this induction Serve for a prologue?

Re-enter Characois. Blauwhile and Braumont, with Servants learning the his of Novall junion.

Charal. So, set :: down before

The judgment-seat—[Excust Servants.]—and stand you at the bar · [To Bratwelle

For me. I am the accuser.

Rock. Novall slam!

And Benumele, my daughter, in the place

Of one to be arraigned!

Charal O. are you touched!

I find that I must take another course Fear nothing, I will only blind your eyes,

[He binds his eves.

For Justice should do so, when 'tis to meet An object that may sway her equal doom From what it should be aimed at. - Good my lord, A day of hearing

Roch It is granted, speak-

You shall have justice

Charal I then here accuse.

Most equal judge, the prisoner, your fair daughter, For whom I owed so much to you,-your daughter. So worthy in her own parts, and that worth Set forth by yours, to whose so rare perfections, Truth witness with me, in the place of service

I almost paid idolatrous sacrifice,-

To be a false adulteress

Roch. With whom?

Charal With this Novall here dead.

Roch Be well advised,

And ere you say adulteress again, Her fame depending on it, be most sure That she is one.

Charal I took them in the act

I know no proof beyond it

Roch O my heart!

Charal A judge should feel no passions

Roch Vet remember

He is a man, and cannot put off nature

What answer makes the prisoner?

Beaumel I confess

The fact I am charged with, and yield myself Most miserably guilty.

Roch Heaven take mercy

Upon your soul, then 1 it must leave your body.— Now free mine eyes, I dare unmoved look on her,

CHARALOIS unbinds his eves.

And fortify my sentence with strong reasons
Since that the politic law provides that servants,
To whose care we commit our goods, shall die
If they abuse our trust, what can you look for,
To whose charge this most hopeful lord gave up
All he received from his brave ancestors,
Or he could leave to his posterity,
His honour, wicked woman! in whose safety
All his life's joys and comforts were locked up,
Which thy foul! lust, a thief, hath now stolen from him,
And therefore——

Char al Stay, just judge —may not what's lost By her one fault, (for I am charitable, And charge her not with many,) be forgotten In her fair life hereafter?

Roch Never, sir

The wrong that's done to the chaste married bed, Repentant tears can never explate, And be assured,—to pardon such a sin, Is an offence as great as to commit it

Charal I may not then forgive her?

Roch Nor she hope it.

Nor can she wish to live no sun shall rise,
But, ere it set, shall show her ugly lust
In a new shape, and every one more horrid
Nay, even those prayers which, with such humble fervour,
She seems to send up yonder, are beat back,
And all suits which her penitence can proffer,
As soon as made, are with contempt thrown out
Of all the courts of mercy

Charal Let her die, then! [He stabs her Better prepared, I am sure, I could not take her, Nor she accuse her father, as a judge Partial against her

Beaumel I approve his sentence,

A word is missing here in the quarto I have inserted "foul," which is at least not inappropriate

Dies.

And kiss the executioner. My lust Is now run from me in that blood in which

It was begot and nourished.

Roch Is she dead, then?

Charal. Yes, sir, this is her heart-blood, is it not?

I think it be

Rach And you have killed her? Charal True,

oddd the

And did it by your doom.

Roch But I pronounced it

As a judge only, and a friend to justice,

And, realous in defence of your wronged honour,

Broke all the ues of nature, and cast off The love and soft affection of a father.

I, in your cause, put on a scallet lobe

I, in your cause, put on a scallet lobe Of red-dyed cruelty, but in return,

You have advanced for me no flag of mercy.

I looked on you as a wronged husband, but

You closed your eyes against me as a father.

O Beaumelle 1 my daughter 1

Charal This is madness

Roch Keep from me !-- Could not one good thought rise up,

To tell you that she was my age's comfort,

Begot by a weak man, and born a woman,

And could not, therefore, but partake of frailty?

Or wherefore did not thankfulness step forth.

To urge my many merits, which I may

Object unto you, since you prove ungrateful,

Flint-hearted Charalois 1

Charal Nature does prevail

Above your virtue

Ruch No, it gives me eyes

To pierce the heart of your design against me.

I find it now, it was my state was aimed at

A nobler match was sought for, and the hours

I lived grew tedious to you, my compassion

Towards you hath rendered me most miserable,
And foolish charity undone myself
But there's a Heaven above, from whose just wreak'
No mists of policy can hide offenders

Nov sen [Within] Force ope the doors!

Enter Novall, senior, with Officers

O monster! cannibal!
Lay hold on him My son, my son!—O Rochfort,
"Twas you gave liberty to this bloody wolf
To worry all our comforts —— but this is
No time to quarrel, now give your assistance
For the revenge——

Roch Call it a fitter name,

Justice for innocent blood

Char al Though all conspire

Against that life which I am weary of,

A little longer yet I'll strive to keep it,

To show, in spite of malice and their laws,

His plea must speed that hath an honest cause

[Excunt



1 Vengeance



ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I _ 1 Sticet

Enter Tailor, and two Bailiffs with LILADAM



ILAD. Why, 'tis both most' uncon-

To arrest a gallant for his clothes, before

He has worn them out besides, you said you asked

My name in my lord's bond but for form only, And now you'll lay me up for't! Do not think The taking measure of a customer By a brace of varlets, though I rather wait! Never so patiently, will prove a fashion Which any courtier or inns-of-court-man Would follow willingly.

Tail. There I believe you.
But, sir, I must have present moneys, or 'Assurance to secure me when I shall,
Or I will see to your coming forth

Liliad. Plague on't!

You have provided for my entrance in,

That coming forth you talk of, concerns me.

What shall I do? you have done me a disgrace
In the arrest, but more in giving cause
To all the street to think I cannot stand

Without these two supporters for my arms

Pray you, let them loose me. for their satisfaction,
I will not run away

Tink. For theirs, you will not,

But for your own, you would Look to him, fellows Lalad. Why, do you call them fellows? do not wrong Your reputation so As you are merely A tailor, faithful ant to believe in gallants You are a companion at a ten-crown supper, For cloth of bodkin, and may, with one lark, Eat up three manchets,1 and no man observe you. Or call your trade in question for't. But, when You study your debt-book, and hold correspondence With officers of the hanger, and leave swordmen The learned conclude, the tailor and the serieant, In the expression of a knave and thief, To be synonyma? Look, therefore, to it, And let us part in peace. I would be loth You should undo yourself.

Enter Novall, senior, and Pontalier.

Tail To let you go,

Were the next way. But see! here s your old lord, Let him but give his word I shall be paid, And you are free.

Lilad 'Shd! I will put him to't I can be but denied or-what say you? His lordship owing me three times your debt, If you arrest him at my suit, and let me Go run before, to see the action entered :-'Twould be a witty jest !

Tail. I must have earnest I cannot pay my debts so

Pont Can your lordship Imagine, while I live and wear a sword, Your son's death shall be unrevenged?

Nov sen. I know not

One reason why you should not do like others.

Small loaves of fine bread
Synonima a word having the same signification which another hath.-Cotgrave, Fr Dut

I am sure, of all the herd that fed upon him, I cannot see in any, now he's gone, In pity or in thankfulness, one true sign Of sorrow for him.

Font. All his bounties yet
Fell not in such unthankful ground: 'tis tiue,
He had weaknesses, but such as few are free from,
And, though none soothed them less than 1, (for now,
To say that I foresaw the dangers that
Would rise from cherishing them, were but untimely,)
I yet could wish the justice that you seek for,
In the revenge, had been trusted to me,
And not the uncertain issue of the laws
It has robbed me of a noble testimony
Of what I durst do for him:—but, however,
My forfeit life redeemed by him, though dead,
Shall do him service

Nov sen. As far as my grief Will give me leave, I thank you Lilad O my lord!

O my good lord! deliver me from these Furies.

Pont. Arrested 1 this is one of them, whose base And abject flattery helped to dig his grave: He is not worth your pity, nor my anger.—Go to the basket, and repent.

Nov. sen. Away !

I only know thee now to hate thee deadly.

I will do nothing for thee

Lilad Nor you, captam?

Pont No, to your trade again, put off this case; It may be, the discovering what you were, When your unfortunate master took you up, May move compassion in your creditor Confess the truth

[Excunt Novall, senior, and Pontalier.

¹ The shuriff's basket, in which broken meat was collected for the use of prisoners for debt.—Gifford.

Islad. And now I think on't better. I will. Brother, your hand; your hand sweet brother; I'm of your sect, and my gallantry but a dream Out of which these two fearful apparitions Against my will have waked me. This rich sword. Grew suddenly out of a tailor's bodkin: These hangers, from my vails and fees in hell:2 And where as now this beaver sits, full often A thrifty cap composed of broad-cloth lists, Near-kin unto the cushion where I sat. Cross-legged and yet ungartered, hath been seen: Our breakfasts, famous for the buttered loaves. I have with jov been oft acquainted with: And therefore use a conscience, though it be Forbidden in our hall towards other men. To me, that, as I have been will again

1st Bail. I know him now:

Be of the brotherhood.

He was a prentice to Le Robe at Orleans.

Lilad. And from thence brought by my young lord now dead

Unto Dijon, and with him till this hour.

Hath been received here for a complete monsieur:

Nor wonder at it for but tithe our gallants

Even those of the first rank and you will find.

In every ten one, peradventure two

That smell rank of the dancing-school or fiddle.

The pantofle or pressing from but hereafter.

We ll tilk of this I will surrender up.

My sints again there cannot be much loss.

This but the turning of the lace, with one

Addition more you know of and what wants

I will work out.

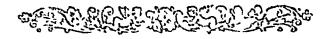
1 Straps by which the sword was attached to the girdle. See Harrlet, v vi 2 Perquisites

3 A tailor's hell was a place where he deposited his cabbage.—

Hallreell
Shipper

³ Used for smooding linen.

Tail Then here our quarrel ends: The gallant is turned tailor, and all friends



SCENE II .- The Court of Justice.

Enter ROMONI and Braymoni.

Rom You have them ready? Beau. Yes, and they will speak Their knowledge in this cause, when you think fit To have them called upon.

Rom 'I's well, and something I can add to their evidence, to prove This brave revenge, which they would have called murder.

A noble justice

Beau In this you express (The breach by my lord's want of you new made up) A faithful friend

Rom That friendship's raised on sand, Which every sudden gust of discontent, Or flowing of our passions, can change, As if it ne'er had been .- but do you know Who are to sit on him?

Beau Monsieur Du Croy,

Assisted by Charmi,

Rom The advocate That pleaded for the marshal's functal, And was checked for it by Novall?

Beau. The same.

Rom. How fortunes 1 that? Beau Why, sir, my Lord Novall, Being the accuser, cannot be the judge, Nor would grieved Rochfort but Lord Charalois,

¹ Coles (Lat Dut) renders "To fortune" by evento, which he translates "to come to pass"

However he might wrong him by his power, Should have an equal hearing.

Rom By my hopes
Of Charalois' acquittal I lament
That reverend old man's fortune

Beau. Had you seen him,
As, to my grief, I have, now promise patience,
And, ere it was believed, though spake by him
That never brake his word, enraged again
So far as to make war upon those hairs
Which not a barbarous Scythian durst presume
To touch but with a superstitious fear,
As something sacred and then curse his daughter
But with more frequent violence himself,
As if he had been guilty of her fault,
By being incredulous of your report,
You would not only judge him worthy pity,
But suffer with him —but here comes the prisoner,

Enter Officers with Charalois

I dare not stay to do my duty to him, Yet, rest assured all possible means in me To do him service, keeps you company

Rom It is not doubted

[Ent Beautiont.

Cnaral Why yet as I came hither,
The people, apt to mock calamity,
And tread on the oppressed, made no horns at me,
Though they are too familiar I deserve them
And, knowing too what blood my sword hath drunk,
In wreak of that disgrace, they yet forbare
To shake their heads, or to revile me for
A murderer, they rather all put on,
As for great losses the old Romans used
A general face of sorrow waited on
By a sad murmur breaking through their silence:
And no eye but was readier with a tear
To witness twas shed for me, than I could

Discern a face made up with scorn against me Why should I, then, though, for unusual wrongs, I those unusual means to right those wrongs. Condemn myself, as over-partial In my own cause?—Romont!

Ron. Best friend, well met !

By my heart's love to you, and join to that My thankfulness that still lives to the dead,1 I look upon you now with more true joy Than when I saw you married

Charal. You have reason

To give you warrant for't my falling off From such a friendship, with the scorn that answered Your too prophetic counsel, may well move you To think your meeting me, going to my death,

A fit encounter for that hate which justly I have deserved from you.

Rom Shall I still, then, Speak truth, and be ill understood?

Charal You are not

I am conscious I have wronged you, and, allow me Only a moral man,—to look on you, Whom foolishly I have abused and injured, Must of necessity be more terrible to me. Than any death the judges can pronounce From the tribunal which I am to plead at

Rom Passion 2 transports you. Charal For what I have done

To my false lady, or Novall, I can Give some apparent cause; but touching you, In my defence, child-like, I can say nothing But, I am sorry for't, a poor satisfaction! And yet, mistake me not, for it is more Than I will speak, to have my pardon signed For all I stand accused of

Rom You much weaken

1 c The old marshal

² Emotion

THE FATAL DOWRY.

JACT V. 174

The strength of your good cause should you but think.

A man for doing well could entertain A pardon, were it offered vou have given To blind and slow-paced justice wings and eyes

To see and overtake impleties, Which, from a cold proceeding had received Indulgence or protection

Char al. Think you so?

Rom Upon my soul! nor should the blood you challenged,

And took to cure your honour, breed more scruple In your soft conscience than if your sword Had been sheathed in a tiger or she-bear That in their bowels would have made your tomb To injure innocence is more than murder: But when inhuman lusts transform us, then As beasts we are to suffer, not like men To be lamented Nor did Charalois ever Perform an act so worthy the applause Of a full theatre of perfect men, As he hath done in this The glory got By overthrowing outward enemies, Since strength and fortune are main sharers in it. We cannot, but by pieces, call our own But, when we conquer our intestine foes, Our passions bred within us, and of those

The most rebellious tyrant, powerful love, Our reason suffering us to like no longer Than the fair object, being good, deserves it, That's a true victory 1 which, were great men Ambitious to achieve, by your example

Setting no price upon the breach of faith But loss of life 'twould fright adultery Out of their families, and make lust appear

As loathsome to us in the first consent As when 'tis waited on by punishment

Charal You have confirmed me. Who would love a woman,

That might enjoy in such a man a friend!
You have made me know the justice of my cause,
And marked me out the way how to defend it
Rom. Continue to that resolution constant,
And you shall, in contempt of their worst malice,

Come off with honour—here they come. Charal. I am ready.

Enter Du Croy, Charmi, Rochfort, Novall, senior, Pontalier, and Beaumont.

Now sen. See, equal judges, with what confidence The cruel murderer stands, as if he would Outface the court and justice!

Roch But look on him,

And you shall find, for still methinks I do,
Though guilt hath dyed him black, something good in
him.

That may perhaps work with a wiser man Than I have been again to set him free, And give him all he has

Charme This is not well

I would you had have so, my loid, that I Might rather have continued your poor servant, Than sit here as your judge.

Du Croy I am sorry for you

Roch. In no act of my life I have deserved This injury from the court, that any here, Should thus uncivilly usurp on what. Is proper to me only.

Du Croy What distaste

Receives my lord?

Rech You say you are sorry for him, A grief in which I must not have a partner. 'Tis I alone am sorry, that when I raised

¹ Distaste, offensa [affront] -Coles' Lat. Dict.

The building of my life, for seventy years,
Upon so sure a ground that all the vices
Practised to min man, though brought against me,
Could never undermine, and no way left
To send these gray hairs to the grave with sorrow,
Virtue, that was my patroness, betrayed me;
For, entering, nay, possessing this young man,
It lent him such a powerful majesty
To grace whate'er he undertook that freely

To grace whate'er he undertook that free!

I gave myself up, with my liberty,

To be at his disposing. Had his person.

To be at his disposing. Had his person, Lovely I must confess, or far-famed valour, Or any other seeming good, that yet

Holds a near neighbourhood with ill, wrought on me, I might have borne it better but, when goodness And piety itself in her best figure

Were bribed to my destruction, can you blame me, Though I forget to suffer like a man.

Or rather act a woman?

Beau. Good my lord!

Nov sen You hinder our proceeding Charm And forget

The parts of an accuser.

Beau Pray you, temember

To use the temper which to me you promised Roch Angels themselves must break, Beaumont, that

promise
Beyond the strength and patience of angels.

Beyond the strength and patience of angels.

But I have done—My good lord, pardon me,

A weak old man, and, pray you, add to that,

A miserable father, yet be careful That your compassion of my age, nor his,

Move you to any thing that may disbecome

The place on which you sit

Charmi Read the indictment

Charal It shall be needless, I myself, my lords, Will be my own accuser, and confess

SCFNI 'II]

All they can charge me with, nor will I spare
To aggravate that guilt with circumstance,
They seek to load me with; only I pray,
That, as for them you will vouchsafe me hearing,
I may not be denied it for myself,
When I shall urge by what unanswerable reasons
I was compelled to what I did, which yet,
Till you have taught me better, I repent not.

Rech The motion's honest.

Charm. And 'tis freely granted
Charal Then I confess, my lords, that I stood bound,
hen, with my friends, even hope itself had left me,
this man's charity, for my liberty,
Th did his bounty end there, but began:

His only daughter, and his whole estate,—
Great ties of thankfulness, I must acknowledge:
ould any one, feed by you, press this further?—
'ut yet consider, my most honoured lords,
'to receive a favour make a servant,
and benefits are bonds to tie the taker

Ou after my enlargement, cherishing good he did, he made me master of

To the imperious will of him that gives,
There's none but slaves will receive courtesies,
Since they must fetter us to our dishonours
Can it be called magnificence in a prince,
To pour down riches with a liberal hand
Upon a poor man's wants, if they must bind him
To play the soothing parasite to his vices?
Or any man, because he saved my hand,
Presume my head and heart are at his service?
Or, did I stand engaged to buy my freedom

(When my captivity was honourable)

By making myself here, and fame hereafter,

Had his fair daughter's mind been like her feature,

1 : c Munificence, as elsewhere in Massinger

Mass II

Bondslaves to men's scorn, and calumnious tongues?-

Or, for some little blemish, I had sought For my content elsewhere, masting on others My body and her dower, my forehead then Deserved the brand of base ingratitude; But if obsequious usage, and fair warning To keep her worth my love, could not preserve her From being a whore, and yet no cunning one, So to offend, and yet the fault kept from me, What should I do? Let any free-born spirit Determine truly, if that thankfulness, Choice form, with the whole world given for a dowry, Could strengthen so an honest man with patience, As with a willing neck to undergo

The insupportable yoke of slave, or wittol.2 Charmi. What proof have you she did play false,

besides

Vour oath?

Charal. Her own confession to her father:

I ask him for a witness.

Rock. 'Tis most true.

I would not willingly blend my last words With an untruth. Charal. And then to clear myself,

That his great wealth was not the mark I shot at, But that I held it, when fair Beaumelle Fell from her virtue, like the fatal gold Which Brennus took from Delphos, whose possession Brought with it run to himself and army Here's one in court, Beaumont, by whom I sent All grants and writings back which made it mme. Before his daughter died by his own centence, As freely as, unasked, he gave it to me.

Beau. They are here to be seen.

Charmi Open the casket-Peruse that deed of gift.

To DU CPOY.

Duti'ul, so giren in Boyer's Fr. Dut.
Contented cuckoid.

Rom Half of the danger
Already is discharged, the other part
As bravely, and you are not only free.
But crowned with praise for ever!

Du Croy. 'Tis apparent.

Charmi Your state, my lord, again is yours Reen Not mine,

I am not of the world. If it can prosper,
(And yet, being justly got, I'll not examine
Why it should be so fatal,) do you bestow it
On pious uses—I'll go seek a grave.
And yet, for proof I die in peace, your pardon
I ask, and, as you grant it me, may Heaven,
Your conscience, and these judges, free you from
What you are charged with! So, farewell for ever!

Exit.

Nov sen I'll be mine own guide Passion noi example Shall be my leaders. I have lost a son, A son, grave judges, I require his blood From his accursed homicide

Charm. What reply you, In your defence for this?

Char at I but attended
Your lordships' pleasure —For the fact, as of
The former, I confess it, but with what
Base wrongs I was unwillingly drawn to it,
To my few words there are some other proofs,
To witness this for truth. When I was married—
For there I must begin—the slain Novall
Was to my wife, in way of our French courtship,
A most devoted servant, but yet aimed at
Nothing but means to quench his wanton heat,
His heart being never warmed by lawful fires,
As mine was, lords, and though, on these presumptions,
Joined to the hate between his house and mine,
I might, with opportunity and ease,
II ave found a way for my revenge, I did not;

But still he had the freedom as before,
When all was nune; and, told that he abused it
With some unseemly heence, by my friend
My approved friend Romont I gave no credit
To the reporter, but reproved him for it.
As one uncourtly, and malicious to him
What could I more, my lords? Yet, after this.
He did continue in his first pursuit
Hotter than ever and at length obtained it
But, how it came to my most certain knowledge
For the dignity of the court, and my own honour,
I dare not say

Not sen. If all may be believed
A passionate prisoner speaks, who is so foolish
That durst be wicked, that will appear guilty?
No, my grave lords. in his impunity,
But give example unto jealous men
To cut the throats they hate, and they will never
Want matter or pretence for their bad ends

Charma You must find other proofs, to strengthen these

But mere presumptions.

Du Croy. Or we shall hardly

Allow your unnocence.

Charal. All your attempts
Shall fall on me like brittle shafts on armour
That break themselves—or waves against a rock.
That leave no signs of their ridiculous fury
But foam and splinters—my innocence, like these.
Shall stand triumphant—and your malice serve
But for a trumper to proclaim my conquest,
Nor shall you though you do the worst fate can.
Howe'er condemn—affinght an honest man

Rom May it please the court. I may be heard? Nov. sen You come not

To rail again? but do-you shall not find Another Rochfort.

Rom. In Novall I cannot,

But I come furnished with what will stop.

The mouth of his conspiracy 'gainst the life...

Of innocent Charalois. Do you know this character?1

Nov. sen Yes, 'tis my, son's ...

Rom. May it please your lordships, lead it. And you shall find there, with what vehemency He did solicit Beaumelle; how he had got A promise from her to enjoy his wishes, How after, he abjured her company, And yet—but that its fit I spare the dead—Like a damned villain, as soon as recorded, He brake that oath—to make this manifest, Produce his bawds and hers.

Enter Officers with AYMFR, FLORIMIL, and BELLAPIRT.

Charm. Have they took their oaths?

Rom. They have, and, rather than endure the rack,. Confess the time, the meeting, nay, the act, What would you more? only this matron 2 made. A free discovery to a good end,
And therefore I sue to the court, she may not.
Be placed in the black list of the delinquents

Pont [Aside.] I see by this. Novall's revenge needs me,

And I shall do——

Charmi 'Tis evidenț.

Nov. sen. That I

Till now was fiever wretched: here's no place To curse him or my stars.

Charm. Lord Charalois,

The injuries you have sustained appear So worthy of the mercy of the court That, notwithstanding you have gone beyond The letter of the law, they yet acquit you

Pont But, in Novall, I do condemn him—thus

States nun

Exit

Exeun

Charal I am slain

Rom Can I look on? O, murderous wretch!

Thy challenge now I answer So' die with him

[Stabs Pontalies

Charmi A guard! disarm him

Rom I yield up my sword

Unforced—O, Charalois!

Charal For shame, Romont,

Mourn not for him that dies as he hath lived,

Still constant and unmoved what's fallen upon me,

Is by Heaven's will, because I made myself

A judge in my own cause, without their warrant;

But He that lets me know thus much in death,

With all good men—forgive me!

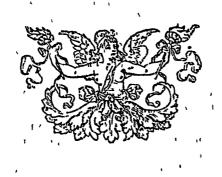
Pont I receive

The vengeance which my love, not built on virtue, Has made me worthy, worthy of

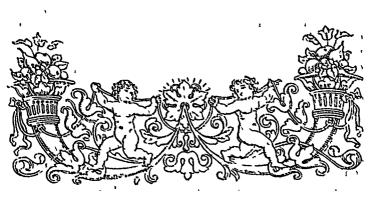
as made me worthy, worthy of [Die Charm We are taught

By this sad precedent, how just soever
Our reasons are to remedy our wrongs,
We are yet to leave them to their will and power
That, to that purpose, have authority
For you, Romont, although, in your excuse,
You may plead what you did was in revenge
Of the dishonour done unto the court,
Yet, since from us you had not warrant for it,
We banish you the state For these, they shall
As they are found guilty or innocent,
Be or set free, or suffer punishment.





THE GUARDIAT





HE GUARDIAN was licensed October 31st, 1633, but was not printed till 1655, when it appeared in company with The Bashful Lover and A Very Woman in a volume in octavo, entitled Three Newe Playes The title-page runs "The Guardian, A Comical-History. As it hath been often acted at

the Private-House in Black-Friars, by his late Majesties Servants, with great Applause Written by Philip Massenger, Gent London, Printed for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be sold at his shop at the sign of the Prince's Arms in St Pauls Church-yard 1655" In the Office-book of Sir Henry Herbert is the following memorandum in reference to the play "The Guardian, a play of Mr Massinger's, was performed at Court on Sunday, the 12th of January, 1633[-4], by the King's players, and well likte"

Gifford traces the Iolante and Calipso story back to the Heetopades, "whence it was transferred to the fables of Pilpay, translated into Greek about the end of the eleventh century by Simeon Seth, a learned Orientalist, and thus found its way into Latin, and made a part of those quaint collections of ribald morality which in Massinger's time were in every one's hands" Boccaccio tells it in the Decameron, and Beaumont and Fletcher make some use of it in the plot of Women Pleased Hole (Remarks on the An abian Nights' Entertainments, 1797) believes that Massinger's plot is taken from Eryci Puteani Comus, sive Phagesiposia Cimmeria, Somnium (Louvain, 1611), which contains not only the Iolante story, but another story in which are found several of the names used in the play these two stones are the only narratives in Puteanus, it seems almost certain that Massinger must have gone to the book for his material

The text of the original edition of *The Guardian* is remarkably correct, and it is followed by Gifford with more than usual accuracy





ALPHONSO, King of Naples

DUKE MONTPENSIER, General of Milan.

SEVERINO, a banished Nobleman

MONTECLARO, his Brother-in-law (supposed dead), disguised under the name of LAVAL

DURAZZO, the Guardian

CALDORO, his Nephew and Ward, in love with CALISTA

ADORIO, a young Libertine.

CAMILLO,

LENTULO,

Neapolitan Gentlemen

DONATO,

CARIO, Cook to ADORIO

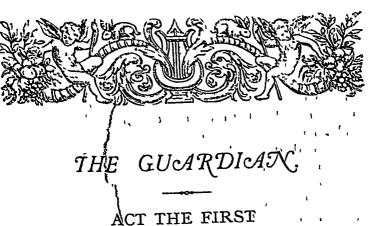
CLAUDIO, a Confidential Servant to SEVERINO
Captain
Banditti.
Servants
Singers, Countrymen

IÖLANTE, Wife of SEVERINO
CALISTA, her Daughter, in love with ADORIO.
MIRTILLA, CALISTA'S Maid
CALIPSO, the Confident of IOLANTE.

SCENE—Partly at NAPLES, and partly in the adjacent country

1 Here, and throughout the old edition of the play, this name is spelt "Caliste"





SCENE I -Naples A Grove.

Enter Durazzo, Camillo, Leniulo. Donato, and two Servants

please.)

UR Tell me of his expenses ! Which of vou Stands bound for a gazet? 1 he spends

"his own, And', u impertment fools or knaves,

' (make choice' Of either title, which your signiorships

To meddle in't'

Camil Your age gives privilege To this harsh language Dur My age 1 do not use

That word again; if you do, I shall grow young, And swinge you soundly I would have you know

Though I write fifty odd, I do not carry An almanack in my bones to pre-declare

What weather we shall have, nor do I kneel

In adoration, at the spring and fall, Before my doctor, for a dose or two

A Venetian com, "some three or four gazets," says Ben n al "some threening in the whol

Of his restoratives, which are things, I take it, You are familiar with.

Camil This is from the purpose

Dur. I cannot cut a caper, or groan like you When I have done, nor run away so nimbly Out of the field but bring me to a fence-school, And crack a blade or two for exercise, Ride a barbed horse, or take a leap after-me, Following my hounds or hawks, (and, by our leave, At a gamesome mistress,) and you shall confess I am in the May of my abilities, And you in your December

Lent We are glad you bear Your years so well

Dun My years! no more of years; If you do, at your peril

Camil We desire not To prove your valour

Dur. 'Tis your safest course

Camil But, as friends to your fame and reputation, Come to instruct you, your tooynuch indulgence To the exorbitant waste of young Caldoro, Your nephew and your ward, hath rendered you But a bad report among wise men in Naples

Dur Wise men!—in your opinion, but to me, That understand myself and them, they are Hide-bounded money-mongers—they would have me Train up my ward a hopeful youth, to keep A merchant's book, or at the plough, and clothe him In canvas or coarse cotton, while I fell His woods, grant leases, which he must make good When he comes to age, or be compelled to marry. With a cast whore and three bastards, let him know No more than how to cipher well, or do His tricks by the square root, grant him no pleasure But quoits and nine-pins, suffer him to converse

¹ A caparisoned war-horse

With none but clowns and cobblers—as the Turk says, Poverty, old age, and aches of all seasons,

Light on such heathenish guardians!

Don You do worse

To the ruin of his state, under your favour, In feeding his loose riots

Dur. Riots' what riots?

He wears nch clothes. I do so, keeps horses, games and wenches,

'Tis not amiss, so it be done with decorum In an heir 'tis ten times more excusable' Than to be over-thrifty. Is there aught else

That you can charge him with?

Camil With what we grieve for,

And you will not approve.

Dur Out with it, man.

Canul His rash endeavour, without your consent,

To match himself into a family

Not gracious with the times

Dur 'Tis still the better,

By this means he shall scape court visitants.

And not be eaten out of house and home

In a summer progress, 2 but does he mean to marry?

Camil. Yes, sir, to marry.

Dur. In a beardless chin

'Trs ten times worse than wenching Family! whose family?

Camil Signor Severino's

Dur. How! not he that killed

The brother of his wife, as it is rumoured, Then fled upon it, since proscribed, and chosen Captain of the banditti, the king's pardon

On no suit to be granted?

Lent The same, sir.

Pronounced in two syllables

The progresses or visits of the sovereign and court to various parts of the kingdom.

Dur. This toughes near: how is his love returned. By the saint he worships?

Don She affects him not, But dotes upon another.

Dur. Worse and worse

Camil. You know him, young Adorio,

Dur. A brave gentleman !
What proof of this?

Lent I dogged him to the church; Where he, not for devotion, as I guess. But to make his approaches to his mistress, Is often seen.

Camil And would you stand concealed Among these trees, for he must pass this green, The matins ended, as she returns home, You may observe the passages.

Dur. I thank you.

This torrent must be stopped.

Dur I dare swear it

Don. They come.

Camil Stand close

[They stand aside

Enter Adorio, Calista, Mirilla, and Caldoro muffled.

Calis. I know I wrong my modesty.

Ador And wrong me,
In being so importunate for that
I neither can nor must grant

Calis A hard sentence!
And, to increase my misery, by you,
Whom fond affection hath made my judge,
Pronounced without compassion Alas, sir,
Did I approach you with unchaste desires,
A sulhed reputation, were deformed,
As it may be I am, though many affirm
I am something more than handsome——

3 Occurrences.

Calls Or if I were no gentlewoman, but bred coarsely, You might, with some pretence of reason slight. What you should sue for.

Dur. Were he not an cunuch. He would, and sue again; I am sure I should Pray look in my collar, a flea troubles me. Hey-day! there are a legion of young Cupids At barley-break in my breeches.

Calis. Hear me, sir,
Though you continue, nay, increase your scorn,
Only vouchsafe to let me understand
What my defects are; of which once convinced,
I will hereafter silence my harsh plea.
And spare you further trouble.

Ador I will tell you, And bluntly, as my usual manner is Though I were a woman-hater, which I am not, But love the sex,—for my ends, take me with you; If in my thought I found one taint or blemish In the whole fabric of your outward features, I would give myself the he You are a virgin Possessed of all your mother could wish in you, Your father Severino's dire disaster In killing of your uncle, which I grieve for, In no part taking from you. I repeat it, A nollie virgin, for whose grace and favours The Italian princes might contend as rivals, Yet unto me, a thing far, far beneath you, (A noted libertine I profess my self.) In your mind there does appear one fault so gross, Nay, I might say unpardonable at your years, If justly you consider it, that I cannot As you desire, affect you Calis Make me know it.

I'll soon reform it

Ador. Would you'd keep your word!

1 Understand me

Calis Put me to the test.

Ador. I will You are too honest And, like your mother, too strict and religious,

And talk too soon of marriage, I shall break.

If at that rate I purchase you. Can I part with

My uncurbed liberty, and on my neck Wear such a heavy yoke? hazard my fortunes,

With all the expected joys my life can yield me, For one commodity before I prove it?

Venus forbid on both sides! let crooked hams Bald heads declining shoulders furrowed cheeks

Be awed by ceremonies: if you love me In the way young people should. I'll fly to meet it.

And we'll meet mernly. Calis 'Tis strange such a man Can use such language.

Ador In my tongue my heart

Speaks freely, fair one. Think on't, a close friend, Or private mistress, is court rhetoric:

A wife, mere rustic solecism. so good morrow!

[ADORIO offers to go, CALDORO comes forward and

stops hun

Canul How be you this?

Dur A v. I will entleman! wark,

Dur. A very me, in the he must have I am thinking Large ate for then him, for at his years

I was much of have grown, by Jill in your mouth!

Don The colt's to make and ispering?

Dur What means i unit I viscek not to d.

Ador You may poor with the colt of Ador You may perche det, for further tusplant you,

Where you desire to grouman Tis needless compliment und.

Cald. There are some nav

Compare Henry VIII, 1. 3, 48 cast yet'" We now say "milk-teeth." "Your colt's-tooth is not Which blush to owe a benefit, if not a Received in corners, holding it an impairing. To their own worth, should they acknowledge it. I am made of other clay, and therefore must. Trench so far on your lessure, as to win you To lend a patient ear, while I profess Before my glory, though your scorn, Calista, How much I am your servant.

Ador: My designs

Are not so urgent, but they can dispense With so much time.

Camil. Pray you now observe your nephew.

Dur. How he looks! like a school-boy that had played the truant,

And went to be breeched.

Cald. Madam !

Calis. A new affliction !

Your suit offends as much as his repulse, It being not to be granted.

Mirt Hear him, madam;

His sorrow is not personated, he deserves Your pity, not contempt.

Dur. He has made the maid his, And, as the master of "The Art of Love"1 Wisely affirms, it is a kind of passage To the mistress' favour

Cald. I come not to urge

My ment to deserve you, since you are, Weighed truly to your worth, above all value: Much less to argue you of want of judgment, For following one that with winged feet flies from you, While I, at all parts, without boast, his equal, In vain pursue you; bringing those flames with me, Those lawful flames, (for, madam, know, with other I never shall approach you,) which Adono, In scorn of Hymen and religious rites.

¹ Ovid, Ars Am., 1, 350

With atherstical impudence contemns;
And in his loose attempt to undermine

The fortress of your honour, seeks to ruin
All holy altars by clear minds erected

To virgin honour

Dur. My nephew is an ass, ""
What a devil hath he to do with virgin honour,
Altars, or lawful flames, when he should tell ner.
They are superstitious nothings, and speak to the purpose.

Of the delight to meet in the old dance, Between a pair of sheets —my grandam called it, The Peopling of the World.

Calus How, gentle sir!

To vindicate my honour that is needless; I dare not fear the worst aspersion malice Can throw upon it

Cald. Your sweet patience, lady,
And more than dove-like innocence, renders you.
Insensible of an injury, for which
I deeply suffer Can you undergo
The scorn of being refused? I must confess
It makes for my ends, for had he embraced
Your gracious offers tendered him, I had been
In my own hopes forsaken, and if yet
There can breathe any air of comfort in me,
To his contempt I owe it but his ill
No more shall make way for my good intents,
Than virtue, powerful in herself, can need
The aids of vice.

Ador You take that licence, sir
Which yet I never granted
Cald I'll force more,
Nor will I for my own ends undertake it,
As I will make apparent, but to do

There was an old country-dance called "The Shaking of the Sheets."

You may feed upon this business for a month, If you manage it handsomely.

[Excunt Camillo, Lentulo, and Donato. When two hears quarrel,

The swordmen of the city shortly after
Appear in plush, for their grave consultations
In taking up the difference, some, I know,
Make a set living on't' Nay, let him go,
Thou art master of the field, enjoy thy fortune
With moderation for a flying foe,
Discreet and provident conquerors build up
A bridge of gold To thy mistress, boy' if I were
In thy shirt, how I could nick it '2

Cald. You stand, madam,

As you were rooted, and I more than fear
My passion hath offended I perceive
The roses frighted from your cheeks, and paleness
To usurp their room. yet you may please to as-

cribe it

To my excess of love, and boundless ardour
To do you right, for myself I have done nothing
I will not curse my stars, howe'er assured
To me you are lost for ever, for suppose
Adono slain, and by my hand, my life
Is forfeited to the law, which I contemn,
So with a tear or two you would remember
I was your martyr, and died in your service

Calis Alas, you weep! and, in my just compassion Of what you suffer, I were more than marble Should I not keep you company you have sought My favours nobly, and I am justly punished, In wild Adono's contempt and scorn, For my ingratitude, it is no better, To your deservings—yet such is my fate, Though I would, I cannot help it—O Caldoro!

¹ See Maid of Honour, 1 1 (Massinger, vol 1 p 306)
² Hit it exactly, as we still say, in the nick of time

In our misplaced affection I prove
Too soon, and with dear-bought experience, Cupid
Is blind indeed, and hath mistook his arrows
If it be possible, learn to forget,—
And yet that punishment is too light,—to hate
A thankless virgin: practise it, and may
Your due consideration that I am so,
In your imagination, disperse
Loathsome deformity upon this face
That hath bewitched you! more I cannot say,
But that I truly pity you, and wish you
A better choice, which, in my prayers, Caldoro,
I ever will remember.

[Except Calista and Mirtilla.

Dur. 'Tis a sweet rogue

Why, how now! thunderstruck?

Cald. I am not so happy.

Oh, that I were but master of myself!

You soon should see me nothing.

Dur. What would you do?

Cald. With one stab give a fatal period

To my woes and life together.

Dur. For a woman!

Better the kind were lost, and generation

Maintained a new way

Cald. Pray you, sir, forbear

This profane language

Dur. Pray you, be you a man,
And whimper not like a girl all shall be well,
As I live it shall; this is no hectic fever,
But a lovesick ague, casy to be cured,
And I'll be your physician, so you subscribe
To my directions First, you must change
This city whorish au, for 'tis infected,
And my potions will not work here, I must have you
To my country villa, rise before the sun,
Then make a breakfast of the morning dew,
Served up by nature on some grassy hill,

You'll find it nectar, and far more cordial Than cullises i, cock-broth, or your distillations Of a hundred crowns a quart Cald You talk of nothing.

Dur This ta'en as a preparative, to strengthen Your queasy stomach, vault into your saddle, With all this flesh I can do it without a sturup My hounds uncoupled, and my huntsman ready, You shall hear such music from their tunable mouths, That you will say the viol, harp, theorbo, Ne'er made such ravishing harmony from the groves And neighbouring woods, with frequent iterations, Enamoured of the cry, a thousand echoes Repeating it Cald What's this to me?

Du, It shall be,

And you give thanks for't In the afternoon, For we will have variety of delights, We'll to the field again no game shall nse

But we ll be ready for t if a hare, my grey hounds Shall make a course, for the pie or jay a sparhawk Flies from the fist the crow, so near pursued, Shall be compelled to seek protection under

Our horses' bellies, a hearn' put from her siege, And a Pistol shot off in her breech, shall mount

So high that to vour view, she'll seem to soar Above the middle region of the air

A cast of haggard falcons, by me manned, Eveing the prevat first appear as if

They did turn tail, but with their labouring wings Getting above her, with a thought their pinions

A broth the full recipe of which is given by Nares As a "red him and cut him in quarter, and hrmse all the cocke", ('dresse him and cut him in quarters, and bruise all the something of the same kind.

A broth the full recipe of which is given by Nares. As a "read broth", is one of the principal ingredients, and bruise all the something of the same kind. broth ",) is one of the principal ingredical and the same kind a company of

recon

i.e. "A Pur (or a flight) of wild falcons tamed by me" Pare Taming of the Shiew, It 1, 196 "Another way I have to man my haggard, ComCleaving the pure element, make in,
And by turns bind with her .1 the frighted fowl,
Lying at her defence upon her back,
With her dreadful beak a while defens her death,
But by degrees forced down, we part the fray,
And feast upon her.

Cald This cannot be, I grant, . But pretty pastime

Dur. Pretty pastime, nephew!

The royal sport Then, for an evening flight,
A tiercel gentle, which I call, my masters,
As he were sent a messenger to the moon,
In such a place if flies, as he seems to say,
See me, or see me not! the partridge sprung,
He makes his stoop, but, wanting breath, is forced
To cancelier, then, with such speed as if
He carried lightning in his wings, he strikes
The trembling bird, who even in death appears
Proud to be made his quarry.

Caid \ et all this Is nothing to Calista.

5 Prev

Dur. Thou shalt find
Twenty Calistas there, for every night,
A fresh and lusty one; I'll give thee a ticket,
In which my name, Durazzo's name, subscribed,
My tenants' nut-brown daughters, wholesome girls,
At midnight shall contend to do thee service
I have bred them up to't, should their fathers mur-

Their leases are void, for that is a main point

seizeth her prey -The Gentleman's Recreation (apud Giftord).

¹ A term in falconing meaning to seirl upon

² The male of the goshawk In Elizabethan English it is generally "tassel-gentle," as in Romeo and Julies, ii 2, 160

³ A technical term for the pitch attained by a falcon before

swooping down on its prey

4 Canceller is when a high-flown hawk, in her stooping, turneth two or three times upon the wing, to recover heiself before she

THE GUARDIAN In my indentures, and when we make our progress, There is no entertainment perfect, if This last dish be not offered

Cald You make me smile

Dur. I'll make thee laugh outright My horses, 'Tis but six short hours' riding yet ere night Thou shalt be an altered man

Cald I wish I may, sir.

Excunt

SCENE II.—A Room in SEVERINO'S House

Enter Iolante, Calista, Calipso, and Mirtilla Iol I had spies upon you, minion, the relation Of your behaviour was at home before you. My daughter to hold parley, from the church too,

With noted libertines | her fame and favours The quarrel of their swords i Calis Twas not in me

200

To help it, madam

Iol. No! how have I heed?

My neighbour knows my manners have been such, That I presume I may affirm, and boldly, In no particular action of my life

I can be justly censured

Calip Censured madam!

What lord or lady lives, worthy to sit A competent judge on you?

Calis Yet black detraction

Will find faults where they are not Calip Her foul mouth

Is stopped, you being the object. Give me leave

To speak my thoughts, yet still under correction, And if my young lady and her woman hear

With reverence, they may be edified You are my gracious patroness and supportress, And I your poor observer, nay, your creature, Fed by your bounties, and, but that I know Your honour detests flattery, I might say, And with an emphasis, you are the lady Admired and envied at, far, far above All imitation of the best of women That are or ever shall be. This is truth. I dare not be obsequious; and 'twould ill Become my gravity, and wisdom gleaned From your oraculous ladyship, to act The part of a she-parasite.

Icl If you do,

I never shall acknowledge you

Calis [Aside to MIRTILLA.] Admirable ! This is no flattery!

Mist. Do not interrupt her: 'I's such a pleasing itch to your lady-mother, That she may peradventure forget us, To feed on her own praises.

Iol I am not So far in debt to age but, if I would Listen to men's bewitching sorceries, I could be courted

Calif Rest secure of that.

All the bravenese of the city run mad for you, And yet your virtue's such, not one attempts you

Iol I keep no mankind servant in my house, In fear my chastity may be suspected: How is that voiced in Naples?

Caup. With loud applause, I assure your honour

¹ To observe (or mind) one's master
² Beaux Compare Ben Jonson, *The Silent Woman*, 1 1; "He is one of the bravenes, though he be none of the wits." 3 Male

Iol. It confirms I can

Command my sensual appetites

Calip. As vassals

To your more than masculine reason, that commands them:

Your palace styled a numery of pureness,

In which not one lascivious thought dares enter,

Your clear soul standing sentinel

Mirt [Ande] Well said, Echo!

Iol Yet I have tasted those delights which women So greedily long for, know their titillations, And when, with danger of his head, thy father Comes to give comfort to my widowed sheets,

As soon as his desires are satisfied,

I can with ease forget them.

Calip Observe that,

It being indeed remarkable 'tis nothing

For a simple maid, that never had her hand

In the honey-pot of pleasure, to forbear it,

But such as have licked there, and licked there often,

And felt the sweetness of't——

Mirt. [Aside] How her mouth runs o'er

With rank imagination !

Calip If such can, As I urged before, the kickshaw being offered, Refuse to take it, like my matchless madam,

They may be sainted.

Iol. I'il lose no more breath
In fruitless reprehension, look to it
I'll have thee wear this habit of my mind,
As of my body

Calp. Seek no other precedent In all the books of "Amadis de Gaul," 1 "The Palmerins," and that true Spanish story,

¹ These romances of chivalry, it will be remembered, composed part of Don Quixote's librar. The Palmerus means the two stories of that name, Palmerus of England and Palmerus de Oliva

"The Mirror of Knighthood," which I have read often, Read feelingly, nay more, I do believe in't,
My lady has no parallel

Iel Do not provoke me:

If, from this minute, thou e'er stil abroad,
Write letter, or receive one, or presume
To look upon a man, though from a window,
I'll chain thee like a slave in some dark corner,
Prescribe thy daily labour, which omitted,
Expect the usage of a Fury from me,
Not an indulgent mother's—Come, Calipso.

Calif Your ladyship's injunctions are so easy, That I dare pawn my credit my young lady And her woman shall obey them

Excunt Iolante and Calipso

Mut. You shall fry first

For a rotten piece of dry touchwood, and give fire To the great fiend's nostrils, when he smokes tobacco 'Note the injustice, madam; they would have us, Being young and hungry, keep a perpetual Lent, And the whole year to them a carnival. "Easy injunctions," with a mischief to you!

Suffer this and suffer all

Calis. Not stir abroad!

The use and pleasure of our eyes demed us!

Mit. Insufferable.

Calis. Nor write, nor yet receive

An amorous letter!

Mut. Not to be endured

Calis. Nor look upon a man out of a window

Mut. Flat tyranny, insupportable tyranny,

To a lady of your blood.

Calis. She is my mother, And how should I decline 1 it?

Mut Run away from't,

Take any course

Calle But without means, Minilla.

How shall we live?

Mirt. What a cuestion's that! as if

A buxom lady could want maintenance In any place in the world where there are men.

Wine meat or money stirring.

Calls. Be you more modest.

Or seek some other misuess: rather than In a thought or dream I will consent to aught

That may take from my honour. Til endure

More than my mother can impose upon me.

Mrt. I grant your honour is a specious dressing. But without conversation of men.

A kind of nothing. I would not persuade you

To disobedience: yet my confessor told me

(And he von know, is held a learned clerk)

When parents do enjoin unnatural things. Wise children may avoid them. She may as well

Command when you are hungry, not to eat.

Or drink, or sleep: and yet all these are easy.

Compared with the not seeing of a man. As I persuade no further: but to you

There is no such necessity von have means To shun your mother's rigour.

Calls. Lawful means?

Mirt. Lawful, and pleasing too I will not targe Caldoro's loyal love, you being averse to't:

Make trial of Adono.

Calls. And give up

My honour to his hist!

Mari. There's no such thing Intended, madam, in few words, write to him What slavish hours you spend under your mother: That you desire not present marriage from him, But as a noble gentleman to redeem you From the tyractry you suffer. With your letter

Present him some rich jewei von have one.

In which the rape of Proserpine, in little, Is to the life expressed. I'll be the messenger With any hazard, and at my return, Yield you a good account of t.

Calis 'Tis a business

To be considered of.

Mirt. Considération.

When the converse of your lover is in question, Is of no moment: if she would allow you A dancer in the morning to well breathe you. A songster in the afternoon, a servant. To air you in the evening, give you leave To see the theatre twice a week, to mark How the old actors decay, the young sprout up, (A fitting observation,) you might bear it. But not to see, or talk, or touch a man, Abominable!

Calis. Do not my blushes speak
How willingly I would assent?

Mut Sweet lady,
Do something to deserve them, and blush after.

Excunt.

Lover Compare Two Gertlemen of Verona, 11 4, 106
"Too low a mistress for so high a servant"





ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.—A Street near Severino's House.

Enter IOLANTE and CALIPSO



OL. And are these Frenchmen, as you say, such gallants?

Calip Gallant and active, their free breeding knows not

The Spanish and Italian preciseness

Practised among us what we call immodest

With them is styled bold courtship: they dare fight Under a velvet ensign at fourteen

Iol A petticoat, you mean?

Calip. You are in the right,

Let a mistress wear it under an armour of proof, They are not to be beaten off.

Iel. You are merry, neighbour.

Calp I fool to make you so pray you observe them,

They are the forward'st monsieurs, born physicians For the malady of young wenches, and ne'er miss I owe my life to one of them When I was A raw young thing, not worth the ground I trod on And longed to dip my bread in tar, my lips As blue as salt-water, he came up roundly to me, And cured me in an instant, Venus be praised for't!

Enter Alphonso, Montpensier, Laval, Captain, and Attendants

Iol They come, leave prating.

Calif I am dumb, an't like your honour. Alph. We will not break the league confirmed between us

And your great master, the passage of his army Through all our territories lies open to him, Only we grieve that your design for Rome Commands such haste, as it denies us means To entertain you as your worth deserves, And we would gladly tender.

Mont Royal Alphonso,

The king my master, your confederate, Will pay the debt he owes in fact,1 which I Want words to express. I must remove to-night; And yet, that your intended favours may not Be lost, I leave this gentleman behind me, To whom you may youchsafe them, I dare say, Without repentance I forbear to give Your majesty his character, in France He was a precedent for arts and arms, Without a rival, and may prove in Naples Introduces LWAL to the King Worthy the imitation Calip. Is he not, madam.

A monsieur in print 12 what a garb was there! O rare! Then, how he werrs his clothes! and the fashion of them I

A main assurance that he is within All excellent: by this, wise ladies ever Make their conjectures

Iel Peace, I have observed him From head to foot.

Cal.A. Eye him again, all over.

I ar It cannot, toyal sir, but argue me Of much presumption, if not impudence, To be a suitor to your majesty. Before I have deserved a gracious grant, By some employment prosperously achieved

1 se Indeed 2 lodo a thing in plint for teatign

But pardon, gracious sir · when I left France I made a vow to a bosom friend of mine. (Which my lord general, if he please, can witness,) With such humility as well becomes A poor petitioner, to desire a boon From your magnificence.1

He delivers a petition. Calip. With what punctual 2 form

He does deliver it

Iol I have eyes; no more.

Alph For Severino's pardon !- you must excuse me, I dare not pardon murder

Lav His fact,3 sir.

Ever submitting to your abler judgment, Merits a fairer name he was provoked. As by unanswerable proofs it is confirmed, By Monteclaro's rashness, who repining That Severino, without his consent. Had marned Iolante, his sole sister, (It being concealed almost for thirteen years,) Though the gentleman, at all parts, was his equal, First challenged him, and, that declined, he gave him A blow in public

Mont Not to be endured. But by a slave

Lav This, great sir, justly weighed, You may a little, if you please, take from The rigour of your justice, and express An act of mercy.

Iol I can hear no more.

This opens an old wound, and makes a new one, Would it were cicatrized! wait me

Calif As your shadow

[Exeunt Iolante and Calipso

Alph We grant you these are glorious pretences, Revenge appearing in the shape of valour,

Munificence See note ante, p 177.

Which wise kings must distinguish the defence Of reputation, now made a bawd To murder, every trifle falsely styled An injury, and not to be determined But by a bloody duel though this vice Hath taken root and growth beyond the mountains, (As France, and, in strange fashions, her ape, England, can dearly witness with the loss Of more brave spirits than would have stood the shock Of the Turk's army,) while Alphonso lives It shall not here be planted. Move me no further In this. in what else suiting you to ask And me to give, expect a gracious answer: However, welcome to our court. Lord general, I'll bring you out of the ports, and then betake you To your good fortune.

Mont. Your grace overwhelms me.

[Excunt.



SCENE II -A Room in Severino's House.

Enter Calipso and Iolanie, with a purse and a jewel.

Calip. You are bound to favour him: mark you how he pleaded

For my lord's pardon.

I'l That's indeed a tie;

But I have a stronger on me

Calip Say you love

His person, be not ashamed of't, he's a man For whose embraces, though Endymion Lay sleeping by, Cynthia would leave her orb,

And exchange kisses with him

Iol. Do not fan

A fire that burns already too hot in me; I am in my honour sick, sick to the death,

Never to be recovered

Calip. What a coil's ' here

For loving a man! It is no Afric wonder.

If, like Pasiphae you doted on a bull,

Indeed 'twere monstrous, but in this you have

A thousand thousand precedents to excuse you.

A seaman's wife may ask relief of her neighbour,

When her husband's bound to the Indies and not blamed for't:

And many more besides of higher calling
Though I forbear to name them. You have a husband;
But. as the case stands with my lord, he is
A kind of no-husband, and your ladyship
As free as a widow can be. I confess,
If ladies should seek change that have their husbands
At board and bed, to pay their marriage duties,
(The surest bond of concord,) 'twere a fault,
Indeed it were: but for your honour, that
Do he alone so often—body of me'
I am zealous in your cause—let me take breath

Iöl. I apprehend what thou wouldst say. I want all As means to quench the spurious fire that burns here Calip. Want means, while I, your creature, live! I dare not

Be so unthankful.

Iol. Wilt thou undertake it?

And as an earnest of much more to come,
Receive this jewel, and purse crammed full of crowns —
[Aside] How dearly I am forced to buy dishonour

Calip. I would do it gratis but 'twould ill become My breeding to refuse your honour's bounty, Nay, say no more, all rhetoric in this Is comprehended, let me alone to work him He shall be yours, that's poor, he is already At your devotion. I will not boast My faculties this way, but suppose he were Coy as Adonis, or Hippolytus,

¹ What a tuss

And your desires more hot than Cytherea's, Or wanton Phædra's, I will bring him chained To your embraces, glorying in his fetters. I have said it.

Iel. Go, and prosper, and imagine
A salary beyond thy hopes.

Calif. Sleep you
Secure on either ear, the burthen's yours
To entertain him, mine to bring him hither.

Excunt.



SCENE III -A Room in Adorto's House

Enter Adorio, Camillo, Llniulo, and Donato

Don. Your wrong's beyond a challenge, and you deal

Too fairly with him, if you take that way To right yourself

Lent The least that you can do, In the terms of honour, 15, when next you meet him, To give him the bastinado

Cam. And that done,

Draw out his sword to cut your own throat! No, Be ruled by me, show yourself an Italian, And, having received one injury, do not put off Your hat for a second, there are fellows that, For a few crowns, will make him sure, and so, With your revenge, you prevent future mischief.

Ador I thank you, gentlemen, for your studied care In what concerns my honour, but in that I'll steer mine own course Yet, that you may know You are still my cabinet counsellors, my bosom Lies open to you, I begin to feel A weariness, nay, satiety of looseness,

¹ i.e Sleep soundly (Lat in utramvis aurem dormire; Fr. dormir sur les deux oreilles)

And something tells me here, I should repent My harshness to Calista

Enter CARIO, hastily.

Canul When you please, You may remove that scruple.

Ador I shall think on't

Car Sir, sir, are you ready?

Ador. To do what? I am sure

'Tis not yet dinner-time

Car True; but I usher Such an unexpected dainty bit for breakfast, As yet I never cooked: 'tis not botargo,' Fried frogs, potatoes marrowed, cavear, Carps' tongues, the pith of an English chine of beef, Nor our Italian delicate, oiled mushrooms. And yet a drawer-on 2 too, and if you show not An appetite, and a strong one, I'll not say To eat it, but devour it, without grace too, (For it will not stay a preface,) I am shamed, And all my past provocatives will be jeered at

Ador Art thou in thy wits? what new-found rarity

Hast thou discovered?

Car No such matter, sir, It grows in our own country

Don Serve it up,

I feel a kind of stomach.

Camil. I could feed too.

Car Not a bit upon a march, there's other lettuce For your coarse lips, this is peculiar only For my master's palate, I would give my whole year's wages,

With all my vails,3 and fees due to the kitchen, But to be his carver

The hard roe of the mullet pickled with oil and vinegar.

² Gifford says that the phrase is "yet in use" (1805) in the sense of "an incitement to appetite."

³ Presents, gifts.

Ader. Leave your fooling, sirrah, And bring in your dainty.

Car. 'Twill bring in itself, It has life and spirit in it, and for proof. Behold! Now fall to boldly; my life on't, It comes to be tasted.

Enter MIRTILLA, with letter and jewel.

Canul. Ha! Calista's woman?

Lent. A handsome one, by Venus

Ador. Pray you forbear.

You are welcome, fair one,

Den. How that blush becomes her!

Ador. Aim your designs at me?

Mirt. I am trusted, sir.

With a business of near consequence, which I would To your private ear deliver,

Car. I told you so

Give her audience on your couch; it is fit state To a she-ambassador.

Ador. Pray you, gentlemen,

For awhile dispose of yourselves, I'll straight attend you,

Excunt Camillo, Leniulo, and Donato

Car. Dispatch her first for your honour: the quickly domg---

You know what follows.

Ador. Will you please to vanish? Exit Carlo

Now, pretty one, your pleasure? you shall find me

Ready to serve you; if you'll put me to

My oath, I'll take it on this book. Offers to kiss her.

Mirt O sir,

The favour is too great, and far above My poor ambition; I must kiss your hand In sign of humble thankfulness

Ador. So modest!

Mut It well becomes a maid, sir. Spare those blessings

For my noble mistress, upon whom with justice,
And, with your good allowance, I might add
With a due gratitude, you may confer them,
But this will better speak her chaste desires

[Delivers a letter.

Than I can fancy what they are, much less
With moving language, to their fair deserts,
Aptly express them Pray you read, but with
Compassion, I beseech you if you find
The paper blurred with tears fallen from her eyes
While she endeavoured to set down that truth
Her soul did dictate to her, it must challenge
A gracious answer

Ador O the powerful charms By that fair hand writ down here! not like those Which, dreadfully pronounced by Circe, changed Ulysses' followers into beasts, these have An opposite working, I already feel, But reading them, their saving operations: And all those sensual, loose, and base desires Which have too long usurped and tyrannized Over my reason of themselves fall off Most happy metamorphosis! in which The film of error that did blind my judgment And seduced understanding, is removed What sacrifice of thanks can I return Her pious chanty, that not alone Redeems me from the worst of slavery, The tyranny of my beastly appetites To which I long obsequiously have bowed, But adds a matchless favour, to receive A benefit from me nay puts her goodness In my protection.

Mirt. [Aside] Transformed —it is A blessed metamorphosis, and works I know not how on me Ador. My joys are boundless, Curbed with no limits: for her sake, Mutilla, Instruct me how I presently may seal. To those strong bonds of loyal love and service Which never shall be cancelled.

Mint. She'll become

Your debtor, sir, if you vouchsafe to answer Her pure affection

Ador. Answer it, Mirtilla!

With more than adoration I kneel to it Tell her, I'll rather die a thousand deaths Than fail, with punctuality, to perform All her commands.

Mirl. [Asule] I am lost on this assurance. Which, if 'twere made to me, I should have faith in't, As in an oracle: ah me!—She presents you This jewel, her dead grandsire's gift, in which, As by a true Egyptian hieroglyphic (For so I think she called it), you may be Instructed what her suit is you should do, And she with joy will suffer.

Ador Heaven be pleased
To qualify this excess of happiness
With some disaster, or I shall expire
With a surfeit of felicity With what art
The cunning lapidary hath here expressed
The rape of Proserpine! I apprehend
Her purpose, and obey it, yet not as
A helping friend, but a husband I will meet
Her chaste desires with lawful heat, and warm
Our Hymeneal sheets with such delights
As leave no sting behind them.

Mirt [Aside] I despair then.

Ador At the time appointed say, wench, I'll attend her. And guard her from the fury of her mother, And all that dare disturb her

Mut. You speak well, And I believe you.

Ador Would you aught else?

Carry some love-sign to her, and now I think on't The kind salute you offered at my entrance, Hold it not impudence that I desire it, I'll faithfully deliver it

Ador O, a kiss!

You must excuse me, I was then mine own, Now wholly hers the touch of other lips I do abjure for ever · but there's gold To bind thee still my advocate

[Exit.

Mirt Not a kiss!

I was coy when it was offered, and now justly,
When I beg one am denied. What scorching fires
My loose hopes kindle in me! shall I be
False to my lady's trust, and, from a servant,
Rise up her rival? His words have bewitched me,
And something I must do, but what?—'tis yet
An embryon, and how to give it form,
Alas, I know not. Pardon me, Calista,
I am nearest to myself, and time will teach me
To perfect that which yet is undermined

Evit.



SCENE IV -A Forest

Enter CLAUDIO and SEVERINO.

Claud You are master of yourself, yet, if I may, As a tried friend in my love and affection, And a servant in my duty, speak my thoughts Without offence, i' the way of counsel to you, I could allege, and truly, that your purpose For Naples, covered with a thin disguise, Is full of danger

Sev Danger, Claudio 1
'Tis here, and everywhere, our forced companion:

The rising and the setting sun beholds us Environed with it, our whole life a journey Ending in certain ruin.

Claud Yet we should not, Howe'er besieged, deliver up our fort Of life, till it be forced

Sev. 'Tis so indeed By wisest men concluded, which we should Obey as Christians, but when I consider How different the progress of our actions Is from religion, nay, morality, I cannot find in reason, why we should Be scrupulous that way only; or like meteors Blaze forth prodigious terrors, till our stuff Be utterly consumed, which once put out, Would bring security unto ourselves, And safety unto those we prey upon O Claudio 1 since by this fatal hand The brother of my wife, bold Monteclaro, Was left dead in the field, and I proscribed After my flight, by the justice of the king, My being hath been but a living death, With a continued torture

Claud Yet in that You do delude their bloody violence That do pursue your life

Ser. While I, by rapines,
Live terrible to others as myself—
What one hour can we challenge as our own,
Unhappy as we are, yielding a beam
Of comfort to us? Quiet night, that brings
Rest to the labourer, is the outlaw's day,
In which he rises early to do wrong,
And when his work is ended dares not sleep:
Our time is spent in watches to entrap
Such as would shun us, and to hide ourselves
From the ministers of justice, that would bring us

To the correction of the law O, Claudio,
Is this a life to be preserved, and at
So dear a rate? But why hold I discourse
On this sad subject, since it is a burthen
We are marked to bear, and not to be shook off
But with our human frailty? in the change
Of dangers there is some delight, and therefore
I am resolved for Naples

Claud May you meet there
All comforts that so fair and chaste a wife
(As Fame proclaims her without parallel)
Can yield to ease your sorrows!

Sev. I much thank you, Yet you may spare those wishes, which with joy I have proved certainties, and from their want Her excellencies take lustre.

Claud Ere you go yet,

Some charge unto your squires not to fly out
Beyond their bounds were not impertment
For though that with a look you can command them
In your absence they'll be headstrong

Sev. 'Tis well thought on,

I'll touch my horn,—[Blows lus horn]—they know my call

Claud And will,

As soon as heard, make in to't from all quarters, As the flock to the shepherd's whistle.

Enter Banditti

1st Ban. What's your will?

2nd Ban Hail, sovereign of these woods!

3rd Ban We lay our lives

At your highness' feet

4th Ban. And will confess no king.

Nor laws but what come from your mouth, and those
We gladly will subscribe to.

See. Make this good.

In my absence, to my substitute, to whom

Pay all obedience as to myself:

The breach of this in one particular

I will severely punish: on your lives,

Remember upon whom with our allowance

You may securely prev, with such as are

Exempted from your fury

Claud. 'Twere not amiss.

If you please, to help their memory besides,

Here are some newly initiated.

Ser. To these

Read you the articles, I must be gone:

Claudio, farewell !

Exit

Claud. May your return be speedy 1 1st Ban. Silence; out with your table-books and Ban. And observe.

Claud. [Reads] "The cormorant that lives in expectation

Of a long wished-for dearth, and, smiling, grinds The faces of the poor, you may make spoil of; Even theft to such is justice"

31 d Ban He's in my tables

Claud, [Reads] "The grand encloser of the commons, for

His private profit or delight, with all

His herds that graze upon't, are lawful puze."

4th Ban And we will bring them in, although the devil Stood roaring by, to guard them

Claud. [Reads] " If a usurer,

Greedy, at his own price, to make a purchase,

Taking advantage upon bond or mortgage

From a prodigal, pass through our territories, In the way of custom, or of tribute to us,

You may ease him of his burthen"

2nd Ban Wholesome doctrine.

Claud. [Reads] "Builders of non mills, that grub up forests

With timber trees for shipping."

1st Ban May we not

Have a touch at lawyers?

Claud. By no means; they may

Too soon have a gripe at us; they are angry hornets, Not to be jested with.

31 d Ban This is not so well.

Claud. [Reads.] "The owners of dark shops, that vent their wares

With perjuries; cheating vintners, not contented With half in half in their reckonings, yet cry out, When they find their guests want coin, 'Tis late and bed-time?

These ransack at your pleasures"

3rd Ban How shall we know them?

Claud. If they walk on foot, by their rat-coloured stockings,

And shining-shoes, if horsemen, by short boots, And riding-furniture of several counties.

and Ban. Not one of the list escapes us.

Claud. [Reads] "But for scholars,

Whose wealth hes in their heads, and not their pockets, Soldiers that have bled in their country's service.

The rent-racked farmer, needy market folks.

The sweaty labourer, carriers that transport

The goods of other men, are privileged.

But, above all, let none presume to offer

Violence to women, for our king hath sworn,

Who that way's a delinquent, without mercy

Hangs for't, by martial law"

All Long live Severino,

And perish all such cullions as repine

At his new monarchy!

Claud About your business,

¹ Base fellows, Ital coglioni.

That he may find, at his return, good cause To praise your care and discipline.

All. We'll not fail, sir

Excunt.



SCENE V.—A Street in Naples.

Enter LAVAL and CALIPSO.

Lar. Thou art sure mistaken; 'tis not possible That I can be the man thou art employed to.

Calip. Not you the man! you are the man of men, And such another, in my lady's eye,

Never to be discovered.

Lav. A mere stranger, Newly arrived!

Calip Still the more probable.

Since ladies, as you know, affect strange dainties,
And brought far to them!. This is not an age
In which saints live, but women, knowing women,

That understand their summum bonum is Variety of pleasures in the touch,

Derived from several nations, and if men would Be wise by their example——

Lav. As most are, 'Tis a coupling age!

Calip. Why, sir, do gallants travel—
Answer that question—but, at their return,
With wonder to the hearers, to discourse of
The garb and difference in foreign females,
As the lusty girl of France, the sober German,
The plump Dutch frow, the stately dame of Spain,
The Roman libertine, and sprightful Tuscan,
The merry Greek, Venetian courtezan,
The English fair companion, that learns something

Alluding to the proverb, "Far-fetched and dear-bought is good for ladies"

From every nation, and will fly at all,— I say again, the difference betwint these. And their own country gamesters?

Lav Aptly urged

Some make that their main end but may I ask, Without offence to your gravity, by what title Your lady, that invites me to her favours, Is known in the city?

Calip If you were a true-born monsieur,
You would do the business first, and ask that after
If you only truck with her title, I shall hardly
Deserve thanks for my travail, she is, sir,
No single-ducat trader, nor a beldam
So frozen up that a fever cannot thaw her,
No honess by her breath

Lav Leave these impertinencies,

And come to the matter

Calip Would you'd be as forward When you draw for the upshot !¹ she is, sir, a lady, A rich, fair, well-complexioned, and what is Not frequent among Venus' votaries, Upon my credit, which good men have trusted, A sound and wholesome lady, and her name is Madonna Iolante

Lav Iolante

I have heard of her, for chastity, and beauty, The wonder of the age

Calip Pray you, not too much Of chastity, fair and free I do subscribe to, And so you'll find her

Lav Come, you are a base creature, And, covering your foul ends with her fair name, Give me just reason to suspect you have A plot upon my life.

Cahp A plot! very fine!
Nay, 'tis a dangerous one, pray you beware of't,

¹ Compare Love's Labour's Lost, 18 1, 138

'Tis cunningly contrived. I plot to bring you Afoot, with the travel of some forty paces, To those delights which a man not made of snow Would ride a thousand miles for. You shall be Received at a postern door, if you be not cautious, By one whose touch would make old Nestor young, And cure his herma, a terrible plot! A kiss then ravished from you by such lips As flow with nectar, a juicy palm more precious Than the famed Sibylla's bough, to guide you safe Through mists of perfumes to a glorious room, Where Jove might feast his Juno; a dire plot! A banquet I'll not mention, that is common But I must not forget, to make the plot More horrid to you, the retiring bower, So furnished as might force the Persian's envy, The silver bathing-tub, the cambric rubbers,1 The embroidered quilt, the bed of gossamer And damask roses, a mere powder plot To blow you up! and last, a bed-fellow, To whose rare entertainment all these are But foils and settings off

Lat No more Her breath Would warm an eunuch

Calif I knew I should heat you.

Now he begins to glow!

Lav I am flesh and blood. And I were not man if I should not run the hazard, Had I no other ends in't I have considered Your motion,2 matron

Calif My "plot," sir, "on your life," For which I am deservedly suspected For a base and dangerous woman! Fare you well, sir; I'll be bold to take my leave,

¹ Rubbing cloths
2 "Motion" seems to be now confined to pathamentary language,
1t was formerly in general use for a proposal.

Lav. I will along too
Come, pardon my suspicion I confess
My error, and, eyeing you better, I perceive
There's nothing that is ill that can flow from you,
I am serious, and, for proof of it, I'll purchase
Your good opinion
[Gives her his purse.

Calip I am gently natured,
And can forget a greater wrong upon
Such terms of satisfaction

Lav What's the hour?

Calip. Twelve.

Lat. I'll not miss a minute.

Calip I shall find you

At your lodging?

Lav. Certainly, return my service, And for me kiss your lady's hands.

Calip At twelve I'll be your convoy.

Lat I desire no better

Excunt.

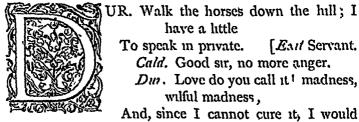




ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I -The Country

Enter Durazzo, Caldoro, and Servant



have a little To speak in private. East Servant. Cald. Good sir, no more anger. Dur. Love do you call it madness, wilful madness,

have you

Exactly mad. You are a lover already, Be a drunkard too, and after turn small poet, And then you are mad, katexokên the madman.

Cald. Such as are safe on shore may smile at tempests, But I, that am embarked, and every minute Expect a shipwreck, relish not your mirth: To me it is unseasonable

Dur Pleasing viands Are made sharp by sick palates. I affect A handsome mistress in my gray beard, as well As any boy of you all; and on good terms Will venture as far i' the fire, so she be willing To entertain me, but ere I would dote. As you do, where there is no flattering hope Ever to enjoy her, I would forswear wine,

¹ Pre-eminently, which sounds as well in English as in Greek Mass II

And kill this lecherous itch with drinking water, Or live, like a Carthusian, on poor John,1 Then bathe myself night by night in marble dew, And use no soap but camphire-balls 2

Cald. You may,

(And I must suffer it,) like a rough surgeon, Apply these burning caustics to my wounds Already gangrened, when soft unguents would Better express an uncle with some feeling Of his nephew's torments

Dur I shall melt, and cannot Hold out if he whimper. O that this young fellow, Who, on my knowledge, is able to beat a man, Should be baffled by this blind imagined boy, Or fear his bird-bolts 13

Cald. You have put yourself already To too much trouble, in bringing me thus far: Now, if you please, with your good wishes, leave me To my hard fortunes

Dur I'll forsake myself first. Leave thee! I cannot, will not, thou shalt have No cause to be weary of my company, For I'll be useful, and, ere I see thee perish, Dispensing with my dignity and candour,4 I will do something for thee, though it sayour Of the old squire of Troy.' As we ride, we will Consult of the means bear up

Cald I cannot sink. Having your noble aids to buoy me up There was never such a guardian

Dur How is this?

1 Hake fish, dried and salted

² Camphor was supposed to be a strong anaphrodisiac See Sir T Browne's Vulgar Errors, b n, ch vn, sec 5

Blunt-headed arrows ("gross-knobbed," according to Marston),

used in killing birds

⁶ Pandaius

⁴ Used by Massinger, apparently, as synonymous with fair reputation, compare Parliament of Love, iv 3, 21

Stale compliments to me! when my work's done, Commend the artificer, and then be thankful. [Excunt.



SCENE II.—A Room in Severino's House

Enter Calista richly habited, and Mirrilla in the gown which Calista first wore.

Calis. How dost thou like my gown?

Mirt. 'Tis rich and courtlike.

Calis The dressings too are suitable?

Mat. I must say so,

Or you might blame my want of care.

Calis. My mother

Little dreams of my intended flight, or that

These are my nuptial ornaments

Mut. I hope so.

Calis. How dully thou reply'st! thou dost not envy Adorio's noble change, or the good fortune

That it brings to me?

Mirt. My endeavours that way

Can answer for me

Calis. True; you have discharged A faithful servant's duty, and it is

By me rewarded like a liberal mistress,

I speak it not to upbiaid you with my bounties,

Though they deserve more thanks and ceremony Than you have yet expressed.

an you have yet expr

Mut. The miseries

Which, from your happiness, I am sure to suffer, Restrain my forward tongue, and, gentle madam,

Restrain my forward tongue, and, gentie madar

Excuse my weakness, though I do appear

A little daunted with the heavy burthen

I am to undergo when you are safe,

My dangers, like to roaring torrents, will

Gush in upon me; yet I would endure

Your mother's cruelty but how to bear
Your absence, in the very thought confounds me.
Since we were children I have loved and served you;
I willingly learned to obey, as you
Grew up to knowledge, that you might command me,
And now to be divorced from all my comforts!
Can this be borne with patience?

Calis. The necessity

Of my strange fate commands it. but I vow By my Adorio's love, I pity thee.

Mirt. Pity me. madam: a cold charity;

You must do more, and help me,

Calis. Ha! what said you'

I must! is this fit language for a servant?

Mirt. For one that would continue your poor servant, And cannot live that day in which she is Denied to be so. Can Mirulla sit Mourning alone, imagining those pleasures Which you, this blessed Hymeneal night. Enjoy in the embraces of your lord, And my lord too, in being yours? (already As such I love and honour him.) Shall a stranger Sew you in a sheet, to guard that maidenhead You must pretend to keep; and 'twill become you? Shall another do those bridal offices. Which time will not permit me to remember, 'And I pine here with envy? pardon me,—

And I pine here with envy? pardon me,—
I must and will be pardoned,—for my passions
Are in extremes; and use some speedy means
That I may go along with you, and share
In those delights but with becoming distance;
Or by his life, which as a saint you swear by,
I will discover all!

Calis. Thou canst not be So treacherous and cruel, in destroying The building thou hast raised.

¹ Bring to your remembrance.

Mit Pray you do not tempt me, ·For 'tis resolved

Calls [Acide] I know not what to think of t. In the discovery of my secrets to her, I have made my slave my mistress, I must soothe her, There's no evasion else -Prithee, Mirtilla, Be not so violent, I am strangely taken With thy affection for me; 'twas my purpose To have thee sent for.

Mut When?

Calls This very night, And I vow deeply I shall be no sooner In the desired possession of my lord, But by some of his servants I will have thee Conveyed unto us.

Mirt Should you break!

Calis I dare not.

Come, clear thy looks, for instantly we'll prepare For our departure.

Mirt. Pray you forgive my boldness, Growing from my excess of zeal to serve you.

Calls I thank thee for't. Mint. You'll keep your word?

Calis Still doubtful!

[Exit

Mirt 'Twas this I aimed at, and leave the rest to fortune. Exit, following.



SCENE III -A Room in Adorio's House

Enter Adorio, Camillo, Lentulo, Donato, Cario, and Servants.

Ador. Haste you unto my villa, and take all Provision along with you, and for use And ornament, the shortness of the time Can furnish you; let my best plate be set out,

And costnest hangings; and, if t be possible, With a merry dance to entertain the bride, Provide an epithalamium

Car Trust me

For belly-tumber. and for a song, I have A paper-blurrer, who on all occasions, For all times, and all seasons, hath such trinkets Ready in the deck ¹ it is but altering The names, and they will serve for any bride, Or bridegroom, in the kingdom.

Ador. But for the dance?

Car I will make one myself, and foot it finely;
And summoning your tenants at my dresser,
Which is, indeed, my drum, make a rare choice
Of the able youth, such as shall sweat sufficiently,
And smell too, but not of amber, which, you know, is
The grace of the country-hall

Ador About it, Cario, And look you be careful

Car For mine own credit, sir

[Excunt Carlo and Servants.

Ador Now, noble friends, confirm your loves, and think not

Of the penalty of the law, that does forbid The stealing away an heir I will secure you, And pay the breach of t

Camil Tell us what we shall do.

We'll talk of that hereafter

Ador Pray you be careful
To keep the west gate of the city open,
That our passage may be free, and bribe the watch
With any sum, this is all

Don A dangerous business!

¹ The term signified a pack of cards, and came to be applied to a heap or pile generally, ² Compare *Unnatural Combat*, m. 1, 22

[&]quot;When the dresser, the cook's drum, thunders, Come on!"

Camil I'll make the constable, watch, and porter drunk,

Under a crown.

Lent. And then you may pass while they snore, Though you had done a murder

Camil Get but your mistress,

And leave the rest to us.

Ador. You much engage me.1

But I forget myself

Camil Pray you, in what, sir?

Ador. Yielding too much to my affection, Though lawful now, my wounded reputation And honour suffer. the disgrace, in taking A blow in public from Caldoro, branded With the infamous mark of coward, in delaying To right myself, upon my cheek grows freshei; That's first to be considered

Canul. If you dare

Trust my opinion, (yet I have had Some practice and experience in duels,) You are too tender that way: can you answer The debt you owe your honour till you meet Your enemy from whom you may exact it? Hath he not left the city, and in fear Concealed himself, for aught I can imagine? What would you more?

Ador I should do.

Canul. Never think on't,

Till fitter time and place invite you to it.

I have read Caranza, and find not in his Grammar Of quarrels, that the injured man is bound.

To seek for reparation at an hour,

¹ te I am much indebted to you
2 "O, sir, we quarrel in print, by the book, as you have books tor good manners," As You Like It, v 4, 94 Caranza was the author of a popular treatise on duelling, often alluded to by the dramatists From a passage quoted by Gifford from Jonson's New Inn it seems that he was by this time going out of favour.

But may, and without loss, till he hath settled More serious occasions that import him. For a day or two defer it.

Ador You'll subscribe

Your hand to this?

Canul And justify't with my life,

Presume upon't

Ador On, then, you shall o'er-rule me.

Exerni



Scene IV -A Room in Severino's House

Enter JÖLANTE and CALIPSO

Tol. I'll give thee a golden tongue, and have it hung up, Over thy tomb, for a monument

Calip I am not prepared yet To leave the world, there are many good pranks I must dispatch in this kind before I die And I had rather, if your honour please, Have the crowns in my purse.

Iol Take that

Calis Magnificent lady!

May you live long, and, every moon, love change, That I may have fresh employment! You know what Remains to be done?

Iol Yes, yes, I will command My daughter and Mirtilla to their chamber.

Cahp And lock them up, such liquorish kitlings are not

To be trusted with our cream Ere I go, I'll help you To set forth the banquet, and place the candied enngoes2 Where he may be sure to taste them, then undress you.

¹ Kittens

² Compare Merry Wives of Windsor, v 5, 21—23 "Let the sky in potatoes, hall kissing-comfits and snow eningoes, let there come a tempest of provocation "

For these things are cumbersome, when you should be active:

A thin night mantle to hide put of your smock, With your pearl-embroidered pantofles on your feet. And then you are armed for service! nay, no trifling, We are alone, and you know its a point of folly To be coy to eat when meat is set before you. [Event.



SCENE V.—A Street before SEVERINO'S House

Enter ADORIO and Servant

Ader 'Tis eleven by my watch, the hour appointed Listen at the door—hear'st thou any stirring?

Serr No, sir,

All's silent here

Ador Some cursed business keeps
Her mother up I'll walk a little circle.
And show where you shall wait us with the horses.
And then return. This short delay afflicts me,
And I presume to her it is not pleasing. [Licunt.

Enter Durazzo and Caldoro

Dur What's now to be done? prithee let's to bed, I am sleepy;

And here's my hand on't, without more ado, By fair or foul play we'll have her to-morrow In thy possession

Cald Good sir, give me leave
To taste a little comfort in beholding
The place by her sweet presence sanctified.
She may perhaps, to take air, ope the casement.
And looking out, a new star to be gazed on
By me with adoration, bless these eyes,
Ne'er happy but when she is made the object.

Dur Is not here fine fooling! Cald Thou great Queen of Love, Or real or imagined, be propitious To me, thy faithful votary! and I vow To erect a statue to thee, equal to Thy picture, by Apelles' skilful hand Left as the great example of his art, And on thy thigh I'll hang a golden Cupid, His torches flaming, and his quiver full, For further honour!

Dur End this waking dream, And let's away

Enter from the house Calista and Mirtilla

Calis Mirtilla

Cald 'Tis her voice!

Calis. You heard the horses' footing?

Mist Certainly

Calis Speak low My Lord Adorio!

Cald I am dumb

Dur The darkness friend us too! Most honoured Adono, your servant _ [madam,

Cahs As you are so,

I do command your silence tile

Further removed, and let the assure you (I the sable night that hides my blushes)

I am wholly yours

Dur Forward, you micher 11

Mirt Madam,

Think on Mirtilla!

Goes into the house.

Dur I'll not now inquire The mystery of this, but bless kind fortune Favouring us beyond our hopes, yet, now I think on't, I had ever a lucky hand in such smock night-work

Excunt

Compare I Henry IV, II 1 Truant, still used by schoolboys 4, 450

Erler Aporto and Servant.

Ador. This slowness does amaze me: she's not altered In her late resolution?

Tol. [Within] Get you to bed,

And stir not on your life, till I command you.

Ader. Her mother's voice! listen.

Serv. Here comes the daughter,

Re-enter MIRITLA hastily.

Mirt. Whither shall I fly for succour?

Ador. To these arms,

Your castle of defence, impregnable,

And not to be blown up: how your heart beats!

Take comfort, dear Calista, you are now

In his protection that will ne'er forsake you.

Adorio, your changed Adorio, swears
By your best self, an oath he dares not break,
He loves you, loves you in a noble way.
His constancy firm as the poles of Heaven
I will urge no reply, silence becomes you,
And I'll defer the music of your voice
Till we are in a place of safety.

Mirt. [Asule] O blest error!

[Excurt

Enter SEVERINO.

Ser. 'Tis midnight. how my fears of certain death, Being surprised, combat with my strong hopes Raised on my chaste wife's goodness! I am grown A stranger in this city, and no wonder, I have too long been so unto my self. Grant me a little truce, my troubled soul—I hear some footing, ha!

Enter LAVAL and CALIPSO.

Calip. That is the house,
And there's the key you'll find my lady ready

To entertain you, 'tis not fit I should
Stand gaping by while you bill I have brought you
on,

Charge home, and come off with honour

[Exit

Sev. It makes this way

Lav. I am much troubled, and know not what to think Of this design.

See It still comes on

Law The watch!

I am betrayed.

Sev. Should I now appear fearful,
It would discover me, there's no returng.
My confidence must protect me, I'll appear
As if I walked the round '-Stand'

Lav I am lost

Sev The word?

Lav Pray you forbear; I am a stranger, And missing, this dark stormy night, my way To my lodging, you shall do a courteous office To guide me to it.

Sev Do you think I stand here For a page or a porter?

Lav. Good sir, grow not so high ² I can justify my being abroad I am No pilfering vagabond, and what you are Stands yet in supposition, and I charge you, If you are an officer, bring me before your captain, For if you do assault me, though not in fear Of what you can do alone, I will cry murder, And raise the streets.

Ser Before my captain, ha!

And bring my head to the block. Would we were parted,
I have greater cause to fear the watch than he

Lav Will you do your duty?

^{1 1} c As if I were one of the watch

Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iv 15, 43 "Let me rail so high."

Ser. I must close with him:—
Truth, sir, whate'er you are. (yet by your language,
I guess you a gentleman,) I'll not use the rigour
Of my place upon you only quit this street,
For your stay here will be dangerous; and good night!

Law The like to you, sir, I'll grope out my way
As well as I can. O damned bawd!—Fare you well, sin
[Evit.

Ser. I am glad he's gone, there is a secret passage, Unknown to my wife, through which this key will guide me

To her desired embraces, which must be.

My presence being beyond her hopes, most welcome.

Ent



SCENE VI.-A Room in SEVERINO'S House.

IOLANTE is heard speaking behind a curtain

Iel I am full of perplexed thoughts Imperious blood. Thou only art a tyrant, judgment, reason, To whatsoever thy edicts proclaim, With vassal fear subscribe against themselves I am yet safe in the port, and see before me. If I put off, a rough tempestuous sea, The raging winds of infamy from all quarters Assuring my destruction; yet my lust Swelling the wanton sails, (my understanding Stowed under hatches.) like a desperate pilot, Commands me to urge on. My pride, my pride, Self-love, and over-value of myself, Are justly punished: I that did deny My daughter's youth allowed and lawful pleasures. And would not suffer in her those desires She sucked in with my milk, now in my waning Am scorched and burnt up with libidinous fire,

حق `

That must consume my fame, yet still I throw More fuel on it

Enter SEVERINO before the curtain

Ser. 'Tis her voice, poor turtle.'
She's now at her devotions, praying for
Her banished mate; alas that for my guilt
Her innocence should suffer! But I do
Commit a second sin in my deferring
The ecstasy of joy that will transport her
Beyond herself, when she flies to my lips,
And seals my welcome.—[Draw's the curtain, and discovers Iölante scated, with a rich banquet and tapers set forth]—Iolante!

Iol Ha

Good angels guard me!

Sev. What do I behold!

Some sudden flash of lightning strike me blind.

Or cleave the centre of the earth, that I

May living find a sepulchre to swallow

Me and my shame together!

Iol [Aside.] Guilt and horror Confound me in one instant, thus surprised,. The subtlety of all wantons, though abstracted, Can show no seeming colour of excuse, To plead in my defence

Sev. Is this her mourning?

O killing object! The imprisoned vapours

Of rage and sorrow make an earthquake in me,

This little world, like to a tottering tower,

Not to be underpropped —yet, in my fall,

I'll crush thee with my ruins [Draws a poniar d.

Iol [Kneeling] Good sir, hold:
For, my defence unheard, you wrong your justice.
If you proceed to execution,
And will, too late, repent it.

Sev Thy defence!

To move it, adds (could it receive addition) Ugliness to the loathsome leprosy That, in thy being a strumpet, hath already Infected every vein, and spreads itself Over this carrion, which would poison vultures And dogs, should they devour it Yet, to stamp The seal of reprobation on thy soul, I'll hear thy impudent lies, borrowed from hell, And prompted by the devil, thy tutor, whore ! Then send thee to him. Speak.

Iol Your Gorgon looks Turn me to stone, and a dead palsy seizes My silenced tongue.

Ser. O Fate, that the disease Were general in women, what a calm Should wretched men enjoy! Speak, and be brief, Or thou shalt suddenly feel me.

I'd Be appeased, sir, Until I have delivered reasons for This solemn preparation.

Scv. On, I hear thee

I'd With patience ask your memory; 'twill instruct you, This very day of the month, seventeen years since, You married me.

Sev Grant it, what canst thou urge From this?

Iol. That day, since your proscription, sir. In the remembrance of it annually. The garments of my sorrow laid aside, I have with pomp observed.

Sev Alone!

'Iol. The thoughts

Of my felicity then, my misery now, Were the invited guests; imagination Teaching me to believe that you were present, And a partner in it

Sev. Rare! this real banquet

To feast your fancy fiend ! could fancy drink off These flagons to my health, or the idol Thought 1. Like Baal, devour these delicates? the room Perfumed to take his nostrils! this loose habit. Which Messalma would not wear, put on To fire his lustful eyes! Wretch am I grown So weak in thy opinion, that it can Flatter credulity that these gross tricks May be forsted on me? Where's my daughter? where The bawd your woman? answer me - Calista! Mirtilla! they are disposed of, if not murdered. To make all sure; and yet methinks your neighbour. Your whistle, agent, parasite. Calipso. Should be within call when you hem, to usher in The close² adulterer. Lass hands on her.

Tol What will you do?

Ser. Not kill thee, do not hope it I am not So near to reconcilement. Ha! this scarf. The intended favour to your stallion. now Is useful: do not strive,—[He binds her.]—thus bound. expect

All studied tortures my assurance, not
My jealousy thou art false, can pour upon thee.
In darkness howl thy mischiefs, and, if rankness
Of thy imagination can conjure
The ribald hither, glut thyself with him,
I will cry aim 12 and in another room
Determine of my vengeance. Oh, my heart-strings?

[Exal with the tapers.

³ An expression borrowed from archery, meaning to encourage the archers by crying "aim," when they were about to shoot, and then in a general sense to appland, to encourage with cheers—Schmidt

Compare King John, u. 1, 196

instead of "idol" Perhaps it was a mere blunder of his printers: in any case, there can be no question that the reading of the old edition is correct "Baal," in the next line, has no sense whatever with the other reading "Secret."

[&]quot;It ill beseems this presence to cry aim.
To these ill-tuned repetitions."

Iol. Most miserable woman! and yet, sitting A judge in mine own cause upon myself, I could not mitigate the heavy doom My incensed husband must pronounce upon me. In my intents I am guilty, and for them Must suffer the same punishment as if I had in fact offended.

Calip. [Within] Bore my eyes out, If you prove me faulty. I'll but tell my lady What caused your stay, and instantly present you.

Enter CALIPSO

How's this? no lights! What new device? will she play

At blindman's buff?--Madam!

Tol 'Upon thy life,

Speak in a lower key.

Calip The mystery

Of this, sweet lady? where are you?

Ivl. Here, fast bound.

Calip. By whom?

I'll whisper that into thine ear,

And then farewell for ever.-

· Calip. How! my lord?

I am in a fever: horns upon horns grow on him!

Could he pick no hour but this to break a bargain

Almost made up?

Jol. What shall we do?

Calip. Betray him,

I'll instantly raise the watch.

In And so make me

For ever infamous.

Calip The gentleman,

The larest gentleman is at the door;

Shall he lose his labour? Since that you'must perish,

'Twill show a woman's spleen in you to fall

Descriedly, give him his answer, madam

Mass II.

R

I have on the sudden in my head a strange whimsie,
But I will first unbind you

[Fices IOLANTE

Tol. Now what follows?

Calip. I will supply your place, and bound [IOLANTE binds CALIPSO.] give me

Your mantle, take my night-gown, send away
The gentleman satisfied. I know my lord
Wants power to hurt'you; I perhaps may get
A kiss by the bargain, and all this may prove
But some neat love-trick if he should grow furious,
And question me, I am resolved to put on
An obstinate silence. Pray you dispatch the gentleman
His courage may cool

Iol. I'll speak with him, but if To any base or lustful end, may mercy At my last gasp forsake me ¹

East

Calip. I was too rash,

And have done what I wish undone say he should kill me?

I have run my head in a fine noose, and I smell
The pickle I am in! 'las, how I shudder
Still more and more! would I were a she-Priapus,
Stuck up in a garden to fright away the crows,
So I were out of the house! she's at her pleasure,
Whate'er she said, and I must endure the torture—
He comes, I cannot pray, my fears will kill me

Re-enter Severino with a knife in his hand, the owing open the doors wolently

Sev It is a deed of darkness, and I need No light to guide me, there is something tells me I am too slow-paced in my wreak, and trifle In my revenge All hushed in o sigh nor groan, To witness her compunction can guilt sleep, And innocence be open-eyed? even now, Perhaps, she dreams of the adulterer,

Ext.

And in her fancy hugs him. Wake, thou strumpet,
And instantly give up unto my vengeance.
The villain that defiles my bed; discover.
Both what and where he is, and suddenly,
That I may bind you face to face, then sew you.
Into one sack, and from some steep rock huil you.
Into the sea together, do not play with.
The lightning of my rage, break stubborn silence,
And answer my demands, will it not be?
I'll talk no longer, thus I mark thee for
A common strumpet.

[Strikes at her with the knife]

Calip Oh!

See. Thus stab these arms

That have stretched out themselves to grasp a stranger. Calip. Oh!

See. This is but an induction, I will draw The curtains of the tragedy hereafter: Howl on, 'tis music to me

Calip He is gone.

A "kiss," and "love-tricks!" he hath villamous teeth, May sublimed mercury draw them! if all dealers In my profession were paid thus, there would be A dearth of cuckolds. Oh my nose! I had one. My arms, my arms! I dare not cry for fear, Cursèd desire of gold, how art thou punished!

Re-enter Iölanie

In Chastity's cold school, was so instructed As by her contrary, how base and deformed Loose appetite is, as in a few short minutes This stranger hath, and feelingly, delivered Oh! that I could recall my bad intentions, And be as I was yesterday untainted In my desires, as I am still in fact, I thank his temperance! I could look undaunted

Upon my husbands rage, and smile at it. So strong the guards and sure defences are Of armed innocence, but I will endure The penance of my sin, the only means Is left to purge it. The day breaks -Calinso!

Calip Here, madam, here.

Icl. Hath my lord visited thee?

Calip. Hell take such visits! these stabbed arms, and loss

Of my nose you left fast on, may give you a relish What a night I have had of't, and what you had suffered.

Had I not supplied your place.

Iol. I truly gneve for't,

Did not my husband speak to thee?

Calip. Yes, I heard him,

And felt him, ecce signum, with a mischief! But he knew not me, like a true-bred Spartan boy.1 With silence I endured it, he could not get

One syllable from me

Iol. Something may be fashioned From this; invention help me! I must be sudden

Unbinds her

Thou art free, exchange, quick, quick! now bind me

And leave me to my fortune

Calip Pray you consider

The loss of my nose, had I been but carted for you,2 Though washed with mire and chamber-lye, I had Examples to excuse me, but my nose,

My nose, dear lady!

Iol. Get off, I'll send to thee. Exit Calipso. If so, it may take, if it fail, I must

Suffer whatever follows.

The old edition reads "fox" There can be no doubt of the correctness of the emendation first introduced by Monck Mason. ² In allusion to the practice of carring loose women.

Re-enter Severino with the knife and taper

Ser. I have searched
In every corner of the house, yet find not
My daughter, nor her maid; nor any pint
Of a man's footing, which, this wet night, would
Be easily discerned, the ground being soft,
At his coming in or going out.

Iol [Aside] 'Tis he,

And within hearing; Heaven forgive this feigning, I being forced to't to preserve my life,
To be better spent hereafter!

Ser. I begin

To stagger, and my love, if it knew how, (Her piety heretofore, and fame remembered.) Would plead in her excuse.

Interpretation [Alond] You blessed guardians
Of matrimonial faith, and just revengers
Of such as do in fact offend against
Your sacred rites and ceremonies, by all titles
And holy attributes you do vouchsafe
To be invoked, look down with saving pity
Upon my matchless² sufferings!

Ser At her devotions
Affliction makes her repent
ful Look down

Upon a wretched woman, and as I
Have kept the knot of wedlock, in the temple
By the priest fastened, firm, (though in loose wishes
I yield I have offended;) to strike blind
The eyes of jealousy, that see a crime
I never yet committed, and to free me
From the unjust suspicion of my lord,
Restore my martyred face and wounded arms

¹ The original reads. "And I am within hearing," which is neither metre nor sense. "I am" was omitted by Gifford.

² Unequalled,

To their late strength and beauty

Ser Does she hope

To be cured by miracle?

Iol This minute I

Perceive with joy my orisons neard and granted You ministers of mercy, who unseen, And by a supernatural means, have done This work of heavenly charity, be ever Canonized for't!

Ser. I did not dream, I heard her,
And I have eyes too, they cannot deceive me:
If I have no belief in their assurance,
I must turn sceptic. Ha! this is the hand.
And this the fatal instrument—these drops
Of blood, that gushed forth from her face and arms.
Still fresh upon the floor—This is something more
Than wonder or amazement, I profess
I am astonished

I'ol. Be incredulous still,
And go on in your barbarous rage, led to it
By your false guide, suspicion; have no faith
In my so long tried loyalty, nor believe
That which you see; and for your satisfaction,
My doubted innocence cleared by miracle,
Proceed; these veins have now new blood, if you
Resolve to let it out.

Sev. [Aside] I would not be fooled
With easiness of behef, and faintly give
Credit to this strange wonder; 'tis now thought on,
In a fitter place and time I'll sound this further.
How can I expiate my sin? or hope, [Unites her.
Though now I write myself thy slave, the service
Of my whole life can win thee to pronounce
Despaired-of pardon? Shall I kneel? that's poor,
Thy mercy must urge more in my defence
Than I can fancy: wilt thou have revenge?
My heart lies open to thee.

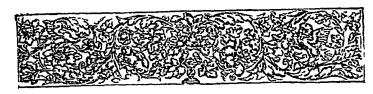
Int. This is needless To me, who, in the duty of a wife, Know I must suffer.

Ser. Thou art made up of goodness, And from my confidence that I am alone The object of thy pleasures, until death Divorce us, we will know no separation Without inquiring why, as sure thou wilt not, Such is thy meek obedience, thy jewels And choicest ornaments packed up, thou shalt Along with me, and as a queen be honoured By such as style me sovereign. Already My banishment is repealed, thou being present: The Neapolitan court a place of exile When thou art absent my stay here is mortal. Of which thou art too sensible, I perceive it, Come, dearest Iolante, with this breath All jealousy is blown away. [Embraces her. Excunt.

Iol. Be constant







ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I -The Country

A noise within, then enter Durazzo, Caldoro, and Servant, with Calista in their arms



UR Hell take the stumbling jade!

Cald. Heaven help the lady!

Serv: The horse hath broke his neck

Dur. Would thme were cracked too,

So the lady had no harm! Give her

fresh air,
'Tis but a swoon

Cald 'Tis more, she's dead

Dur Examine

Her limbs if they be whole not too high, not too high, You ferret, this is no coney-burrow for you How do you find her?

Cald No breath of comfort, sir too cruel fate! Had I still pined away, and lingered under The modesty of just and honest hopes, After a long consumption, sleep and death To me had been the same, but now, as 'twere, Possessed of all my wishes, in a moment To have them ravished from me! suffer shipwreck In view of the port! and, like a half-starved beggar, No sooner in compassion clothed, but coffined!— Maley olent destines, too cunning in

Wietched Caldoro's toitures! O Calista,
If thy immortal part hath not already
Left this fair palace, let a beam of light
Dawn from thine eye, in this Cimmerian darkness,
To guide my shaking hand to touch the anchoi
Of hope in thy recovery.

Calis Oh!

Dur. She hves,

Disturb her not · she is no right-bred woman, If she die with one fall, some of my acquaintance Have took a thousand merrily, and are still Excellent wiestlers at the close hug

Cald Good sir-

Dur. Prithee be not angry, I should speak thus if My mother were in her place

Cald But had you heard
The music of the language which she used
To me, believed Adono, as she rode
Behind me; little thinking that she did
Embrace Caldoro——

Calis Ah, Adono!

Dur. Leave talking, I conceive it

Calis Are you safe?

Cald And raised, like you, from death to life, to hear you.

Calis. Hear my defence then, ere I take my verl off, A simple maid's defence, which, looking on you, I faintly could deliver. Willingly I am become your prize, and therefore use Your victory nobly, Heaven's bright eye, the sun, Draws up the grossest vapours, and I hope I ne'er shall prove an envious cloud to darken The splendour of your ments—I could urge With what disdain, nay scoin, I have declined The shadows of insinuating pleasures
'Tendered by all men else you only being

The object of my hopes that cruel prince

To whom the olive-branch of peace is offered. Is not a conqueror, but a bloody tyrant, If he refuse it; nor should you wish a triumph. Because Calista's humble: I have said, And now expect your sentence.

Dur. What a throng
Of clients would be in the court of Love.
Were there many such she-advocates! Art thou dumb?
Canst thou say nothing for thyself?

Cald [Kneels.] Dear lady, Open your eyes, and look upon the man, The man you have elected for your judge, Kneeling to you for mercy.

Calis I should know
This voice, and something more than fear I am
Deceived, but now I look upon his face,
I am assured I am wretched.

Dur. Why, good lady?—
Hold her up she'll fall again before her time else.—
The youth's a well-timbered youth, look on his making;
His hair curled naturally; he's whole-chested too,
And will do his work as well, and go through-stitch with't.

As any Adono in the world, my state on't! A chicken of the right kind: and if he prove not A cock of the game, cuckold him first, and after Make a capon of him.

Calis. I'll cry out a rape,
If thou unhand me not, would I had died
In my late trance, and never lived to know
I am betrayed!

Dur. To a young and active husband!
Call you that treachery? there are a shoal of
Young wenches i' the city, would vow a pilgrimage
Beyond Jerusalem, to be so cheated.—
To her again you milk-sop! violent storms

¹ Estate.

Are soon blown over.

Calls. How couldst thou, Caldoro,
With such a frontless' impudence arm thy hopes
So far as to believe I might consent
To this lewd practice? have I not often told thee
Howe'er I pitied thy misplaced affection,
I could not answer it; and that there was
A strong antipathy between our passions
Not to be reconciled?

Cald. Vouchsafe to hear me
With an impartial ear, and it will take from
The rigour of your censure — Man was marked
A friend, in his creation, to himself.
And may with fit ambition conceive
The greatest blessings, and the highest honours
Appointed for him, if he can achieve them
The right and noble way — I grant you were
The end of my design, but still pursued
With a becoming modesty, Heaven at length
Being pleased, and not my arts, to further it

Du Now he comes to her: on, hoy!

Cald I have served you
With a religious zeal, and borne the burthen
Of your neglect, if I may call it so,
Beyond the patience of a man: to prove this,
I have seen those eyes with pleasant glances play
Upon Adorio's, like Phœbe's² shine,
Gilding a crystal river, and your lip
Rise up in civil courtship to meet his
While I bit mine with envy yet these favours,
Howe'er my passion's raged, could not provoke me
To one act of rebellion against
My loyalty to you, the sovereign
To whom I owe obedience
Calis. My blushes

Confess this for a truth,

¹ Shameless

² The moon's.

Dur A flag of truce is Hung out in this acknowledgment Cald I could add, But that you may interpret what I speak The malice of a rival, rather than My due respects to your deserts, how faintly Adono hath returned thanks to the bounty Of your affection, ascribing it As a tribute to his worth, and not in you An act of mercy could he else, invited (As by your words I understood) to take you To his protection, grossly neglect So gracious an offer, or give power To Fate itself to cross him? O, dear madam. We are all the balls of Time, tossed to and fro. From the plough unto the throne, and back again Under the swing of destiny mankind suffers, And it appears, by an unchanged decree, You were appointed mine; wise nature always Aiming at due proportion and if so, I may believe with confidence, Heaven, in pity

To your vowed servant's bosom

Dur By my holidame,1

Tickling philosophy

Calis I am, sir, too weak

To argue with you, but my stars have better, I hope, provided for me

Of my sincere affection, and long patience, Directed you, by a most blessèd error,

Cald If there be

Disparity between us, 'tis in your

Compassion to level it.

Dur Give fire

To the mine, and blow her up

Calis I am sensible

Of what you have endured, but on the sudden,

¹ A corruption of "halidom ' (holiness)-a common oath

With my unusual travel, and late bruse,
I am exceeding we rry. In you grove,
While I repose myself, be you my guard;
My spirits with some little rest revived,
We will consider further: for my part,
You shall receive modest and gentle answers
To your demands though short, perhaps, to make you
Full satisfaction

Cald. I am exalted In the employment, sleep secure, I'll be Your vigilant sentinel.

Calis But I command you.

And, as you hope for future grace, obey me,
Presume not with one stolen hiss to disturb
The quiet of my slumbers; let your temperance,
And not your lust, watch o'er me

Cald. My desires

Are frozen, till your pity shall dissolve them

Dur Frozen! think not of frost, fool, in the dog-days Remember the old adage, and make use of't, "Occasion's bald behind."

Calis. Is this your uncle?

Cald And guardian, madam at your better leisure, When I have deserved it, you may give him thanks For his many favours to me.

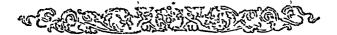
Calis. He appears

A pleasant gentleman [Excunt CALDORO and CALISIA Dur You should find me so,

But that I do hate incest I grow heavy, Sirrah, provide fresh horses; I'll seek out Some hollow tree, and dream till you return, Which I charge you to hasten

Ser v With all care, sir.

[Excunt



SCENE II -The Country A Room in Addrio's House.

Enter Carlo with several Villagers, Musicians, &c

Cai Let your eyes be rivetted to my heels, and miss not

A hair's-breadth of my footing, our dance has A most melodious note, and I command you To have ears like hares this night, for my lord's honour, And something for my worship · your reward is To be drunk-blind like moles, in the wine-cellar, And though you ne'er see after, 'tis the better, You were born for this night's service And, do you hear.

Wire-string and cat-gut men, and strong-breathed hautboys,

For the credit of your calling, have not your instruments To tune when you should strike up, but twang it perfectly.

As you would read your neck-verse 1 and you, warbler. Keep your wind-pipe moist, that you may not spit and hem,

When you should make division 2 How I sweat! Authority is troublesome -[A horn within]—they are come.

I know it by the cornet that I placed On the hill to give me notice. Marshal yourselves I' the rear, 3 the van is yours

Enter Adorio, Mirtilla, Camillo, Lentulo, and DONATO.

Now chant it sprightly.

The first verse of the 51st Psalm (Miserere met, Deus, &c); read by criminals claiming the benefit of clergy

2 Compare Romeo and Juliet, 111 5, 29 "Some say the lark makes sweet division" In music it means a sort of shake or trill This is spoken to the dancers, the next words are addressed to the musicians.

SONG.

Juno to the Bride.

Enter a maid, but made a bride,
Be bold, and freely taste
The marriage banquet, ne'er denied
To such as sit down chaste.
Though he unloose thy virgin zone,
Presumed against thy will,
Those joys reserved to him alone,
Thou art a virgin still.

HIMEN to the Bridegroom.

Hail, bridegroom, hail! thy choice thus made,
As thou wouldst have her true,
Thou must give o'er thy wanton trade,
And bid loose fires adieu.
That husband who would have his wife
To him continue chaste,
In her embraces spends his life,
And makes abroad no waste

Hymen and Juno.

Sport then like turtles, and bring forth
Such pledges as may be
Assurance of the father's worth,
And mother's purity
Juno doth bless the nuptial bed,
Thus Hymen's torches burn.
Live long, and may, when both are dead,
Your ashes fill one urn!

Ador A well-penned ditty

Camil Not ill sung

Ador. What follows?

Car. Use your eyes.—If ever—now your masterpiece!

Advi "Its well performed take that, but not from me, "Its your new lady's bounty, thank her for it,

All that I have is hers

Car I must have three shares

For my pains and properties, the rest shall be

Divided equally

[Excunt Carlo, Villagers, &c.

Mirt My real fears

Begin, and soon my painted comforts vanish, In my discovery

Ador Welcome to your own!

You have (a wonder in a woman) kept
Three long hours' silence, and the greater, holding
Your own choice in your arms, a blessing for which
I will be thankful to you nay, unmask,
And let mine eye and ears together feast,

Too long by you kept empty Oh, you want

Your woman's help, I'll do her office for you

[Takes off her mask.

Mirtilla !

Camil It is she, and wears the habit In which Calista three days since appeared, As she came from the temple

Lent All this trouble

' For a poor waiting-maid!

Don We are grossly gulled

Ador Thou child of impudence, answer me, and truly, Or, though the tongues of angels pleaded mercy,

Tortures shall force it from thee

Mirt Innocence

Is free, and open-breasted, of what crime

Stand I accused, my lord?

Ador What crime! no language

Can speak it to the height, I shall become

Discourse for fools and drunkards How was this

Contrived? who helped thee in the plot? discover

Were not Calista's aids m't?

Mirt. No, on my life,

Nor am I faulty

Ader. No! what May-game's this? Didst thou treat with me for thy mistress' favours,

To make sale of thine own?

Mirt With her and you

I have dealt faithfully: you had her letter With the jewel I presented: she received

Your courteous answer, and prepared herself To be removed by you and howsoever

You take delight to hear what you have done,

From my simplicity, and make my weakness

The subject of your mirth, as it suits well With my condition, I know you have her

In your possession.

Ador. How ! has she left

Her mother's house?

Mist You drive this nail too far

Indeed she deeply vowed, at her departure,

To send some of your lordship's servants for me, (Though you were pleased to take the pains yourself,)

That I might still be near her, as a shadow

To follow her, the substance

Ador. She is gone, then?

Mirt This is too much, but, good my lord, forgive me

I come a virgin hither to attend

My noble mistress, though I must confess,

I look with sore eyes upon her good fortune,

And wish it were my own.

Ador Then, as it seems,

You do yourself affect me?

Mirt. Should she hear me. And in her sudden fury kill me for't,

I durst not, sir, deny it; since you are A man so formed, that not poor I alone,

But all our sex like me, I think, stand bound

To be enamoured of you. Ador. O my fate! Mass II

SCENE III -A Street in Naples

Enter LAVAL and CALIPSO

Lav. Her husband? Severino?

Calip. You may see

His handiwork by my flat face, no bridge

Left to support my organ, if I had one.

The comfort is, I am now secure from the crincomes. I can lose nothing that way

Law. Dost thou not know

What became of the lady?

Calty A nose was enough to part with,
I think, in the service, I durst stay no longer.
But I am full assured the house is empty,
Neither poor lady, daughter, servant left there
I only guess he hath forced them to go with him
To the dangerous forest, where he has like a king,
Among the banditti, and how there he hath used them,
Is more than to be feared

Lav I have played the fool,

And kept myself too long concealed, sans question,

With the danger of her life Leave me——the king!

Enter Alphonso and Captain

Calip The surgeon must be paid Lav Take that

Graes her money

Calip I thank you,

I have got enough by my trade, and I will build An hospital only for noseless bawds, ("Twill speak my charity,) and be myself The governess of the sisterhood

Ext.

Alph. I may

Forget this in your vigilance hereafter,
But as I am a king, if you provoke me
The second time with negligence of this kind,
You shall deeply smart for't

Lav The king's moved

Alph. To suffer

A murderer, by us proscribed, at his pleasure To pass and re-pass through our guards l

Capt Your pardon

For this, my gracious lord, binds me to be More circumspect hereafter.

Alph. Look you be so.

Monsieur Laval, you were a suitor to me For Severino's pardon.

Lav I was so, my good lord.

Alph You might have met him here, to have thanked you for't,

As now I understand

Lav. So it is rumoured,

And hearing in the city of his boldness,
I would not say contempt of your decrees,
As then I pleaded mercy, under pardon,
I now as much admire the slowness of
Your justice (though it force you to some trouble)
In fetching him in.

Alph. I have considered it.

Lav He hath of late, as 'tis suspected, done An outrage on his wife, forgetting nature

To his own daughter, in whom, sir, I have Some nearer interest than I stand bound to In my humanity, which I gladly would Make known unto your highness

Alph Go along, You shall have opportunity as we walk.— See you what I committed to your charge, In readiness, and without noise

Capt. I shall, su.

Exeunt.



It vields harsh discord.

Sec. I had forgot myself.

And wish I might no more remember it.
The day wears, sins, whileout one prize brought in As tribute to your queen: Claudio, divide
Our squadron in small parties, let them watch

All passages, that none escape whiters

The payment of our customs.

Cloud. Shall we bring in The persons with the pillage?

Ser. By all means;

Without reply, about it: we'll retire

[Ezzer: Classio and the red.

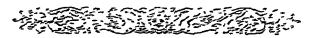
Into my care, and there at large discourse
Our fortunes past, and study some apt means
To find our daughter; since, she well disposed of,
Our happiness were perfect.

Ml. We must wait

With patience Heaven's plasme.

Sc. Tis my purpose.

Errand.



SCENE II.—Luther part of the Forast.

Enter LENTTLO and CAMILLO.

Lot. Let its houses graze, they are spent. Cord. I am sare I'm sleepy.

And noticed as I note: here was a jame:
If the dark through thick and thin, and all to no purWhat a dilliess grows upon me.

[pose:

Lart. I can hard;

Hold ope mine eyes to say so. How did we lose
Adon'o? (Tay in down.

Comil He Donato, and the reach,
That cleaves to him like hindhane took the right hand:
But this place is our renderrous.

Mut Willingly, so you please

To use me-

Ador Use thee!

Mist As your pillow, sir,

I dare presume no farther Noble sir,

Do not too much contemn me, generous feet

Spurn not a fawning spaniel Ador Well, sit down.

Mut I am ready, sir

Ador So numble!

Mist Love is active,

Nor would I be a slow thing rest secure, sir, On my maidenhead, I'll not ravish you

Ador. For once. [Lays his head on her lup

So far I'll trust you

Mint All the joys of rest

Dwell on your eyelids, let no dream disturb Your soft and gentle slumbers! I cannot sing,

But I'll talk you asleep, and I beseech you

Be not offended, though I glory in

My being thus employed a happiness

That stands for more than ample satisfaction

For all I have, or can endure —He snores,

And does not hear me, would his sense of feeling

Were bound up too! I should-I am all fire

Such heaps of treasure offered as a prey Would tempt a modest thief, I can no longer

Forbear-I'll gently touch his lips, and leave

No print of mine - [Kisses him] ah !- I have heard of nectar.

But till now never tasted it, these rubies

Are not clouded by my breath if once again I steal from such a full exchequer, trifles

Will not be missed, - [Kisses him again] - I am entranced our fancy,

Some say, in sleep works stronger, I will prove

How far my-Falls asleep

Enter Durazzo.

Dur. My bones ache, I am exceeding cold too, I must seek out A more convenient truckle-bed. Ha! do I dream? No, no, I wake. Camillo, Lentulo, Donato this, and, as I live, Adorio In a handsome wench's lap! a whoreson! you are The best accommodated I will call My nephew and his mistress to this pageant; The object may perhaps do more upon her Than all Caldoro's rhetoric. With what Security they sleep! sure Mercury Hath travelled this way with his charming-10d. Nephew! Calista! Madam!

Enter CALDORO and CALISTA.

Cald Here, sir Is Your man returned with horses? Dui No, boy, no, But here are some you thought not of Calis Adorio

Dur The idol that you worshipped Cales This Mirtilla!

I am made a stale 1

Dur [Andc] I knew 'twould take Calis False man!

But much more treacherous woman! 'Tis apparent, They jointly did conspire against my weakness And credulous simplicity, and have Prevailed against it

Cald. I'll not kill them sleeping, But, if you please, I'll wake them first, and after Offer them, as a fatal sacrifice, To your just anger.

Dun You are a fool, reserve Your blood for better uses.

^{1 1} L A stalking-horse to one's design

Calls My fond love
Is changed to an extremity of hate,

His very sight is odious

Dur. I have thought of

A pretty punishment for him and his comrades,
Then leave him to his harlotry, if she prove not
Torture enough, hold me an ass
Are not far off; I'll cut the girts' and bridles,
Then turn them into the wood, if they can run,
Let them follow us as footmen
Wilt thou fight
For what's thine own already!

Cales In his hat

He wears a jewel² which this faithless strumpet, As a salary of her lust, deceived me of, He shall not keep't to my disgrace, nor will I Strutll I have it

Due I am not good at mmming, a And yet that shall not hinder us. by your leave, sir, 'Tis restitution pray you all bear witness I do not steal it, here 'tis

[Takes off Adorio's hat, and removes the jewel, which he gives to Calista

Calis Take it,-not

As a mistress' favour, but a strong assurance
I am your wife
[Gives it to CALDORO

Cald O Heaven!

Dus Pray in the church.

Let us away Nephew, a word, have you not Been billing in the brakes, ha! and so deserved This unexpected favour?

Cald You are pleasant

[Exeunt Durazzo, Caldoro, and Calista

This is still the general provincial pronunciation of "girths"
 Probably a brooch, which it was then the fashion to wear in the hat

3 "Nim" is given in Boyer's French Dictionary as an equivalent to "filch," but it is marked as a "mean or vulgar word". The word is really pure Saxon

part of the

Ador. As thou are a gentleman, kill me not basely; [Starts up, the rest awake.

Give me leave to draw my sword

Camil Ha! what's the matter?

Leut He talked of's sword

Don. I see no enemy near us,

That threatens danger

Mirt Sure 'twas but a dream.

Ador. A fearful one. Methought Caldoro's sword

Was at my throat, Calista frowning by,

Commanding him, as he desired her favour,

To strike my head off

Camil Mere imagination

Of a disturbed fancy.

Mist Here's your hat, sir,

Ador. But where's my jewel?

Camil By all likelihood lost,

This troublesome night

Don I saw it when we came

Unto this place.

Mirt I looked upon't myself,

When you reposed.

Ador. What is become of it?

Restore it, for thou hast it, do not put me

To the trouble to search you

Mut Search me!

Ador. You have been,

Before your lady gave you entertainment, '

A night-walker in the streets

Mut How, my good lord!

Ador Traded in picking pockets, when tame gulls,

Charmed with your prostituted flatteries

Deigned to embrace you

Mirt. Love, give place to anger

Charge me with theft, and prostituted baseness!

Were you a judge, nay more, the king, thus urged,

To your teeth I would say, 'tis false.

Ader This will not do

Cavil. Deliver it in private.

Mirt You shall be

In public hanged first, and the whole gang of you.

I steal what I presented '

Lent. Do not strive

Ader. Though thou hast swallowed it, I'll rip thy entrails

But I'll recover it.

[Seizes her.

Mirt. Help, help!

CLAUDIO and two Banditti rush upon them with pisto's

Ador. A new plot!

Claud. Forbear, libidinous monsters! if you offer The least resistance, you are dead. If one But lay his hand upon his sword, shoot all.

Ador. Let us fight for what we have and if you can Win it, enjoy it.

Claud. We come not to try

Your valour, but for your money, throw down your sword.

Or I'll begin with you: so! if you will

Walk quietly without bonds, you may, if not

We'll force you.—[To MIRTILLA.] Thou shalt have no wrong,

But justice against these.

1st Ban. We'll teach you, sir.

To meddle with wenches in our walks

and Ban. It being

Against our canons

Camil. Whither will you lead us?

Claud. You shall know that hereafter —Guard them sure



SCENE III -Another part of the Forest

Enter Alphonso disguised as an Old Man, Lival, and Captain

Alph. Are all the passages stopped? Capt And strongly manned,

They must use wings, and fly, if they escape us.

Lav. But why, great sir, you should expose your person To such apparent danger, when you may Have them brought bound before you, is beyond My apprehension.

Alph. I am better armed

Than you suppose. besides, it is confirmed By all that have been robbed, since Severino Commanded these banditti, (though it be Unusual in Italy,) imitating The courteous English thieves, for so'they call them, They have not done one murder. I must add too, That, from a strange relation I have heard Of Severino's justice in disposing The preys brought in, I would be an eye-witness Of what I take up now but on report: And therefore 'tis my pleasure that we should, As soon as they encounter us, without A show of opposition, yield.

Lav. Your will

Is not to be disputed.

Alph. You have placed Your ambush so, that, if there be occasion, They suddenly may break in?

Capt. My life upon't.

Alph We cannot travel far, but we shall meet With some of these good fellows, 1 and be sure You do as I command you

Lav Without fear, sir.

Excunt.

A cant term for thieves "Good fellows be thieves "-Heywood, Edward II'.

SCENE IV -Another part of the Forest

Enter Severino and Iolante

Set. 'Tis true, I did command Calista should not, Without my knowledge and consent, assisted By your advice, be married; but your Restraint, as you deliver it, denying A grown-up maid the modest conversation Of men, and warrantable pleasures, relished

Of too much rigour which, no doubt, hath driven her To take some desperate course

Iol. What then I did Was, in my care, thought best.

Ser. So I conceive it But where was your discretion to forbid Access, and fit approaches, when you knew Her suitors noble either of which I would Have wished my son-in-law? Adorio, However wild, a young man of good parts, But better fortunes his competitor, Caldoro, for his sweetness of behaviour, Staidness, and temperance, holding the first place Among the gallants most observed in Naples, His own revenues of a large extent, But in the expectation of his uncle And guardian's entradas,1 by the course Of nature to descend on him, a match For the best subject's blood, I except none Of eminence in Italy

Iol Your wishes, Howe'er a while delayed, are not, I hope, Impossibilities

Sev. Though it prove so,
Yet 'tis not good to give a check to fortune,
When she comes smiling to us. —[Cornet within]—Hark!
this cornet

¹ Rents, Spanish

Assures us of a prize; there sit in state, 'Tis thy first tribute.

let Would we might enjoy Our own as subjects !

Ser. What's got by the sword, Is better than inheritance, all those kingdoms Subdued by Alexander were by force extorted, Though gilded o'er with glorious styles of conquest: His victories but royal robberies, And his true definition a thief, When circled with huge navies, to the terror Of such as ploughed the ocean, as the pirate, Who, from a narrow creek, puts off for prey In a small pinnace, - [Cornet within.] - From a second place

New spoil brought in!- [Cornet within.]--from a third party I brave I

This shall be registered a day of triumph, Designed by fate to honour thee.

Enter Claudio.

Welcome, Claudio!

Good booty, ha?

Enter, at different sides, various parties of the Banditti, one with Addrio, Lintuio, Donato, Camillo, Mir-TILLA; another with DURAZZO, CALDORO, CALISTA; and the rest with Alphonso, Laval, and Captain.

Claud Their outsides promise so, But yet they have not made discovery Of what they stand possessed of.

Ser Welcome all,

Good boys I you have done bravely, if no blood the Be shed in the service

1st Ban On our lives, no drop, sir.

Sev 'Tis to my wish. Iol. My lord!

Mass II.

1 }r

Sev. No more, I know them Iol. My daughter, and her woman too! Sev. Conceal

Your joys.

Dur. Fallen in the devil's mouth!
Calis, My father,

And mother! to what fate am I reserved?

Cald. Continue masked, or, grant that you be known, From whom can you expect a gentle sentence,

If you despair a father's?

Ador. Now I perceive

Which way I lost my jewel.

Mirt I rejoice

I'm cleared from theft: you have done me wrong, but I, Unasked, forgive you.

Dur 'Tis some comfort yet, The rivals, men and women, friends and foes, are Together in one toil.

Ser. You all look pale.

And by your private whisperings and soft murmurs, Express a general fear pray you shake it off, For understand you are not fallen into The hands of a Busins or a Cacus, Delighted more in blood than spoil, but given up To the power of an unfortunate gentleman, Not born to these low courses, howsoever My fate, and just displeasure of the king, Designed me to it you need not to doubt A sad captivity here, and much less fear For profit, to be sold for slaves, then shipped Into another country, in a word, You know the proscribed Sevenno, he, Not unacquainted, but familiar with The most of you -Want in myself I know not, But for the pay of these my squires, who eat Their bread with danger purchased, and must be With others' fleeces clothed, or live exposed

To the summer's scorching heat and winter's cold, To these, before you be compelled, (a word I speak with much unwillingness,) deliver Such coin as you are furnished with

Du A fine method!

This is neither begging, borrowing, nor robbery,

Yet it hath a twang of all of them, but one word, sir.

Ser. Your pleasure

Dur. When we have thrown down our muck, What follows?

Sev. Liberty, with a safe convoy, To any place you choose.

Du By this hand, you are
A fair fraternity! for once I'll be
The first example to relieve your covent
There's a thousand crowns, my vintage, harvest, profits
Arising from my herds, bound in one bag;
Share it among you

Ser. You are still the jovial, "And good Durazzo.

Dur. To the offering, nay, No hanging an arse², this is their wedding-day What you must do spite of your hearts, do freely For your own sakes.

Canul. There's mine.

Lent Mine

Don All that I have.

Cald This, to preserve my jewel

Ador. Which I challenge:

Let me have justice, for my coin I care not.

Lav. I will not weep for mine.

Capt. Would it were more

[They all throw down their purses.

1 An older form of the word "convent," preserved in "Covent Garden."

- The phrases in the text is given in Boyer's French Dictionary with equivalent in French, meaning "to go from, to show little resolution in what one has undertaken."

Sev. Nay, you are privileged; but why, old father, [To the King.

Art thou so slow? thou hast one foot in the grave, And, if desire of gold do not increase With thy expiring lease of life, thou shouldst Be forwardest

Alph In what concerns myself,
I do acknowledge it, and I should he,
A vice I have detested from my youth,
If I denied my present store, since what
I have about me now weighs down in value,
Almost a hundred-fold, whatever these
Have laid before you. see! I do groan under

[The own down three bags.

The burthen of my treasure nay, 'tis gold, And, if your hunger of it be not sated With what already I have shown unto you, Here's that shall glut it—In this casket are Inestimable jewels, diamonds
Of such a piercing lustre as struck blind
The amazèd lapidary, while he laboured
To honour his own art in setting them
Some orient pearls too, which the queen of Spain Might wear as ear-rings, in remembrance of
The day that she was crowned.

Sev The spoils, I think, Of both the Indies!

Dur The great Sultan's poor, If paralleled with this Crossus Sev. Why dost thou weep?

Alph From a most fit consideration of My poverty, this, though restored, will not Serve my occasions

Sev Impossible!

¹ This is of course said to the captain, who, being a soldier, was allowed to be a poor man See the character of Belgarde in The Unnatural Combat, and Character IV in Day's Parliament of Bees.

Dur. May be he would buy his passport up to heaven; And then this is too little, though, in the journey, It were a good viaticum.

Alth I would make it

A means to help me thither: not to wrong you With tedious expectation, I'll discover What my wants are, and yield my reasons for them I have two sons, twins, the true images Of what I was at their years; never father Had fairer or more promising hopes in his Posterity: but, alas! these sons, ambitious Of glittering honour, and an after-name, Achieved by glorious, and yet pious actions, (For such were their intentions,) put to sea: They had a well-rigged bottom,2 fully manned, An old experienced master, lusty sailors, Stout landmen, and, what's something more than rare. They did agree, had one design, and that was In charity to redeem the Christian slaves Chained in 3 the Turkish servitude

Ser. A brave aim!

Dur. A most heroic enterprise, I languish To hear how they succeeded.

Alph. Prosperously,

At first, and to their wishes: divers galleys
They boarded, and some strong forts near the shore
They suddenly surprised, a thousand captives,
Redeemed from the oar, paid their glad vows and prayers
For their deliverance—their ends acquired,
And making homeward in triumphant manner.
For sure the cause deserved it—

¹ A pun on the two mennings of "viaticum"—its primary and less used sense of provisions for a journey, and its derivative and more general menning of the eucharist given to the dying

² "A bottom [ship], nat is"—Coles' Lat Dict

³ I retun Gifford's emendation "in" for "to," as the latter word

³ I retun Gifford's emendation "in" for "to," as the latter word seems very likely to have been misprinted through confusion with the "to" just above it in the preceding line

[\CT T

Dur. Pray you end here. The best, I fear, is told, and that which follows Must conclude ill.

Alph Your fears are true, and yet
I must with grief relate it. Prodigal fame
In every place, with her loud trump proclaiming
The greatness of the action the pirates
Of Tunis and Argiers' laid wait for them
At their return: to tell you what resistance
They made, and how my poor sons fought, would but
Increase my sorrow, and, perhaps, grieve you
To hear it passionately described unto you.
In brief they were taken, and, for the great loss
The enemy did sustain, their victory
Being with much blood bought, they do endure
The heaviest captivity wretched men
Did ever suffer. O my sons! my sons
To me for ever lost! lost, lost for ever!

Ser. Will not these heaps of gold added to thine, Suffice for ransom?

Alph. For my sons it would,
But they refuse their liberty, if all
That were engaged with them have not their irons,
With theirs, struck off and set at liberty with them.
Which these heaps cannot purchase.

Ser. Ha! the toughness
Of my heart melts Be comforted, old father
I have some hidden treasure and if all
I and my squires these three years have laid up
Can make the sum up freely take't.

Dur Ill sell

Myself to my shirt lands moveables and thou Shalt part with thine too nephew rather than Such brave men shall live slaves

2nd Ban We will not yield to't. 3rd Ban. Nor lose our parts

See How's this!

2nd Ban. You are fitter far

To be a churchman than to have command Over good fellows,1

Ser. Thus I ever use

Strikes them down.

Such sauce riscals; second me. Claudio.— Rebellious! do you gramble? I'll not leave

One rogue of them alive

Alph Hold -- give the sign.

Discovers lumself.

All. The king!

Ser. Then I am lost.

Claud The woods are full Of armed men.

Alph. No hope of your escape

Can flatter you

Ser Mercy, dread sir!

Kneets

Alph Thy carnage

In this unlawful course appears so noble,

Especially in this last trial which

I put upon you, that I wish the mercy

You kneel in vain for might fall gently on you:

But when the holy oil was poured upon

My head, and I anointed king, I swore

Never to pardon murder I could wink at

Your robberies, though our laws call them death,

But to dispense with Monteclaro's blood

Would ill become a king; in him I lost

A worthy subject, and must take from you.

A strict account of't. 'Tis in vain to move;

My doom's irrevocable

Lav Not, dread sir,

If Monteclaro live.

Alph If good Laval.

Lav. He lives in him, sir, that you thought Laval

Discovers lumself

Three years have not so altered me, but you may

1 See note ante, p. 271,

Remember Monteclaro.

Dur. How!

Iol. My brother 1

Calis Uncle 1

Mont Give me leave I was 1

Left dead in the field, but by the Duke Montpensier,

Now general at Mılan, taken up,

And with much care recovered

Alph Why lived you

So long concealed?

Mont Confounded with the wrong I did my brother, in provoking him To fight, I spent the time in France that I Was absent from the court, making my exile The punishment imposed upon myself For my offence.

In Now, sir, I dare confess all.

This was the guest invited to the banquet,

That drew on your suspicion

Sev. Your intent,

Though it was ill in you, I do forgive,
The rest I'll hear at leisure Sir, your sentence.

Alph It is a general pardon unto all, Upon my hopes, in your fair lives hereafter, You will deserve it

All Long live great Alphonso!

Dur Your mercy shown in this, now if you please, Decide these lovers' difference

Alph That is easy,

I'll put it to the women's choice, the men

¹ The metre is defective, it is odd, too, to find Severino silent at this juncture. Perhaps something has dropped out, and the reading should be—

My brother 1

Remember Monteclaro

Dur How!

Sev And mine too!

Calis Uncle

Mont Give, &c -S IV O

Consenting to it

Calis Here I fix then, never

To be removed

[Embraces Caldoro.

Cald. 'Tis my'nul ultra, sir,

Mirt O, that I had the happiness to say of a So much to you! I date maintain my love Is equal to my lady's.

Ador. But my mind

A pitch above yours: marry with a servant Of no descent or fortune!

Ser. You are deceived.

Howe'er she has been trained up as a servant,
She is the daughter of a noble captain,
Who, in his voyage to the Persian Gulf,
Perished by shipwreck; one I dearly loved
He to my care entrusted her, having taken
My word, if he returned not like himself,
I never should discover what she was;
But, it being for her good, I will dispense with't.
So much, sir, for her blood, now for her portion.
So dear I hold the memory of my friend,
It shall rank with my daughter's

Ador This made good, I will not be perverse.

Dw. With a kiss confirm it

Ador I sign all concord here, but must to you, sii,

[To CALDORO,

11.

For reparation of my wounded honour, The justice of the king consenting to it, Denounce a lawful war.

Alph This in our presence!

Ador. The cause, dread sir, commands it though your edicts

Call private combats, murders, rather than Sit down with a disgrace, arising from A blow, the bonds of my obedience shook off, I'll right myself.

Cald I do confess the wrong,
Forgetting the occasion, and desire
Remission from you, and upon such terms
As by his sacred majesty shall be judged
Equal on both parts

Ader. I desire no more

Alph All then are pleased, it is the glory of A king to make and keep his subjects happy. For us, we do approve the Roman maxim—
To save one citizen is a greater prize
Than to have killed in war ten enemies

Excunt



I am left to inquire, then to relate
To the still-doubtful author, at what rate
His merchandise are valued If they prove
Staple commodities, in your grace and love
To this last birth of his Minerva, he
Vows (and we do believe him) seriously,
Sloth cast off, and all pleasures else declined.
He'll search with his best care, until he find
New ways, and make good in some laboured song.
Though he grow old Apollo still is young
Cherish his good intentions, and declare
By any signs of favour, that you are
Well pleased, and with a general consent
And he desires no more encouragement.





THE VIRGIEN-SMARTYR.









HE date of the first production of The Vingin-Marfyr is not known. The first quarto appeared in 1622, and there were other editions in 1631, 1651, and 1661. The play was a very popular one, and was frequently patched up by the stage-cobblers. In Sir George Buck's office-book, October 6th, 1620, is the

entry. "For new reforming The Virgin-Mai tyr for the Red Bull, 40s.;" and in Sir Henry Heibert's, July 7th, 1624 "Received for the adding of a new scene to The Virgin-Mai tyr, 10s" The title-page of the first quarto runs "The Virgin Martir, A Tragedie, as it hath bin divers times publickely Acted with great Applause, By the servants of his Maiesties Revels Written by Phillip Messenger and Thomas Deker London, Printed by B A for Thomas Iones, 1622" The plot—such as it is—is no doubt "founded," as Gifford says, "on the tenth and last general persecution of the Christians in the nineteenth year of Dioclesian's reign."

Authorities are somewhat divided as to what is Massinger's and what Dekker's part in this play. Dekker is generally accredited with the prose scenes, which are not likely to add very much to his reputation at the present day; and there can be no reasonable question that the most beautiful of the Dorothea portions are his also. Massinger's hand is equally evident in the more stately and argumentative parts of the play Perhaps after all it was due to the union of these two ill-assorted fellow-workers that the play obtained its remarkable popularity.

No, nor the Power they serve, could keep these Christians

Or from my reach or punishment, but thy magic Still laid them open, I begin again To be as confident as heretofore, It is not possible thy powerful art Should meet a check, or fail

Enter the Priest of Jupiter, bearing an Image, and followed by Calista and Christet

Harp Look on these Vestals, The holy pledges that the gods have given you, Your chaste, fair daughters Were't not to upbraid A service to a master not unthankful, I could say these, in spite of your prevention, Seduced by an imagined faith, not reason (Which is the strength of nature), quite forsaking The Gentile gods, had yielded up themselves To this new-found religion. This I crossed, Discovered their intents, taught you to use, With gentle words and mild persuasions, The power and the authority of a father, Set off with cruel threats, and so reclaimed them And, whereas they with torments should have died, (Hell's furnes to me, had they undergone it !) Aside They are now votanes in great Jupiter's temple, And, by his priest instructed, grown familiar With all the mysteries, nay, the most abstruse ones, Belonging to his deity

Theo 'Twas a benefit

For which I ever owe you -Hail. Jove's flamen! Have these my daughters reconciled themselves, Abandoning for ever the Christian way, To your opinion?

Priest And are constant in it They teach their teachers with their depth of judgment, And are with arguments able to convert

The enemics to our gods, and answer all They can object against us,

Two. My dear daughters'

Cal We dare dispute against this new-spring sect. In private or in public,

Harp. My best lady,

Perséver in it.

Chris And what we maintain We will seal with our bloods

Harp. Brave resolution '

I e'en grow fat to see my labours prosper.

The. I young again. To your devotions.

Harf. Do-

My prayers be present with you.

[Excunt Priest, Calista, and Christina.

Theo. O my Harpax!

Thou engine of my wishes, thou that steel'st My bloody resolutions, thou that arm'st My eyes 'gainst womanish tears and soft compassion, Instructing me, without a sigh, to look on Babes torn by violence from their mothers' breasts. To feed the fire, and with them make one flame, Old men, as beasts, in beasts' skins torn by dogs, 'Virgins and matrons tire the executioners; Yet I, unsatisfied, think their torments easy—

Hart And in that, just, not cruel

Theo. Were all sceptres

That grace the hands of kings made into one, And offered me, all crowns laid at my feet, I would contemn them all,—thus spit at them; So I to all posterities might be called The strongest champion of the pagan gods, And rooter-out of Christians

Harp Oh, mine own,

Mine own dear lord! to further this great work, a lever live thy slave

Mass II

Enter Sapritius and Sempronius

Theo No more—The governor

Sap Keep the ports close, and let the guards be doubled,

Disarm the Christians, call it death in any To wear a sword, or in his house to have one

Semp I shall be careful, sir

Sap. 'Twill well become you.

Such as refuse to offer sacrifice
To any of our gods, put to the torture
Grub up this growing mischief by the roots,
And know, when we are merciful to them,
We to ourselves are cruel

Semp You pour oil

On fire that burns already at the height: I know the emperor's edict, and my charge, And they shall find no favour.

Theo. My good lord,

This care is timely for the entertainment Of our great master, who this night in person Comes here to thank you

Sap Who! the emperor?

Harp To clear your doubts, he does return in triumph, Kings lackeying by his triumphant chariot, And in this glorious victory, my lord, You have an ample share for know, your son, The ne'er-enough-commended Antoninus, So well hath fleshed his maiden sword, and dyed His snowy plumes so deep in enemies' blood, That, besides public grace beyond his hopes, There are rewards propounded

Sap I would know

No mean in thine, could this be true

Harp My head

Answer the forfeit

Sap Of his victory

There was some rumour but it was assured, The army passed a full day's journey higher, Into the country.

Harp. It was so determined; But, for the further honour of your son,, And to observe the government of the city, And with what rigour, or remiss indulgence, The Christians are pursued, he makes his stay here. [Trumpets afar off

For proof, his trumpets speak his near arrival Sap. Haste, good Sempronius, draw up our guards, And with all ceremonious pomp receive The conquering army. Let our gairison speak. Their welcome in loud shouts, the city show Her state and wealth.

Semp. I'm gone.

East

Sap. O, I am ravished With this great honour ! cherish, good Theophilus, This knowing scholar. Send for your fair daughters, I will present them to the emperor,

And in their sweet conversion, as a mirror, Express your zeal and duty.

Theo Fetch them, good Harpax

Exit HARPAX.

Enter SEMPRONIUS, at the head of the guard, soldiers leading thice Kings bound, Antoninus and Macrinus bearing the Emperor's eagles, Dioclesian with a gilt laurel on his head, leading in Artemia, Sapritius kisses the Emperor's hand, then embraces his Son, HARPAN brings in Calista and Christera. Loud shouts

Dioc So. at all parts I find Cæsarea Completely governed · the licentious soldier Confined in modest limits, and the people Taught to obey, and not compelled with rigour: The ancient Roman discipline revived, Which raised Rome to her greatness, and proclaimed her The glorious mistress of the conquered world, But, above all, the service of the gods So zealously observed, that, good Sapritus, In words to thank you for your care and duty, Were much unworthy Dioclesian's honour, Or his magnificence to his loyal servants—But I shall find a time with noble titles To recompense your merits

Sap Mightiest Cæsar, Whose power upon this globe of earth is equal To Jove's in heaven, whose victorious triumphs On proud rebellious kings that stir against it, Are perfect figures of his immortal trophies Won in the Giants' war; whose conquering sword, Guided by his strong arm, as deadly kills As did his thunder 1 all that I have done. Or, if my strength were centupled, could do, Comes short of what my loyalty must challenge But, if in anything I have deserved Great Cæsar's smile, 'tis in my humble care Still to preserve the honour of those gods That make him what he is my zeal to them I ever have expressed in my fell hate Against the Christian sect that, with one blow, (Ascribing all things to an unknown Power,) Would strike down all their temples, and allow

Nor sacrifice nor altars

them

Dioc Thou, in this,
Walk'st hand in hand with me my will and power
Shall not alone confirm, but honour all
That are in this most forward.

Sap Sacred Cæsar,

If your imperial majesty stand pleased To shower your favours upon such as are The boldest champions of our religion.

¹ Munificence

Look on this reverend man, [Points to Theophilus] to whom the power

Of searching out and punishing such delinquents Was by your choice committed, and, for proof, He hath deserved the grace imposed upon him, And with a fair and even hand proceeded, Partial to none, not to himself, or those Of equal nearness to himself, behold

This pair of virgins-

Div. What are these? Sap. His daughters.

Artem Now by your sacred fortune, they are fair ones,

Exceeding fair ones would 'twere in my power To make them mine!

Theo. They are the gods', great lady,
They were most happy in your service else.
On these, when they fell from their father's faith,
I used a judge's power, entreaties failing
(They being seduced) to win them to adore
The holy Powers we worship, I put on
The scarlet robe of bold authority,
And, as they had been strangers to my blood,
Presented them, in the most horrid form,
All kinds of tortures, part of which they suffered
With Roman constancy

Artem. And could you endure, Being a father, to behold their limbs Extended on the rack?

Theo I did, but must

Confess there was a strange contention in me,
Between the impartial office of a judge,
And pity of a father, to help justice
Religion stepped in, under which odds
Compassion fell —yet still I was a father
For e'en then, when the flinty hangman's whips
Were worn with stripes spent on their tender limbs,

I kneeled, and wept, and begged them, though they would

Be cruel to themselves, they would take pity
On my gray hairs now note a sudden change,
Which I with joy remember, those, whom torture,
Nor fear of death could terrify, were o'ercome
By seeing of my sufferings, and so won,
Returning to the faith that they were born in,
I gave them to the gods—And be assured,
I that used justice with a rigorous hand,
Upon such beauteous virgins, and mine own,
Will use no favour, where the cause commands me,
To any other, but, as rocks, be deaf
To all entreaties

Dioc Thou deserv'st thy place,
Still hold it, and with honour. Things thus ordered
Touching the gods, 'tis lawful to descend
To human cares, and exercise that power
Heaven has conferred upon me,—which that you,
Rebels and traitors to the power of Rome,
Should not with all extremities undergo,
What can you urge to qualify your crimes,
Or mitigate my anger?

K of Epn We are now

Slaves to thy power, that yesterday were kings,
And had command o'er others, we confess

Our grandsires paid yours tribute, yet left us
As their forefathers had, desire of freedom

And, if you Romans hold it glorious honour,
Not only to defend what is your own,
But to enlarge your empire, (though our fortune

Denies that happiness) who can accuse

The famished mouth, if it attempt to feed?

Or such whose fetters eat into their freedoms,
If they desire to shake them off?

K of Pon We stand
The last examples, to prove how uncertain

All human happiness is; 'and are prepared To endure the worst

K. of Mac. That spoke which now is highest In Fortune's wheel must, when she turns it next, Decline as low as we are. 'This considered, Taught the Ægyptian Hercules, Sesostris, That had his chariot drawn by captive kings, To free them from that slavery,—but to hope Such mercy from a Roman were mere madness. We are familiar with what cruelty Rome, since her infant greatness, ever used Such as she triumphed over, age nor sex Exempted from her tyranny; sceptered princes Kept in her common dungeons, and their children, In scorn trained up in base mechanic arts, For public bondmen In the catalogue Of those unfortunate men, we expect to have Our names remembered

Dioc. In all growing empires, Even cruelty is useful, some must suffer, And be set up examples to strike terror In others, though far off but, when a state Is raised to her perfection, and her bases Too firm to shrink or yield, we may use mercy, And do't with safety: but to whom? not cowards, Or such whose baseness shames the conqueror, And robs him of his victory, as weak Perseus Did great Æmilius Know, therefore, kings Of Epire, Pontus, and of Macedon, That I with courtesy can use my prisoners, As well as make them mine by force, provided That they are noble enemies. such I found you, Before I made you mine; and, since you were so. You have not lost the courages of princes, Although the fortune. Had you borne yourselves Dejectedly, and base, no slavery Had been too easy for you: but such is

The power of noble valour, that we love it Even in our enemies, and, taken with it, Desire to make them friends, as I will you.

K of Epv Mock us not, Cresar

Dioc By the gods, I do not Unloose their bonds —I now as friends embrace you Give them their crowns again

K. of Pont. We are twice o'ercome,

By courage, and by courtesy

K of Mac But this latter Shall teach us to live ever faithful vassals To Dioclesian, and the power of Rome

K of Epir. All kingdoms fall before her!

K of Pon And all kings

Contend to honour Cæsar!

Dioc I believe

Your tongues are the true trumpets of your hearts,
And in it I most happy Queen of fate,
Imperious Fortune! mix some light disaster
With my so many joys, to season them,
And give them sweeter relish I'm girt round
With true felicity, faithful subjects here,
Here bold commanders, here with new-made friends.
But, what's the crown of all, in thee, Artemia,
My only child, whose love to me and duty
Strive to exceed each other!

Artem I make payment
But of a debt, which I stand bound to tender
As a daughter and a subject

Dio. Which requires yet
A retribution from me, Artemia,
Tied by a father's care, how to bestow
A jewel, of all things to me most precious.
Nor will I therefore longer keep thee from
The chief joys of creation, marriage rites,
Which that thou mayst with greater pleasures taste of,
Thou shalt not like with mine eyes, but thine own.

SCENE 1]

Amongst these kings, forgetting they were captives, Or these, remembering not they are my subjects, Make choice of any ., by Jove's dreadful thunder, My will shall rank with thine

Artem. It is a bounty, The daughters of great princes seldom meet with; For they, to make up breaches in the state, Or for some other politic ends, are forced To match where they affect not. May my life Deserve this favour !

Dioc Speak, I long to know The man thou wilt make happy

Artem. If that titles, Or the adored name of Queen could take me, Here would I fix mine eyes, and look no farther; But these are baits to take a mean-born lady, Not her that boldly may call Cæsar father In that I can bring honour unto any, But from no king that lives receive addition. To raise desert and virtue by my fortune, Though in a low estate, were greater glory Than to mix greatness with a prince that owes No worth but that name only.

Dwc. I commend thee, 'Tis like thyself.

Artem If, then, of men beneath me, My choice is to be made, where shall I seek, But among those that best deserve from you? That have served you most faithfully, that in dangers Have stood next to you, that have interposed Their breasts as shields of proof, to dull the swords Aimed at your bosom, that have spent then blood To crown your brows with laurel?

Macr. Cytherea,

Great Queen of Love, be now propitious to me! Harp. [To SAPRITIUS] Now mark what I foretold. Anton. [Aside] Her eye's on me.

Fair Venus' son, draw forth a leaden dart¹
And, that she may hate me, transfix her with it,
Or, if thou needs wilt use a golden one,
Shoot in the behalf of any other.
Thou know'st I am thy votary elsewhere

Artem [Advances to Anioninus] Sir.

Theo How he blushes!

Sap Welcome, fool, thy fortune
Stand like a block when such an angel courts thee!

Artem. I am no object to divert your eye

From the beholding

Anton Rather a bright sun,
Too glorious for him to gaze upon
That took not first flight from the eagle's aeric.
As I look on the temples, or the gods,
And with that reverence, lady, I behold you,
And shall do ever

Artem And it will become you,
While thus we stand at distance, but, if love,
Love born out of the assurance of your virtues,
Teach me to stoop so low——

Anton O, rather take

A higher flight

Artem Why, fear you to be raised?
Say I put off the dreadful awe that waits
On majesty, or with you share my beams,
Nay, make you to outshine me, change the name
Of Subject into Lord, rob you of service
That's due from you to me, and in me make it
Duty to honour you, would you refuse me?

Anten Refuse you madem to such a group as

Anton Refuse you, madam! such a worm as I am,

Refuse what kings upon their knees would sue for the Call it, great lady, by another name, An humble modesty, that would not match A molehill with Olympus

¹ See note ante, p 49

Artem. He that's famous For honourable actions in the war, As you are, Antoninus, a proved soldier, Is fellow to a king

Anton If you love valour,

As 'tis a kingly virtue, seek it out, And cherish it in a king, there it shines brightest, And yields the bravest lustre Look on Epire, A prince, in whom it is incorporate. And let it not disgrace him that he was O'ercome by Casai, it was a victory, To stand so long against him had you seen him, How in one bloody scene he did discharge The parts of a commander and a soldier, Wise in direction, bold in execution, You would have said, great Casar's self excepted,

The world yields not his equal. Actem. Vet I have heard.

Encountering him alone in the head of his troop, You took him prisoner.

K of Epir 'Tis a truth, great princess;

I'll not detract from valour

Anton 'Twas mere fortune:

Courage had no hand in it,

Theo Did ever man

Strive so against his own good?

Sap Spiritless villain!

How I am tortured! By the immortal gods, I now could kill him.

Dioc. Hold, Sapritius, hold,

On our displeasure hold!

Harp. Why, this would make

A father mad, 'tis not to be endured

Your honour's tainted in't

Sap. By Heaven, it is,

I shall think of it.

Harp. Tis not to be forgotten.

Artem Nay, kneel not sir, I am no ravisher, Nor so far gone in fond affection to you, But that I can retire, my honour safe — Yet say, hereafter, that thou hast neglected What, but seen in possession of another, Will run thee mad with envy.

Anton In her looks Revenge is written.

Mac As you love your life.

Study to appease her

Anton Gracious madam, hear me.

Artem And be again refused?

Anton The tender of

My life, my service, nay, since you vouchsafe it, My love, my heart, my all and pardon me, Pardon, dread princess, that I made some scruple To leave a valley of security, To mount up to the hill of majesty, On which, the nearer Jove, the nearer lightning What knew I, but your grace made trial of me, Durst I presume to embrace, where but to touch With an unmannered hand, was death? The fox. When he saw first the forest's king, the lion, Was almost dead2 with fear, the second view Only a little daunted him, the third, He durst salute him boldly pray you, apply this, And you shall find a little time will teach me To look with more familiar eyes upon you Than duty yet allows me

Saf Well excused

Artem You may redeem all vet

Div. And, that he may

Have means and opportunity to do so,

¹ The quarto has "not" Gifford read "or", but "nay" is more likely to have been the word

The quarto has "drad," which, though an old word for "afraid," cannot be in place here "Almost afraid with fear," would give

Artemia, I leave you my substitute In fair Cæsarea

Sap And here, as yourself, We will obey and serve her.

Diec. Antoninus.

So you prove hers, I wish no other heir; Think on't .- be careful of your charge, Theophilus; Sapritius, be you my daughter's guaidian Your company I wish, confederate princes, In our Dalmatian wars, which finished With victory I hope, and Maximinus, Our brother and copartner in the empire, At my request won to confirm as much, The kingdoms I took from you we'll restore, And make you greater than you were before.

Exeunt all but Anioninus and Macrinus.

Anton Oh, I am lost for ever lost, Macrinus! The anchor of the wretched, hope, forsakes me, And with one blast of Fortune all my light Of happiness is put out.

Mac You are like to those That are ill only 'cause they are too well; That, surfeiting in the excess of blessings, Call their abundance want What could you wish, That is not fallen upon you? honour, greatness, Respect, wealth, favour, the whole world for a dower, And with a princess, whose excelling form Exceeds her fortune

Anton Yet poison still is poison, Though drunk in gold; and all these flattering glories To me, ready to starve, a painted banquet, And no essential food. When I am scorched With fire, can flames in any other quench me? What is her love to me, greatness, or empire, That am slave to another, who alone Can give me ease or freedom?

Mac Sir, you point at

Your dotage on the scornful Dorothea Is she, though fair, the same day to be named With best Artemia? In all their courses, Wise men propose their ends. with sweet Artemia. There comes along pleasure, security, Ushered by all that in this life is precious: With Dorothea (though her birth be noble, The daughter to a senator of Rome. By him left rich, yet with a private wealth. And far inferior to yours) arrives The emperor's frown, which, like a mortal plague, Speaks death is near, the princess' heavy scorn, Under which you will shrink, your father's fury, Which to resist, even pity forbids:-And but remember that she stands suspected A favourer of the Christian sect, she brings Not danger, but assured destruction with her. This truly weighed, one smile of great Artemia Is to be cherished, and preferred before All 10vs in Dorothea therefore leave her

Anton In what thou think'st thou art most wise, thou art

Grossly abused, Macrinus, and most foolish For any man to match above his rank. Is but to sell his liberty. With Artemia I still must live a servant, but enjoying Divinest Dorothea, I shall rule, Rule as becomes a husband for the danger, Or call it, if you will, assured destruction I slight it thus -If, then, thou art my friend As I dare swear thou art, and wilt not take A governor's place upon thee, be my helper.

Mac You know I dare, and will do anything, Put me unto the test.

Anton Go then, Macrinus, To Dorothea, tell her I have worn In all the battles I have fought, her figure, Hath still protected me. Thou canst speak well;
And of thy choicest language spare a little,
To make her understand how much I love her,
And how I languish for her. Bear her these jewels.
Sent in the way of sacrifice, not service,
As to my goddess 'all lets' thrown behind me,
Or fears that may deter me, say, this morning
I mean to visit her by the name of friendship.

No words to contradict this

Mac. I am yours:

And, if my travail this way be ill spent, Judge not my readier will by the event.

[Excunt.

1 Hindrances.





ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I -A Room in DOROTHEA'S House

Enter Spungius and Hircius 1

PUN Turn Christian! Would he that first tempted me to have my shoes walk upon Christian soles, had turned me into a capon, for I am sure now, the stones of all my pleasure, in this fleshly life, are cut off

Hir So then, if any coxcomb has

a galloping desire to ride, here's a gelding, if he can but sit him

Spun I kick, for all that, like a horse, --look else

Hir. But that is a kickish jade, fellow Spungius Have not I as much cause to complain as thou hast? When I was a pagan, there was an infidel punk of mine, would have let me come upon trust for my curveting a pox of your Christian cockatrices! they cry, like poulterers' wives, "No money, no coney"

Spun Bacchus, the god of brewed wine and sugar, grand patron of rob-pots, upsy-freesy³ tipplers, and super-naculum ⁴ takers, this Bacchus, who is head warden

¹ See p 308 "Your names even brand you," &c

Prostitutes
"Upsee-freese" or "Upsee-Dutch" (both meaning "in the Dutch fashion") is an old euphemism for being tipsy

"Drinking super nagulum, a devise of drinking new come out of France which is, after a man hath turned up the bottom of the cup, to drop it on his naile, and make a pearle with that is left, which if it slide, and he cannot make it stand on, by reason ther's too much, he must drinke againe for his penance "—Pierce Pennilesse (quoted by Nares)

of Vintners'-hall, ale-conner, mayor of all victualling-houses, the sole liquid benefactor to bawdy-houses; lanceprezado to red noses, and invincible adelantado over the armado of pimpled, deep-scarleted, rubified, and carbuncled faces——

Hu What of all this?

Spun This boon Bacchanalian skinker did I make legs to

IIu. Scurvy ones, when thou wert drunk.

Spun. There is no danger of losing a man's ears by making these indentures, he that will not now and then be Calabingo, is worse than a Calamoothe. When I was a pagan, and kneeled to this Bacchus, I durst out-drink a lord, but your Christian lords out-bowl me I was in hope to lead a sober life, when I was converted; but, now amongst the Christians, I can no sooner stagger out of one alehouse but I reel into another; they have whole streets of nothing but drinking-rooms, and drabbing-chambers, jumbled together.

Hu. Bawdy Priapus, the first schoolmaster that taught butchers how to stick pricks in flesh, and make it swell, thou know'st, was the only ningle that I cared for under the moon; but, since I left him to follow a scurvy lady, what with her praying and our fasting, if now I come to a wench, and offer to use her anything hardly, (telling her, being a Christian she must endure,) she presently handles me as if I were a clove, and cleaves me with disdain, as if I were a calf's head

Spun. I see no remedy, fellow Hircius, but that thou and I must be half pagans, and half Christians; for we know very fools that are Christians.

Hu. Right the quarters of Christians are good for nothing but to feed crows

^{1.112-}conner, or ale-taster, an officer appointed in every court-leet, to look to the assize and goodness of bread, ale, and beer — Acreey.

2 The lowest officer in a company of foot soldiers.

Lord president or deputy of a country.
 Favourite The word is a contraction of "mine ingle."

Spun True Christian brokers, thou know'st, are made up of the quarters of Christians; parboil one of these rogues, and he is not meat for a dog no, no, I am resolved to have an infidel's heart, though in show I carry a Christian's face

Hir Thy last shall serve my foot . so will I.

Spun Our whimpering lady and mistress sent me with two great baskets full of beef, mutton, veal, and goose fellow Hircius Hir And woodcock, fellow Spungius

Spun Upon the poor lean ass-fellow, on which I nde, to all the almswomen what hink'st thou I have done with all this good cheer? Hir Eat it, and be choked else

Spun Would my ass, basket and all, were in thy maw, of I did i No, as I am a demi-pagan, I sold the victuals and coined the money into pottle-pots of wine

Hir Therein thou showed'st thyself a perfect demichristian too, to let the poor beg, starve, and hang, or die of the pip Our puling snotty-nose lady sent me out likewise with a purse of money, to relieve and release prisoners —did I so, think you?

Spin Would thy ribs were turned into grates of iron then

Har, As I am a total pagan, I swore they should be hanged first for, sırrah Spungius, I lay at my old ward of lechery, and cried "A pol in your twopenny wards" and so I took scurry common flesh for the money

Spun And wisely done, for our lady, sending it to prisoners, had bestoned it out upon lous, knaves and thou, to save that labour cast'st it away upon rotten whores boj, her page

Her All my fear is of that pink-an-eye Jack-an-apes Spun As I am a pagan from my cod-piece downward,

that white-faced monkey finghts me too I stole but a A term of eudearment Pink-eyed means small-eyed

dirty pudding, last day, out of an almsbasket, to give my dog when he was hungry, and the peaking chitface page hit me in the teeth with it

Hu. With the dirty pudding 'so he did me once with a cow-turd, which is knavery I would have crumbed into one's porridge, who was half a pagan too. The smug dandiprat² smells us out, whatsoever we are doing.

Spun Does he? let him take heed I prove not his backfiend: I'll make him curse his smelling what I do

Hu 'Tis my lady spoils the boy; for he is ever at her tail, and she is never well but in his company.

Enter Anglilo with a book, and a taper lighted, seeing him, they counterfeit devotion.

Ang. O! now your hearts make ladders of your eyes, In show to climb to Heaven, when your devotion Walks upon crutches. Where did you waste your time, When the religious man was on his knees, Speaking the heavenly language?

Spun. Why, fellow Angelo, we were speaking in pedlat's French, I hope.

Hu. We have not been idle, take it upon my word.

Ang Have you the baskets emptied, which your lady Sent, from her charitable hands, to women 'That dwell upon her pity?

Spun. Emptied them 'yes, I'd be loth to have my belly so empty yet, I am sure, I munched not one bit of them neither

Ang. And went your money to the prisoners?

Hu. Went ' no, I carried it, and with these fingers paid it away.

Ang. What way? the devil's way, the way of sin, ...
The way of hot damnation, way of lust?

A'term'of contempt "Chitty-face" is the usual form of th word, meaning small-faced, and hence a mean, silly fellow

² Dwarf; term of contempt. ³ Secret enemy
⁴ The peculiar dialect of thieves and beggars, of which Dekker has given copious examples in *The Roating Girls*.

THE VIRGIN-MARTYR And you, to wash away the poor man's bread In bowls of drunkenness?

Spun Drunkenness 1 yes, yes, I use to be drunk; our next neighbour's man, called Christopher, has often seen me drunk, has he not? my doings

Hir Or me given so to the flesh my cheeks speak

Ang Avaunt, you thieves and hollow hypocrites! Your hearts to me he open hke black books, And there I read your doings

Spun And what do you read in my heart? of your brains

Hir Or in mine? come, amiable Angelo, beat the flin your cerebrum 1

Spun And let's see what sparks of wit fly out to kindle

Ang Your names even brand you, you are Spungus And, like a spunge, you suck up liquorous wines, [called, Till your soul reels to hell. far ?

Spun To hell can any drunkard's legs carry hum so Ang For blood of grapes you sold the widows' food,

And, starving them, 'tis murder, what's this but hell? Hircus your name, and goatish is your nature, You snatch the meat out of the prisoner's mouth, To fatten harlots is not this hell too? No angel, but the devil, waits on you

Spun Shall I cut his throat?

Ho No, better burn him for I think he is a witch : but soothe, soothe hun

Spun Fellow Angelo, true it is, that falling into the company of wicked he-Christians, for my part Har And she-ones, for mine,—we have them swim in shoals hard by____

Spun We must confess, I took too much out of the Pot, and he of t'other hollow commodity The quarto has "carebruns," which may possibly be meant for a clownish pronunciation

Hu Yes, indeed, we laid Jill on both of us; we cozened the poor, but its a common thing: many a one, that counts himself a better Christian than we two, has done it, by this light!

Spun. But pray, sweet Angelo, play not the tell-tale to my lady, and, if you take us creeping into any of these mouse-holes of sin any more, let cats flay off our skins

Hn. And put nothing but the poisoned tails of rats into those skins

Ang. Will you dishonour her sweet charity, Who saved you from the tree of death and shame?

Hir. Would I were hanged, rather than thus be told of my faults!

Spun. She took us, 'tis true, from the gallows; yet I hope she will not bar yeoman sprats to have then swing.

Ang She comes,—beware and mend.

Hn. Let's break his neck, and bid him mend.

Enter DOROTHEA.

Dor. Have you my messages, sent to the poor, Dehvered with good hands, not robbing them Of any jot was theirs?

Spun Rob them, lady! I hope neither my fellows nor I am thieves.

Hu. Delivered with good hands, madam! else let me never lick my fingers more when I eat buttered fish

Dor Who cheat the poor, and from them pluck their alms.

Pilfer from Heaven; and there are thunderbolts, From thence to beat them ever Do not he, Were you both faithful, true distributers?

Spun. Lie, madam! what grief is it to see you turn swaggerer, and give your poor-minded rascally servants the he!

Dor. I'm glad you do not, if those wretched people' Tell you they pine for want of anything, Whisper but to mine ear, and you shall furnish them.

And, when I took thee home, my most chaste bosom, Methought, was filled with no hot wanton fire. But with a holy flame, mounting since higher, On wings of cherubins, than it did before.

Ang. Proud am I, that my lady's modest eye So likes so poor a servant.

Dor. I have offered

Handfuls of gold but to behold thy parents
I would leave kingdoms, were I queen of some,
To dwell with thy good father, for the son
Bewitching me so deeply with his presence,
He that begot him must do't ten times more.
I pray thee, my sweet boy, show me thy parents.
Be not ashamed

Ang. I am not · I did never

Know who my mother was; but, by yon palace,
Filled with bright heavenly courtiers, I dare assure you,
And pawn these eyes upon it, and this hand,
My father is in Heaven; and, pretty mistress,
If your illustrious hour-glass spend his sand
No worse than yet it does, upon my life,
You and I both shall meet my father there,
And he shall bid you welcome.



SCENE II.—A Street, near DOROTHEA'S House

Enter Macrinus, met by Theophilus and Harpax.

Theo The Sun, god of the day, guide thee, Macrinus!

Mac And thee, Theophilus!

Theo Glad'st thou in such scorn?

I call my wish back

Mac. Pm/

Theo One word. Take the least hand of time up :- stay

Mac Be brief.

Theo As thought. I prithee tell me, good Macrinus, How health and our fair princess lay together This night, for you can tell, courtiers have flies, That buzz all news unto them.

Mac She slept but ill

Theo. Double thy courtesy, how does Antoninus? Mac. Ill. well, straight, crooked,—I know not how Theo. Once more,

-Thy head is full of windmills:--when doth the princess Fill a bed full of beauty, and bestow it

On Antoninus, on the wedding-night

Mac. I know not

They No ! thou art the manuscript Where Antoninus writes down all his secrets Honest Macrinus, tell me.

Mac Fare you well, sir

Harb Honesty is some fiend, and frights him hence A many courtiers love it not

Theo What piece

Of this state-wheel, which winds up Antoninus, Is broke, it runs so jarringly? the man Is from himself divided O thou, the eve By which I wonders see, tell me, my Harpax, What gad-fly tickles this Macrinus so. That, upflinging the fail, he breaks thus from me

Haip Oh, sir, his brain-pan is a bed of snakes. Whose stings shoot through his eye-balls, whose poison-

ous spawn

Ingenders such a fry of speckled villainies, That, unless charms more strong than adamant Be used, the Roman angel's' wings shall melt,

> 1 Compare Two Noble Kinsmen, 1 1, 16 " Not an angel of the air, Bird melodious or bird fair. Be absent hence "

And Cæsar's diadem be from his head
Spurned by base feet, the laurel which he wears,
Returning victor, be enforced to kiss
That which it hates, the fire! And can this ram,
This Antoninus-engine, being made ready
To so much mischief, keep a steady motion?—
His eyes and feet, you see, give strange assaults.

Theo I'm turned a marble statue at thy language, Which printed is in such crabbed characters, It puzzles all my reading what, in the name Of Pluto, now is hatching?

Theo And what of this?

Harp These are but creeping billows,
Not got to shore yet. but if Dorothea
Fall on his bosom, and be fired with love,—
Your coldest women do so,—had you ink
Brewed from the infernal Styx, not all that black-

ness

Can make a thing so foul as the dishonours, Disgraces, buffetings, and most base affionts Upon the bright Artemia, star o' the court, Great Cæsar's daughter

Theo I now conster2 thee

Harp Nay, more, a firmament of clouds, being filled

¹ The quarto has "time," which Gifford changes to "line"—re the stick of a rocket—computing Dekker, Honest Whore "Troth, mistress, to tell you true, the fireworks then ian from me upon lines"

^{2 &}quot;Conster" is another form of construe, it here means to comprehend

SCENE III —A Room in DOROTHI VS Horse

Enter DOROTHEA, MACRINUS, and ANGILO

Dor. My trusty Angelo, with that curious eye Of thine, which ever waits upon my business. I prithee watch those my still-negligent servants. That they perform my will, in what's enjoined them. To the good of others, else will you find them flies, Not lying still, yet in them no good lies. Be careful, dear boy.

Ang. Yes, my sweetest mistress.

Exit.

Der Now, sir, you may go on.

Mac. I then must study

A new arithmetic, to sum up the virtues
Which Antoninus gracefully become.
There is in him so much man, so much goodness,
So much of honour, and of all things else.
Which make our being excellent, that from his store'
He can enough lend others, yet, much taken from him.
The want shall be as little as when seas
Lend from their bounty, to fill up the poorness
Of needy rivers

Dor. Sir, he is more indebted

To you for praise, than you to him that owes it

Mac If queens, viewing his presents paid to the white-

Of your chaste hand alone, should be ambitious. But to be parted in their numerous shares; This he counts nothing could you see main armies Make battles in the quarrel of his valour, That 'tis the best, the truest, this were nothing. The greatness of his state, his father's voice, And arm, awing Cæsarea, he ne'er boasts of, The sunbeams which the emperor throws upon him

¹ Careful

² The quarto has "owing," which might of course mean "owning," but the expression would be a singular one

Shine there but as in water, and gild him. Not with one spot of pride, no, dearest beauty, All these, heaped up together in one scale, Cannot weigh down the love he bears to you Being put into the other

Der Could gold buy you

To speak thus for your friend, you, sir, are worthy
Of more than I will number, and this your language
Hath power to win upon another woman,
'Top of whose heart the feathers of this world
Are gaily stuck but all which first you named,
And now this last, his love, to me are nothing.

Mac. You make me a sad messenger:—but himself

Enter Antoninus

Being come in person, shall, I hope, hear from you Music more pleasing

Anton. Has your ear, Macrinus,

Heard none, then?

Mac None I like

Anton But can there be
In such a noble casket, wherein he
Beauty and chastity in their full perfections,
A rocky heart, killing with cruelty
A life that's prostrated beneath your feet?

Dor. I am guilty of a shame I yet ne'er knew.

Thus to hold parley with you,—pray, sir, pardon [Going, Auton Good sweetness, you now have it, and shall go.

Be but so merciful, before your wounding me With such a mortal weapon as "farewell," To let me murmur to your virgin ear What I was loth to lay on any tongue But this mine own

Dor. If one immodest accent

Fly out, I hate you everlastingly

Anton My true love dares not do it

Mac Hermes inspire thee!

Enter above, Artemia, Sapritius, Theophilus, Spungies, and Hircius.

Spun. See you, do you see?—Our work is done, the fish you angle for is nilbling at the hook, and therefore untruss the cod-piece-point of our reward, no matter if the breeches of conscience fall about our heels.

Theo. The gold you earn is here, dain up your months. And no words of it

III. No, nor no words from you of too much damning neither. I know women sell themselves daily, and are hackneyed out for silver; why may not we, then, betray a scurvy mistress for gold?

Spun She saved us from the gallows, and, only to keep one proverb from breaking his neck, we'll hang her.

Theo 'Tis well done; go, go, you're my fine white boys 1

Spun. If your red boys, 'tis well known more ill-favoured faces than ours are painted

Sap. Those fellows trouble us

They Away, away !

IIn. I to my sweet placket

Spun. And I to my full pot.

[Excunt Hircius and Spungius

Anton Come, let me tune you—glaze not thus your With self-love of a vowed virginity; [eyes

Make every man your glass; you see our sex

Do never murder propagation,

We all desire your sweet society,

And, if you bar me from it, you do kill me,

And of my blood are guilty.

Artem O base villain!

Sap. Bridle your rage, sweet princess

Auton Could not my fortunes,

Reared higher far than yours, be worthy of you, Methinks my dear affection makes you mine.

¹ A term of endearment.

. THE VIRGIN-MARTYR.

LICT IL

And I his strength must use. Because I once Shed beams of favour on thee, and, with the Iron. Played with thee gently, when thou struck'st my heart.

I ll not insult on a base, humb'ed prey,

By lingering out thy terrors; but, with one frown

Kill thee:—hence with them to execution.

Seize him: but let even death itself be weary In torturing her. Ill change those smues to shricks;

Give the fool what she's proud of manyrdom:
In pieces rick that bawd too. [Pente to Macrinus.]

Saf. Albeit the reverence

I owe our gods and you are, in my bosom.

Torrents so strong that pity quite Les drowned From saving this young man, yet, when I see What face death gives him, and that a thing within me Save its my son. I am forced to be a man.

And grow fond of his life, which thus I beg

Arten. And I deny.

Arter. Str. you dishonous me.

To sue for that which I disclaim to have. I shall more glory in my sufferings gain. Than you in giving judgment, since I offer. My blood up to your anger: nor do I kneel. To keep a wretched life of mine from rum: Preserve this temple, builded fair as youts is, And Casar never went in greater triumph. Than I shall to the scaffold.

Artem. Are you so brave, sur? Set forward to his triumph, and let those two Go cursing along with him.

Der. No. but paying.

For my part. I. that you lose ten times more

By toruning me. than I that dare your tortures

Through all the army of my sins. I have even

Laboured to break, and cope with death to the face.

The visage of a hangman frights not me.

The sight of whips, racks, gibbets axes, fires.

Are scaffoldings by which my soul climbs up. To an eternal habitation.

Theo Cæsar's imperial daughter! hear me speak. Let not this Christian thing, in this her pageantity Of proud deciding both our gods and Cæsar, Build to herself a kingdom in her death, Going laughing from us: no; her bitterest torment Shall be, to feel her constancy beaten down; The bravery of her resolution he Battered, by the argument, into such pieces, That she again shall, on her belly, creep To kiss the pavements of our paynim gods

Artem. How to be done?

Theo I'll send my daughters to her, And they shall turn her rocky faith to wax; Else spit at me, let me be made your slave, And meet no Roman's but a villain's grave.

Artem. Thy prisoner let her be, then; and, Sapritius, Your son and that be yours: death shall be sent. To him that suffers them, by voice or letters, To greet each other—Rifle her estate; Christians to beggary brought grow desperate.

Dor. Still on the bread of poverty let me feed Ang O! my admired mistress, quench not out The holy fires within you, though temptations Shower down upon you. clasp thine armour on, Fight well, and thou shalt see, after these wars, Thy head wear sunbeams, and thy feet touch stars.

[Excunt all but Angelo.

Enter Hircius and Spungius

How now, Angelo, how is it, how is it? What thread spins that whore Fortune upon her wheel now?

Spun Comesta, comesta poor knave?

Hir. Com a porte vou, com a porte vou, my petite garsoone?

¹ I have printed this queer stuff as it appears in the original quarto I suppose the first line is the Italian "Come sta", to which Mass II,

Spun. Me partha, wee comrade, my half-inch of man's flesh, how run the dice of this cheating world, ha?

Ang. Too well on your sides, you are hid in gold,

O'er head, and ears

Hn We thank our fates, the sign of the gingle-boys hangs at the doors of our pockets

Spun Who would think that we, coming forth of the arse, as it were, or fag-end of the world, should yet see

the golden age, when so little silver is stirring?

His Nay, who can say any citizen is an ass, for lading his own back with money till his soul cracks again, only to leave his son like a gilded coxcomb behind him? Will not any fool take me for a wise man now, seeing me draw out of the pit of my treasury this little god with his belly full of gold?

Spun And this, full of the same meat, out of my

ambry?1

Ang. That gold will melt to poison

Spun Poison! would it would! whole pints for healths should down my throat

Hir Gold, poison! there is never a she-thrasher in Cæsarea, that lives on the flail of money, will call it so

Ang Like slaves you sold your souls for golden dross, Bewitching her to death, who stepped between . You and the gallows

Spun It was an easy matter to save us, she being so well backed

Hir. The gallows and we fell out \cdot so she did but part us

Hircius replies "Comment vous portez-vous, comment vous poitez-vous, mon petit garçon?" "Me partha" presents more difficultiva difficulty which Gifford cuts by reading "My pretty wee comrade," &c Mr W G Stone suggests that Dekker may have written (or intended) "Mi parti! Wee comrade," &c (i e let him speak to me) But may not Dekker have written "Mi parla," which, though not correct Italian for "speak to me," is sufficiently near for a person of the abilities of Spungus?

Ang. The misery of that mistiess, is mine own; She beggared, I left wretched

Hir. I can but let my nose drop in sorrow, with wet eyes for her.

Spun. The petticoat of her estate is unlaced, I confess. His. Yes, and the smock of her charity is now all to

pieces

Ang For love you bear to her, for some good turns Done you by me, give me one piece of silver.

Hu. How! a piece of silver! if thou weit an angel of gold, I would not put thee into white money unless I weighed thee; and I weigh thee not a jush.

Spun A piece of silver! I never had but two calves in my life, and those my mother left me; I will rather part from the fat of them than from a mustard-token's worth of argent.

Hu. And so, sweet nit, we crawl from thee

Spun Adieu, demi-dandiprat,1 adieu!

Ang Stay,—one word yet, you now are full of gold.

Hu. I would be sorry my dog were so full of the pox

Spun Or any sow of mine of the meazles either.

Ang. Go, go! you're beggas both, you are not worth That leather on your feet.

Hn. Away, away, boy!

Spun Page, you do nothing but set patches on the soles of your jests

Ang I am glad I tried your love, which, see! I want not.

So long as this is full

Both. And so long as this, so long as this

Hir. Spungius, you are a pickpocket.

Spun. Hucius, thou hast nimmed. "So long as!"—not so much money is left as will buy a louse

Hn. Thou art a thief, and thou liest in that gut through which thy wine runs, if thou deniest it.

¹ See note ante, p 307

² See note ante, p. 268

Spun Thou liest deeper than the bottom of mine enraged pocket, if thou affrontest it

Ang No blows, no bitter language,—all your gold gone!

Spun. Can the devil creep into one's breeches?

His Yes, if his horns once get into the cod-piece.

Ang Come, sigh not, I so little am in love
With that whose loss kills you, that, see! 'tis yours,
All yours divide the heap in equal share,
So you will go along with me to prison,
And in our mistress' sorrows bear a part.
Say, will you?

Both. Will ne!

Spun If she were going to hanging, no gallows should part us

Hu Let us both be turned into a rope of onions, if we do not 1

Ang Follow me, then, repair your bad deeds past, Happy are men, when their best days are last!

Spun True, master Angelo, pray, sir, lead the way
[East Angelo]

Hir Let him lead that way, but follow thou me this way

Spun I live in a gaol !

Hir Away, and shift for ourselves She'll do well enough there, for prisoners are more hungry after mutton than catchpoles after prisoners

Spun Let her starve then, if a whole gaol will not fill her belly [Excunt

1 In the quarto the word "not" is omitted, probably undesignedly, as the word "do" ends a full line, and has no point after it





ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I -A Room in DOROTHEA'S House.

Enter Saprisius, Theophilus, Priest, Calista, and Christeta.

AP Sick to the death, I fear.

Theo. I meet your sorrow,

With my true feeling of it.

Sap She's a witch,

A sorceress, Theophilus, my son

Is charmed by her enticing eyes, and,

An image made of wax, her beams of beauty
Melt him to nothing: all my hopes in him,
And all his gotten honours, find their grave
In his strange dotage on her Would, when first
He saw and loved her, that the earth had opened,
And swallowed both alive!

Theo There's hope left yet

Sap. Not any though the princess were appeased, All title in her love surrendered up, Yet this coy Christian is so transported With her religion, that unless my son (But let him perish first!) drink the same potion, And be of her belief, she'll not vouchsafe To be his lawful wife.

Priest But, once removed .

From her opinion, as I rest assured
The reasons of these holy maids will win her,

Exit.

You'll find her tractable to anything.

For your content or his.

Teat. If she refuse it.

The Stygian damps, breeding infectious airs. The mandrake's shricks,1 the basilisk's killing eye. The dreadful lightning that does crush the bones And never singe the skin, shall not appear Less fatal to her than my zeal made hot With love unto my gods. I have deferred it, In hopes to draw back this apostata.2 Which will be greater honour than her death, Unto her father's faith, and, to that end.

Have brought my daughters hither. Cal. And we doubt not

To do what you desire. Ser. Let her be sent for.

Prosper in your good work: and were I not To attend the princess. I would see and hear How you succeed.

Trail I am commanded too,

Ill bear you company.

Sir. Give them your ring. To lead her as in triumph if they win her.

Before her highness.

Tree. Spare no promises.

Persuasions, or threats I do conjure you you prevail 'tis the most glonous work You ever undertook

Erter Dorothea and Angelo

Pract. She comes Tiw We leave you.

1 There was a prevalent superstruon that when this plant was tern from the ground it uttered grouns or shrieks, and drove these who heard them mad See Romes and Jules, w. 3:

2 This was the earlier form of the word.

[&]quot;And shrieks like mandrakes to a out of the earth, That living mortals hearing them run mad."

Be constant, and be careful

Excunt THEOPHILUS and Priest

Cal. We are sorry

To meet you under guard.

Dor. But I more grieved

You are at liberty. So well I love you

That I could wish, for such a cause as mine, You were my fellow-prisoners Prithee, Angelo,

Reach us some chairs Please you sit-

Cal We thank you

Our visit is for love, love to your safety.

Chris. Our conference must be private; pray you, therefore,

Command your boy to leave us

Dor. You may trust him

With any secret that concerns my life;

Falsehood and he are strangers. had you, ladies, Been blessed with such a servant, you had never

Forsook that way, your journey even half ended,

That leads to joys eternal. In the place

Of loose lascivious mirth, he would have stirred you

To holy meditations, and so far

He is from flattery that he would have told you,

Your pride being at the height, how miscrable

And wretched things you were, that, for an hour

Of pleasure here, have made a desperate sale

Of all your right in happiness hereafter.

He must not leave me; without him I fall'

In this life he's my servant, in the other

A wished companion.

Ang. 'Tis not in the devil,

Nor all his wicked arts, to shake such goodness.

Dor. But you were speaking, lady

Cal As a friend'

And lover of your safety, and I pray you So to receive it, and, if you remember How near in love our parents were; that we, Even from the cradle, were brought up together, Our amity increasing with our years, We cannot stand suspected

Dor. To the purpose.

Cal We come, then, as good angels, Dorothea, To make you happy; and the means so easy That, be not you an enemy to yourself, Already you enjoy it.

Chris. Look on us,

Ruined as you are, once, and brought unto it By your persuasion.

Cal. But what followed. lady?

Leaving those blessings which our gods gave freely And showered upon us with a prodigal hand,—

As to be noble born, youth, beauty, wealth,

And the free use of these without control,

Check, curb, or stop, such is our law's indulgence!—

All happiness forsook us, bonds and fetters,

For amorous twines; the rack and hangman's whips.

In place of choice delights; our parents' curses

Instead of blessings; scorn, neglect, contempt,

Fell thick upon us

Chris This considered wisely, We made a fair retreat, and, reconciled To our forsaken gods, we live again In all prospenty.

Cal. By our example,
Bequeathing misery to such as love it,
Learn to be happy. The Christian yoke's too heavy
For such a dainty neck, it was framed rather
To be the shrine of Venus, or a pillar,
More precious than crystal, to support
Our Cupid's image. our religion. lady,
Is but a varied pleasure. yours a toil
Slaves would shrink under

Dor Have you not cloven feet, are you not devils? Dare any say so much, or dare I hear it,

Without a virtuous and religious anger?

Now to put on a virgin modesty,

Or maiden silence, when His power is questioned

That is omnipotent, were a greater crime

Than in a bad cause to be impudent.

Your gods! your temples! brothel-houses rather,

Or wicked actions of the worst of men,

Pursued and practised Your religious rites!

Oh! call them rather juggling mysteries,

The baits and nets of hell: your souls the prey

For which the devil angles, your false pleasures

A steep descent, by which you headlong fall

Into eternal torments.

Cal. Do not tempt Our powerful gods.

Dor. Which of your poweiful gods?
Your gold, your silver, brass, or wooden ones,
That can nor do me hurt, nor protect you?
Most pitted women! will you sacrifice
To such,—or call them gods or goddesses,
Your parents would disdain to be the same,
Or you yourselves? O blinded ignorance!
Tell me, Calista, by the truth, I charge you,
Or anything you hold more dear, would you
To have him defied to posterity.
Desire your father an adulterer,
A ravisher, almost a parricide,
A vile incestious wretch?
Cal. That, piety

And duty answer for me.

Dov. Or you, Christeta,

To be hereafter registered a goddess.

Give your chaste body up to the embraces

Of goatish lust? have it writ on your forehead,

"This is the common whore, the prostitute,

The mistress in the art of wantonness.

Knows every trick and labyrinth of desires

That are immodest?"

Chris. You judge better of me, Or my affection is ill placed on you:

Shall I turn strumpet?

Dor. No, I think you would not. Yet Venus, whom you worship, was a whore; Flora, the foundress of the public stews.

And has, for that, her sacrifice; your great god,

Your Jupiter, a loose adulterer.

Incestuous with his sister: read but those

That have canonized them, you'll find them worse Than, in chaste language, I can speak them to you.

Are they immortal, then, that did partake

Of human weakness and had ample share

In men's most base affections; subject to

Unchaste loves, anger. bondage. wounds, as men are?

Here. Jupiter, to serve his lust, turned bull.

The ship, indeed in which he stole Europa,

Neptune, for gain bailds up the walls of Trov

As a day-labourer: Apollo keeps

Admetus' sheep for bread, the Lemnian smith

Sweats at the forge for hire; Prometheus here, With his still-growing liver, feeds the vulture:

Saturn bound fast in hell with adamant chains:

And thousands more on whom abused error

Bestows a deaty. Will you, then, dear sisters,

For I would have you such pay your devotions

To things of less power than yourselves?

Cal. We worship

Their good deeds in their images

Dor. By whom fashioned?

By sinful men. I'll tell you a short tale. Nor can you but confess it was a true one:

A king of Egypt, being to erect

The mage of Osins, whom they honour,

^{&#}x27; Gifford reads "shape ' Gifford reads "is," pethaps tightly.

Took from the matrons' neck the richest jewels, And purest gold, as the materials, To finish up his work; which perfected, With all solemnity he set it up, To be adored, and served himself his idol, Desiring it to give him victory Against his enemies: but, being overthrown, Enraged against his god, (these are fine gods, Subject to human fury!) he took down The senseless thing, and, melting it again, He made a bason, in which eunuchs washed His concubine's feet; and for this sordid use Some months it served · his mistress proving false,— As most indeed do so, and grace concluded Between him and the priests, of the same bason He made his god again! Think, think of this, And then consider, if all worldly honours, Or pleasures that do leave sharp stings behind them, Have power to win such as have reasonable souls, To put their trust in dross

Cal Oh, that I had been born Without a father!

Christ, Piety to hun

Hath runed us for ever.

Dor. Think not so;
You may repair all yet. the attribute
That speaks His Godhead most, is merciful.
Revenge is proper to the fiends you worship,
Yet cannot strike without His leave.—You weep,—
Oh, 'tis a heavenly shower! celestial balm
To cure your wounded conscience! let it fall,
Fall thick upon it, and when that is spent,
I'll help it with another of my tears,
And, may your true repentance prove the child
Of my true sorrow, never mother had
A buth so happy!

Cal. We are caught ourselves,

That came to take you, and, assured of conquest, We are your captives.

Dor. And in that you triumph:
Your victory had been eternal loss,
And this your loss immortal gain. Fix here,
And you shall feel yourselves inwardly armed
'Gainst tortures, death, and hell—but, take heed, sisters.
That, or through weakness, threats, or mild persuasions,
Though of a father, you fall not into

A second and a worse apostasy.

Cal Never, oh never! steeled by your example, We dare the worst of tyranny

Chris. Here's our warrant, You shall along and witness it.

Dor. Be confirmed then; And rest assured, the more you suffer here, The more your glory, you to Heaven more dear.

[Excunt



SCENE II -The Governor's Palace.

Enter Artemia, Sapritius, Theophilus, and Harpal.

Artem Sapritius, though your son deserve no pity, We grieve his sickness. his contempt of us, We cast behind us, and look back upon His service done to Cæsar, that weighs down Our just displeasure—If his malady Have growth from his restraint, or that you think His liberty can cure him, let him have it Say, we forgive him freely.

Sap Your grace binds us, Ever your humblest vassals Artem Use all means

¹ Compare Richard II, ii 2, 37
"Or something hath the nothing that I grieve"

For his recovery, though yet I love him, I will not force affection If the Christian, Whose beauty bath out-rivalled mine, be won To be of our belief, let him enjoy her, That all may know, when the cause wills, I can Command my own desires

Theo. Be happy then, My Lord Sapritius · I am confident, Such eloquence and sweet persuasion dwells Upon my daughters' tongues, that they will work her To anything they please

Sap I wish they may! Yet 'tis no easy task to undertake, To alter a perverse and obstinate woman

A shout within loud music

Artem What means this shout? Sap. 'Tis seconded with music, Trumphant music —Ha!

Enter SEMPRONIUS.

Semp My lord, your daughters, The pillars of our faith, having converted, For so report gives out, the Christian lady, The image of great Jupiter borne before them, Sue for access.

Theo My soul divined as much. Blest be the time when first they saw this light! Their mother, when she bore them to support My feeble age, filled not my longing heart With so much joy as they in this good work Have thrown upon me

Enter Priest, with the image of Jupiter, incense and censers, followed by Calista and Christeta hading DOROTHEA

Welcome, oh, thrice welcome, Daughters, both of my body and my mind!

Let me embrace in you my bliss, my comfort; And, Dorothea, now more welcome too Than if you never had fallen off! I am ravished With the excess of joy, -speak, happy daughters, The blest event

Cal We never gained so much

By any undertaking.

Theo. O my dear girl, Our gods reward thee !

Dor. Nor was ever time,

On my part, better spent.

Chris. We are all now

Of one opinion

Theo. My best Christeta 1

Madam, if ever you did grace to worth,

Vouchsafe your princely hands Artem Most willingly-

Do you refuse it?

Cal Let us first deserve it.

My own child still! Here set our god, prepare

The incense quickly Come, fair Dorothea,

I will myself support you, -now kneel down,

And pay your vows to Jupiter.

Dor I shall do it

Better by their example

Theo They shall guide you.

They are familiar with the sacrifice.

Forward, my twins of comfort, and, to teach her,

Make a joint offering.

Chris Thus----

They both spit at the image Cal And thus ___ [They the ow it down and spurn it

Harp Profane.

And impious! stand you now like a statue?

Are you the champion of the gods? where is Your holy zeal, your anger?

Theo I am blasted,

And, as my feet were rooted here, I find

I have no motion; I would I had no sight too!

Or, if my eyes can serve to any use,

Give me, thou injured Power! a sea of tears,

To explate this madness in my daughters;

For, being themselves, they would have trembled at

So blasphemous a deed in any other:—

For my sake, hold awhile thy dreadful thunder,

And give me patience to demand a reason

For this accursed act.

Dor. 'Twas bravely done

Theo Peace, damned enchantress, peace 1—I should look on you

With eyes made red with fury, and my hand,
That shakes with tage, should much outstrip my tongue,
And seal my vengeance on your hearts,—but nature,
To you that have fallen once, bids me again
To be a father. Oh! how durst you tempt
The anger of great Jove?

Dor. Alack, poor Jove!

He is no swaggerer! how smug he stands! He'll take a kick, or anything

Sap. Stop her mouth

Dor. It is the patient'st godling! do not fear him, He would not hurt the thief that stole away Two of his golden locks, indeed he could not: And still 'tis the same quiet thing.

Theo Blasphemer!
Ingenious cruelty shall punish this
Thou art past hope But for you yet, dear daughters,
Again bewitched, the dew of mild forgiveness
May gently fall, provided you deserve it,
With true contrition be yourselves again,
Sue to the offended deity.

Chris Not to be The mistress of the earth.

¹ The quarto has "ancientst." The reading in the text was first printed by Gifford, at the recommendation of Monck Mason.

Cal. I will not offer

A grain of incense to it, much less kneel, Nor look on it but with contempt and scorn, To have a thousand years conferred upon me Of worldly blessings. We profess ourselves To be, like Dorothea, Christians, And owe her¹ for that happiness

Theo My ears

Receive, in hearing this, all deadly charms, Powerful to make man wretched.

Artem Are these they

You bragged could convert others!

Sap. That want strength

To stand, themselves!

Harp. Your honour is engaged,

The credit of your cause depends upon it: Something you must do suddenly.

Theo. And I will

Harp. They merit death; but, falling by your hand, 'Twill be recorded for a just revenge, And holy fury in you.

The Desertion

Theo. Do not blow The furnace of a wrath thrice hot already; Ætna is in my breast, wildfire burns here, Which only blood must quench. Incensed Power! Which from my infancy I have adored, Look down with favourable beams upon The sacrifice, though not allowed thy priest. Which I will offer to thee, and be pleased, My fiery zeal inciting me to act it, To call that justice others may style murder Come, you accursed, thus by the hair I drag you Before this holy altar, thus look on you. Less pitiful than tigers to their prey And thus, with mine own hand, I take that life Which I gave to you. Kills them

1 2.e Are indebted to her.

Dor O most cruel butcher!

Theo. My anger ends not here. Hell's dreadful porter, Receive into thy ever-open gates Their damned souls, and let the Funes' whips

On them alone be wasted! and, when death Closes these eyes, 'twill be Elysum to me

To hear their shricks and howlings Make me, Pluto,
Thy instrument to furnish thee with souls

Of this accursed sect; not let me fall, Till my fell vengeance hath consumed them all

[Exil, with Harpax hugging him.

Artem 'Tis a brave zeal

Enter Angelo, smiling.

Dor. Oh, call him back again, Call back your hangman! here's one prisoner left To be the subject of his knife.

Artem. Not so,

We are not so near reconciled unto thee, Thou shalt not perish such an easy way. Be she your charge, Sapritius, now, and suffer None to come near her, till we have found out Some torments worthy of her.

Ang. Courage, mistress,

These martyrs but prepare your glorious fate,, You shall exceed them, and not imitate.

[Excunt



SCENE III —A Room in DOROTHEA'S House

Enter Spungius and Hircius, ragged, at opposite doors.

Hir. Spungius!

Mace II

Spun. My fine rogue, how is it? how goes this tattered world?

Hu Hast any money?

Spun. Money! no. The tavern-ny chings about my money, and kills it Hast thou any money?

Hu No My money is a mad bull; and finding any

gap opened, away it runs

Spun. I see then a tavern and a bawdy-house have faces much alike, the one has red grates next the door, the other has peeping-holes within doors, the tavern hath evermore a bush, the bawdy-house sometimes neither hedge nor bush. From a tavern a man comes recling, from a bawdy-house, not able to stand. In the tavern you are cozened with paltry wine; in a bawdy-house, by a painted whore money may have wine, and a whore will have money, but neither can you cry "Drawer, you rogue!" or, "Keep door, rotten bawd!" without a silver whistle. We are justly plagued, therefore, for running from our mistress

Hir Thou didst, I did not yet I had run too, but that one gave me turpentine pills, and that stayed my running

Spun Well! the thread of my life is drawn through the needle of necessity, whose eye, looking upon my lousy breeches, cries out it cannot mend them, which so pricks the linings of my body, (and those are heart, lights, lungs, guts, and midriff,) that I beg on my to have

Atropos, the tailor to the Destinies. 'shears, The furnamy thread in two, or to ready, ose of

Ætna is in nod so press me to urns here,

Which only blook - fathquench Incensed Power! Which from my infancy I have adored,

Look down with favourable beams upon

The sacrifice, though not allowed thy priest,

Which I will offer to thee, and be pleased,

My fiery zeal inciting me to act it, To call that justice others may sty

To call that justice others may style murder Come, you accursed, thus by the hair I drag you

Before this holy altar, thus look on you, Less pitiful than tigers to their prey

And thus, with mine own hand, I take that life

Which I gave to you

[Kills them

^{&#}x27; ¿ e Are indebted to her

comfort melting away, and misery taking the length of my foot, it boots not me to sue for life, when all my hopes are seam-rent, and go wet-shod.

Spun. This shows thou art a cobbler's son, by going through-stitch O Hircius, would thou and I were so happy to be cobblers !

Hu So would I, for both of us being now weary of our lives, should then be sure of shoemakers' ends

Spun I see the beginning of my end, for I am almost starved.

Hir. So am not I; but I am more than famished Spun. All the members in my body are in a rebellion

one against another. Hu. So are mine; and nothing but a cook, being a constable, can appease them, presenting to my nose, instead of his painted staff, a spit full of roast meat

Spun But, in this rebellion, what uproars do they make! my belly cries to my mouth, "Why dost not gape and feed me?"

Hu And my mouth sets out a throat to my hand, "Why dost not thou lift up meat, and cram my chops with it?"

Spun. Then' my hand hath a fling at mine eyes, because they look not out, and shark for victuals Hu. Which mine eyes seeing, full of tears, cry aloud,

and curse my feet, for not ambling up and down to feed colon, 1 sithence, if good meat be in any place, 'tis known my feet can smell

Spun But then my feet, like lazy rogues, lie still, and had rather do nothing than run to and fro to purchase anything

Hir' Why, among so many millions' of people, should thou and I only be miserable tatterdemallions, ragamuffins, and lousy desperates?

The largest part of the intestinal canal, and hence, metaphorimoney, at

Vare

Spun. Thou art a mere I-am-an-o, I-am-an-as: con sider the whole world, and 'tis as we are.

Hir. Lousy, beggarly! thou whoreson assafætida?

Spun. Worse; all tottering, all out of frame, thou fooliamini!

Hir. As how, arsenic? come, make the world smart.

Spun. Old honour goes on crutches, beggary rides caroched 1; honest men make feasts, knaves sit at tables cowards are lapped in velvet, soldiers (as we) in rags; beauty turns whore, whore bawd, and both die of the pox: why, then, when all the world stumbles, should thou and I walk upright?

Hir. Stop look! who's yonder?

Enter ANGELO

Spun. Fellow Angelo' how does my little man? well?

Ang. Yes: and would you did so! Where are your clothes?

Hir. Clothes! You see every woman almost go in her loose gown, and why should not we have our clothes loose?

Spun. Would they were loose!

Ang. Why, where are they?

Spun. Where many a velvet cloak. I warrant, at this hour, keeps them company, they are pawned to a broker.

Ang. Why pawned? where's all the gold I left with you?

Hir. The gold 'we put that into a scrivener's hands, and he has cozened us.

Spun. And therefore, I prithee, Angelo, if thou hast another purse let it be confiscate, and brought to devastation.

Ang. Are you made all of hes? I know which way Your guilt-winged? pieces flew. I will no more

1 s.e. In a coach.

[&]quot;Guilt" is spelt "gilt" in the quarto. There is very likely a pun on the two words, but the former is the more emphatically meant.

Be mocked by you: be sorry for your riots, Tame your wild flesh by labour; eat the bread Got with hard hands, let sorrow be your whip, To draw drops of repentance from your heart: When I read this amendment in your eves. You shall not want, till then, my pity dies.

Exit.

Spun. Is it not a shame, that this scurvy puerilis should give us lessons?

Hu. I have dwelt, thou know'st, a long time in the suburbs of the conscience, and they are ever bawdy; but now my heart shall take a house within the walls of honesty.

Enter HARPAN behind.

Spun O you drawers of wine, draw me no more to the bar of beggary; the sound of "Score a pottle of sack" is worse than the noise of a scolding oyster-wench, or two cats incorporating.

Harp. This must not be. I do not like when conscience

Thaws; keep her frozen still. [Comes for ward.] How now, my masters!

Dejected? drooping? drowned in tears? clothes torn? Lean, and ill coloured? sighing? what's the whilhaun

Which raiseth all these mischiefs? I have seen you Drawn better on't O! but a spirit told me You both would come to this, when in you thrust Yourselves into the service of that lady,

Who shortly now must die. Where's now her praying? What good got you by wearing out your feet,

To run on scurvy errands to the poor,

And to bear money to a sort1 of rogues

And lousy prisoners?

Hn. Pox on them! I never prospered since I did it Spun. Had I been a pagan still, I could not have spit

11 1

white for want of drank, but come to any unther now, and had him trust me, because I turned Christian, and he

May You're rightly served, before that peevish I lady enes, Pah l

Had to do with you, women, wine, and money Flowed in abundance with you, did it not?

Hir Oh, those days ! those days !

Harp Beat not your breasts, tear not your hair in madness.

Those days shall come again, be ruled by me'; And better, mark me, better.

Spun I have seen you, sir, as I take it, an attendant on the Lord Theophilus

Harp Yes, yes, in show his servant · but—hark, hither !--

Take heed nobody listens

Spun Not a mouse stirs

Harp I am a prince disguised 'Hir Disguised'12 how? drunk?

Harp Yes, my fine boy! I'll drink too, and be drunk I am a prince, and any man by me.

Let him but keep my rules, shall soon grow rich,

Exceeding rich, most infinitely rich

He that shall serve me is not starved from pleasures As other poor knaves are, no, take their fill.

Spun But that, sir, we're so ragged-Harp You'll say, you'd serve me?

Hir Before any master under the zodiac

Harp For clothes no matter, I've a mind to both

And one thing I like in you, now that you see The bonfire of your lady's state burnt out,

You give it over, do you not? Hu Let her be hanged!

Spun And poved!

Harp Why, now you're mine, Come, let my bosom touch you

¹ Foolish

² A euphemism for drunk

Spun. We have bugs, sir.

Harp. There's money, fetch your clothes home; there's for you.

Hir. Avoid, vermin! give over our mistress—a man cannot prosper worse, if he serve the devil

Harp How! the devil? I'll tell you what now of the devil.

He's no such horrid creature; cloven-footed, Black, saucer-eyed, his nostrils breathing fire, As these lying Christians make him.

Both. No!

Harp. He's more loving

To man, than man to man is

Hu. Is he so? Would we two might come acquainted with him!

Harp You shall: he's a wondrous good fellow, loves a cup of wine, a whore, anything. You have money; it's ten to one but I'll bring him to some tavein to you or other.

Spun. I'll bespeak the best room in the house for him

Harr Some people he cannot endure

Hu. We'll give him no such cause.

Harp. He hates a civil lawyer, as a soldier does peace

Spun How a commoner?

Harp. Loves him from the teeth outward,

Spun. Pray, my lord and prince, let me encounter you with one foolish question does the devil eat any mace in his broth?

Harp. Exceeding much, when his burning fever takes, him, and then he has the knuckles of a bailiff boiled to his breakfast

Hn Then, my lord, he loves a catchpole, does he not?

Harp As a bearward² does a dog. A catchpole! he

A common lawyer.

A bear-keeper.

has sworn, if ever he dies, to make a serjeant his heir, and a yeoman his overseer.

a yeoman his overseer.

Spun. How if he come to any great man's gate. will the porter let him come in, sir?

Harp. Oh! he loves porters of great men's gates, because they are ever so near the wicket.

Hir. Do not they whom he makes much on, for all his stroking their cheeks, lead hellish lives under him?

Harf. No, no, no, no; he will be damned before he hurts any man. do but you (when you are throughly acquainted with him) ask for anything, see if it does not

Spun. Anything!

come.

vou---

Harp Call for a delicate rare whore, she is brought you.

Hir. Oh! my elbow itches Will the devil keep the

door?

Harp. Be drunk as a beggar. he helps you home.

Spun. O my fine devil' some watchman, I warrant; I wonder who is his constable.

I wonder who is his constable.

Harp. Will you swear, roar, swagger? he claps

Hir How? on the chops?

Harp No, on the shoulder; and cries, "O, my brave boy!" Will any of you kill a man?

Spun Yes, yes: I, I.

Harp. What is his word? "Hang! hang! 'tis nothing"—Or stab a woman?

Hir Yes, yes; I, I.

Harp Here is the worst word he gives you. "A pox on't, go on "

Hir. O inveigling rascal !- I am ravished.

Harp Go, get your clothes, turn up your glass of youth,

And let the sands run merrily. nor do I care

From what a lavish hand your money flies, So you give none away feed beggars—— Hu Hang them!

Hat And to the scrubbing 1 poor.

Hn. I'll see them hanged first,

Haif One service you must do me

Both. Anything.

Harp Your mistress, Dorothea, ere she suffers, Is to be put to tortures have you hearts. To tear her into shrieks, to fetch her soul. Up in the pangs of death, yet not to die?

Hn. Suppose this she, and that I had no hands, here's my teeth

Spun. Suppose this she, and that I had no teeth, here's my nails

Hir. But will not you be there, sir?

Harp. No, not for hills of diamonds; the grand master.

Who schools her in the Christian discipline,
Abhors my company should I be there,
You'd think all hell broke loose, we should so quarrel
Ply you this business; he her flesh who spares
Is lost, and in my love never more shares

[Exit.

Spun Here's a master, you rogue!

Hir Sure he cannot choose but have a horrible number of servants.

[Excunt.

1 "Scrubbing" is used in much the same contemptuous sense as "scrubby" in modern slang Compare Merchant of Venice, v 1 162





ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I .- The Governor's Palace

Antoninus on a couch asleep, with Doctors about him; Sapritius and Macrinus.

AP. O you, that are half gods, lergthen that life

Their deities lend us; turn o'er all the volumes

Of your mysterious Æsculap an science. To increase the number of this young man's days:

And, for each minute of his time prolonged. Your fee shall be a piece of Roman gold With Cæsar's stamp such as he sends his captains When in the wars they earn well: do but save him. And, as he's half myself, be you all mine.

1st Dest. What art can do, we promise; physic's hand

As apt is to destroy as to preserve.

If Heaven make not the medicine. all this while. Our skill hath combat held with his disease; But 'tis so armed, and a deep melancholy. To be such in part with death, we are in fear The grave must mock our labours.

Mac. I have been

His keeper in this sickness, with such eyes As I have seen my mother watch o er me And, from that observation sure I find It is a midwife must deliver him.

Sap Is he with child? a midwife! Mac. Yes, with child; And will, I fear, lose life, if by a woman to be a life of He is not brought to bed Stand by his pillow Some little while, and, in his broken slumbers, Him shall you hear cry out on Dorothea; And, when his arms fly open to catch her, Closing together, he falls fast asleep, Pleased with embracings of her airy form Physicians but torment him, his disease Laughs at their gibberish language; let him hear The voice of Dorothea, nay, but the name, He starts up with high colour in his face: She, or none, cures him, and how that can be, The princess' strict command barring that happiness, To me impossible seems. Sap To me it shall not; I'll be no subject to the greatest Cæsar Was ever crowned with laurel, rather than cease. To be a father. East: Mac Silence, sir, he wakes. Anton Thou kill'st me, Dorothea; oh, Dorothea! Mac. She's here enjoy her Anton Where? Why do you mock me? Age on my head hath stuck no white hairs yet,

Anton Where? Why do you mock me? Age on my head hath stuck no white hairs yet, Yet I'm an old man, a fond doting fool. Upon a woman. I, to buy her beauty, (Truth, I am bewitched!) offer my hfe, And she, for my acquaintance, hazaids hers: Yet, for our equal sufferings, none holds out A hand of pity

Anton. Hell on your fiddling! [Starts from his couch! 1st Doct Take again your bed, sir;

Sleep is a sovereign physic.

Anton. Take an ass's head, sir.

Confusion on your fooleries, your charms!—

Thou stinking clyster-pipe, where's the god of rest, Thy pills and base apothecary drugs Threatened to bring unto me? Out, you impostors!

Quacksalving, cheating mountebanks! your skill
Is to make sound men sick, and sick men kill

Mac Oh, be yourself, dear friend.

Anton Myself, Macrinus by How can I be myself, when I am mangled

Into a thousand pieces? Here moves my head, But where's my heart? wherever—that hes dead

Re-enter Sapritius, dragging in Dorothea by the hair.

Angelo following.

Sap Follow me, thou damned sorceress! Call up thy And, if they can, now let them from my hand [spirits, Untwine these witching hairs.

Anton I am that spirit

Or, if I be not, were you not my father,
One made of iron should hew that hand in pieces,
That so defaces this sweet monument

Of my love's beauty.

Sap. Art thou sick?

Anton To death.

Sap Wouldst thou recover?

Anton Would I live in bliss!

Sap And do thme eyes shoot daggers at that man That brings thee health?

Anton. It is not in the world.

Sap. It's here.

Anton To treasure, by enchantment locked

In caves as deep as hell, am I as near

Sap Break that enchanted cave enter and rifle The spoils thy lust hunts after, I descend To a base office, and become thy pander,

In bringing thee this proud thing make her thy whore, Thy health hes here, if she deny to give it,

Force it imagine thou assault'st a town's

Weak wall: to't, 'tis thine own, beat but this down.—Come, and, unseen, be witness to this battery,
How the coy strumpet yields

1st Doct Shall the boy stay, sir?

Sap. No matter for the boy pages are used
To these odd bawdy shufflings; and, indeed, are
Those little young snakes in a Fury's head,
Will sting worse than the great ones. Let the pump stay.

[Eacunt Sapritius, Macrinus, and Doctors

Dor. O, guard me, angels! What tragedy must begin now?

Anton When a tiger

Leaps into a timorous herd, with ravenous jaws, Being hunger-starved, what tragedy then begins?

Dor. Death; I am happy so. You, hitherto, Have still had goodness sphered within your eyes, Let not that orb be broken.

Ang. Fear not, mistress,
If he dare offer violence, we two
Are strong enough for such a sickly man.

Dor. What is your horrid purpose, sin? your eye Bears danger in it.

Anton. I must-

Dor. What?

Sap [Within] Speak it out.

Anton. Climb that sweet virgin tree.

Sap. [117thin.] Plague o' your trees!

Anton And pluck that fruit which none, I think, e'er tasted.

Sap. [Within] A soldier, and stand fumbling so!

Dor. Oh, kill me, [Kneels]

And Heaven will take it as a sacrifice, But, if you play the ravisher, there is A hell to swallow you

¹ The quarto has "spard," which might just conceivably be right, as "spar" was sometimes used in the sense of shut up, or enclose.

Sap [Within] Let her swallow thee!

Anton Rise: for the Roman empire, Dorothea,
I would not wound thine honour. Pleasures forced
Are unripe apples; sour, not worth the plucking:
Yet, let me tell you, 'tis my father's will
That I should seize upon you, as my prey,
Which I abhor, as much as the blackest sin
The villainy of man did ever act

SAPRITIUS breaks in with Macrinus.

Dor. Die happy for this language ! Sap Die a slave,

A blockish idiot!

Mac Dear sir, ver him not

Sap Yes, and vex thee too both, I think, are geld Cold, phlegmatic bastard, thou'rt no brat of mine, [mgs, One spark of me, when I had heat like thine, By this had made a bonfire a tempting whore. For whom thou'rt mad, thrust e'en into thine arms, And stand'st thou puling! Had a tailor seen her At this advantage, he, with his cross capers, Had ruffled her by this But thou shalt curse Thy dalliance, and here, before her eyes, Tear thy flesh! in pieces, when a slave In hot lust bathes himself, and gluts those pleasures Thy niceness durst not touch Call out a slave, You, captain of our guard, fetch a slave hither Anton What will you do, dear sir?

Sap Teach her a trade,
Which many would learn in less than half an hour.—

To play the whore

Enter Soldiers with a Slave

Mac A slave is come, what now?

Sap Thou hast bones and flesh

Enough to ply thy labour, from what country

Wert thou ta'en prisoner, here to be our slave?

? Gifford made ((Tames) ... 0 1 11 1

Slave From Britain
Sup In the west ocean?
Slave. Yes
Sup. An island?
Slave. Yes

Sap I'm fitted of all nations

Our Roman swords e'er conquered, none comes near The Briton for true whoring Sirrah, fellow,

What wouldst thou do to gain thy liberty?

Slave. Do! liberty! fight naked with a hon,
Venture to pluck a standard from the heart
Of an armed legion. Liberty! I'd thus
Bestride a rampire,¹ and defiance spit
I' the face of death, then when the battering ram
Was fetching his career backward, to pash
Me with his horns in pieces. To shake my chains off,
And that I could not do't but by thy death,
Stood'st thou on this dry shore, I on a rock
Ten pyramids high, down would I leap to kill thee,
Or die myself, what is for man to do,
I'll venture on, to be no more a slave

Sap Thou shalt, then, be no slave, for I will set

Upon a piece of work is fit for man, Brave for a Briton —drag that thing aside, And ravish her.

Slave. And ravish her! is this your manly service? A devil scorns to do it; 'tis for a beast, A villain, not a man: I am, as yet, But half a slave, but, when that work is past, A damned whole one, a black ugly slave, The slave of all base slaves—do't thyself, Roman, 'Tis drudgery fit for thee.

Sap. He's bewitched too.

thee

Bind him, and with a bastinado give him, Upon his naked belly, two hundred blows?

Slave. Thou art more slave than I [He is carried in

¹ Rampart.

Dot. That Power supernal on whom waits my soul Is captain o'er my chastity

Anton Good sir, give o'er.

The more you wrong her, yourself's vexed the more.

Sap Plagues light on her and thee!—thus down I throw

Thy harlot, thus by the hair nail her to earth.

Call in ten slaves, let every one discover

What lust desires, and surfeit here his fill

Call in ten slaves

Enter Slaves

Mac! They are come, sir, at your call. Sap. Oh, oh!

[Falis down

Enter THEOPHILUS

Theo. Where is the governor?

Anton There's my wretched father

Thee My Lord Sapritius—he's not dead!—my lord!
That witch there——

Anton 'Tis no Roman gods can strike These fearful terrors O, thou happy maid, Forgive this wicked purpose of my father Dar I do.

Theo Gone, gone, he's peppered It is thou-

Dor Heaven pardon you!

And if my wrongs from thence pull vengeance down, I can no miracles work, yet, from my soul,

Prove to those Domes Towns 1

Pray to those Powers I serve, he may recover

Theo He stars—help, raise him up,—my lord!

Sap. Where am I?

Theo One cheek is blasted

Sap Blasted! where's the lama?

That tears my entrails? I'm bewitched, seize on her

¹ The quarto gives this speech to Angelo There can be little doubt of the correctness of Gifford's emendation
2 Witch, vampure

Der I'm here; do what you please

Theo. Spurn her to the bar.

Dar. Come, boy, being there, more near to Heaven we are.

Sap Kick harder; go out, witch !

[Excunt all but Antoninus

Anton O bloody hangmen! Thine own gods give thee breath!

Each of thy tortures is my several death.

[Evit.



SCENE II -A Public Square.

Enter HARPAN, HIRCIUS, and SPUNGIUS.

Harf Do you like my service now? say, am not I A master worth attendance?

Spun Attendance! I had rather lick clean the soles of your dirty boots, than wear the richest suit of any infected lord, whose rotten life hangs between the two poles

Hu. A lord's suit! I would not give up the cloak of your service, to meet the splayfoot estate of any left-eyed knight above the antipodes, because they are unlucky to meet

Harp. This day I'll try your loves to me, 'us only But well to use the agility of your arms.

Spun Or legs, I am lusty at them

Hir Or any other member that has no legs.

Spun. Thou'lt run into some hole

Hir. If I meet one that's more than my match, and that I cannot stand in their hands, I must and will creep on my knees

Harf Hear me, my little team of villains, hear me; I cannot teach you fencing with these cudgels, Yet you must use them, lay them on but soundly, That's all

Mass II A A

Hu Nay, if we come to mauling once, puh!

Spun But what walnut-tree is it we must beat?

Harp Your mistress

Hir How! my mistress? I begin to have a Christian's heart made of sweet butter, I melt; I cannot strike a woman

Spun Nor I, unless she scratch;—bum my mistress!

Haip You're coxcombs, silly animals

Hir What's that?

Harp Drones, asses, blinded moles, that dare not thrust

Your arms out to catch fortune say, you fall off,
It must be done You are converted rascals,
And, that once spread abroad, why, every slave
Will kick you, call you motley Christians,
And half-faced Christians

Spun The guts of my conscience begin to be of whit-

Hir I doubt me, I shall have no sweet butter in me.

Harp Deny this, and each pagan whom you meet Shall forked fingers thrust into your eyes——

Hir If we be cuckolds.

Harp. Do this, and every god the Gentiles bow to Shall add a fathom to your line of years

Spun A hundred fathom, I desire no more.

Hir I desire but one inch longer

Harp The senators will, as you pass along, Clap you upon your shoulders with this hand, And with this hand give you gold when you are dead, Happy that man shall be can get a nail, The paring,—nay, the dirt under the nail, Of any of you both, to say, this dirt Belonged to Spungius or Hircius

Spun They shall not want dirt under my nails, I will keep them long of purpose, for now my fingers itch to be at her.

¹ Leather made very tough by peculiar dressing -Nares.

Hu. The first thing I do, I'll take her over the lips. Spun. And I the hips,—we may strike anywhere? Harp. Yes, anywhere.

Hir. Then I know where I'll hit her.

Harf. Prosper, and be mine own, stand by I must not

To see this done; great business calls me hence:

He's made can make her curse his violence.

Spun. Fear it not, sir; her ribs shall be basted.

Hu. I'll come upon her with rounce, robble-hobble and thwick-thwack-thirlery bouncing.

Enter Dorothe v. led frisoner, Sapritius, Theophilus, Angelo, and a Hangman, who sets up a Pillar · Sapritius and Theophilus sit, Angelo stands by Dorothea. A Guard attending.

Sap. According to our Roman customs, bind That Christian to a pillar.

Theo Infernal Furies,
Could they into my hand thrust all their whips
To tear thy flesh, thy soul, 'tis not a torture
Fit to the vengeance I should heap on thee,
For wrongs done me—me! for flagitious facts!
By thee done to our gods: yet, so it stand
To great Cæsarea's governor's high pleasure,
Bow but thy knee to Jupiter, and offer
Any slight sacrifice, or do but swear
By Cæsar's foitune, and be free

Sap Thou shalt

Dor. Not for all Caesar's fortune, were it chained To more worlds than are kingdoms in the world. And all those worlds drawn after him I defy Your hangmen, you now show me whither to fly.

Sap Are her tormentors ready?
Ang Shrink not, dear mistress.

Spun & Hir. My lord, we are ready for the business Dor You two! whom I like fostered children fed.

And lengthened out your starved life with bread, You be my hangmen! whom, when up the ladder Death haled you to be strangled, I fetched down,

Clothed you, and warmed you, you two my tormentors?

Both Yes, we.

Dor Divine Powers pardon you sap. Strike.

[They strike at her, 'Angelo kneeling holds her fast Theo Beat out her brains

Dor Receive me, you bright angels!

Sap Faster, slaves
Spun Faster! I am out of breath, I am sure, if I were

to beat a buck, I can strike no harder

Hir. O mine arms! I cannot lift them to my head

Dor. Joy above joys! are my tormentors weary In torturing me, and, in my sufferings, I fainting in no limb! tyrants, strike home,

I fainting in no limb tyrants, strike home, And feast your fury full

Theo These dogs are curs, [Comes from his seat Which snarl, yet bite not See, my lord, her face Has more bewitching beauty than before Proud whore, it smiles! cannot an eye start out, With these?

Hir. No, sir, nor the bridge of her nose fall, 'tis full of iron-work

Sap Let's view the cudgels, are they not counterfeit?

Ang There fix thine eye still,—thy glorious crown

must come
Not from soft pleasure, but by martyrdom
There fix thine eye still,—when we next do meet,

There fix thine eye still,—when we next do me Not thorns, but roses, shall bear up thy feet

There fix thine eye still Dor Ever, ever, ever

[East

¹ A quantity of linen washed at once, a tub-full of linen in buck — Halliwell

Enter HARPAX, sneaking . . .

Theo. We're mocked, these bats have power to fell Yet her skin is not scarred [down 1 giants,

Sap. 'What rogues are these?'

Theo. Cannot these force a shriek? [Beats Spungius.

Spun Oh! a woman has one of my ribs, and now five more are broken

"Theo. Cannot this make her roar?

Beats HIRCIUS; he roars.

Sap. Who hired these slaves? what are they?

Spun We serve that noble gentleman, there, he enticed us to this dry beating: oh, for one half pot!

Harp My servants! two base rogues, and sometimes To her, and for that cause forbear to huit her. [servants Sap Unbind her, hang up these

Theo Hang the two hounds on the next tree.

Hir. Hang us! Master Harpax, what a devil, shall we be thus used?

Harp. What bandogs 2 but you two would worry a woman?

Your mistress? I but clapped you, you flew on. Say I should get your lives, each rascal beggar Would, when he met you, cry "Out, hell-hounds! Spit at you, fling dirt at you, and no woman [traitors!" Ever endure your sight. 'tis your best course Now, had you secret knives, to stab yourselves,-But, since you have not, go and be hanged.

Hir I thank you

Harp 'Tis your best course.

Theo. Why stay they trifling here?

To the gallows drag them by the heels, -- away!

Spun By the heels! no, sir, we have legs to do us that service.

Hu Ay, ay, if no woman can endure my sight, away with me.

¹ The quarto has "downe to fell"
2 Dogs kept chained up, like those used for baiting animals

Hert. Dispatch them.

Seur. The devil dispatch thee!

Exeunt Guard with Spungius and Hipcius.

Sep. Death this day rides in triumph, Theophilus. See this witch made away too.

Tree. My soul thirsts for it:

Come. I myself the hangman's part could play.

Dr. O hasten me to my coronation day! [Exem!



SCENE III.—The Place of Execution. A scaffold, block, &c.

Enter Antoninus, sufferted by Macpinus, and Servants.

Anta. Is this the place where virtue is to suffer, And heavenly beauty, leaving this base earth, To make a glad return from whence it came? Is it. Macrinus?

Mac. By this preparation.

You well may rest assured that Dorothea This hour is to die here.

Actor. Then with her dies

The abstract of all sweetness that's in woman! Set me down, friend, that, ere the iron hand Of death close up mine eyes, they may at once Take my last leave both of this light and her: For, she being gone, the glonous sun himself To me's Cimmenan darkness.

Mac. Strange affection!

Cupid tonce more hath changed his shafts with Death, And kills, instead of giving life.

^{&#}x27; Gifford compares the Elegies of Secundas, E. 6. See Fairfar's Tasso (1600 in 34

[&]quot;Describ hain enchanged again his sha'ts with Love, and Copid thus less borrowed arrows fig."

Anton Nay, weep not,
Though tears of friendship be a sovereign balm,
On me they're cast away It is decreed
That I must die with her, our clue of life
Was spun together

Mac. Yet, sir, 'tis my wonder,
That you, who, hearing only what she suffers,
Partake of all her tortures, yet will be,
To add to your calamity, an eye-witness
Of her last tragic scene, which must pierce deeper,
And make the wound more desperate

Anton. Oh, Macrinus!

'Twould linger out my torments else, not kill me, which is the end I aim at: being to die too, What instrument more glorious can I wish for Than what is made sharp by my constant love And true affection? It may be, the duty And loyal service with which I pursued her, And scaled it with my death, will be remembered Among her blessed actions and what honour Can I desire beyond it?

Enter a Guard bringing in Dorothea, a Headsman before her, followed by Theophilus, Saprilius, and Harpax.

See, she comes;
How sweet her innocence appears! more like
To Heaven itself than any sacrifice
That can be offered to it—By my hopes
Of joys hereafter, the sight makes me doubtful
In my belief, nor can I think our gods
Are good, or to be served, that take delight
In offerings of this kind—that, to maintain
Their power, deface the master-piece of nature,
Which they themselves come short of. She ascends,
And every step raises her nearer Heaven
What god soc'er thou art, that must enjoy her,
Receive in her a boundless happiness!

Sap You are to blame To let him come abroad.

Mac It was his will;

And we were left to serve him, not command him.

Anton. Good sir, be not offended, nor deny My last of pleasures in this happy object, That I shall e'er be blest with

Theo Now, proud contemner

Of us, and of our gods, tremble to think

It is not in the Power thou serv'st to save thee.

Not all the riches of the sea, increased

By violent shipwrecks, nor the unsearched mines

(Mammon's unknown exchequer), shall redeem thec:

And, therefore, having first with horror weighed

What 'tis to die, and to die young, to part with

All pleasures and delights, lastly, to go

Where all antipathies to comfort dwell, .

Furies behind, about thee, and before thee,

And, to add to affliction, the remembrance

Of the Elysian joys thou mightst have tasted,

Hadst thou not turned apostata to those gods

That so reward their servants, let despair

Prevent' the hangman's sword, and on this scaffold

Make thy first entrance into hell

Anton She smiles,

Unmoved, by Mars! as it she were assured Death, looking on her constancy, would forget

The use of his inevitable hand

Theo. Derided too! dispatch, I say

Dor Thou fool!

That gloriest in having power to ravish
A trifle from me I am weary of
What is this life to me? not worth a thought,
Or, if it be esteemed, 'tis that I lose it
To win a better—even thy malice serves
To me but as a ladder to mount up

To such a height of happiness, where I shall Look down with scorn on thee, and on the world, Where, circled with true pleasures, placed above The reach of death or time, 'twill be my glory To think at what an easy price I bought it. There's a perpetual spring, perpetual youth: No joint-benumbing cold, nor scorching heat, Famine, nor age, have any being there. Forget, for shame, your Tempe; bury in Oblivion your feigned Hesperian orchards :-The golden fruit, kept by the watchful dragon, Which did require a Hercules to get it, Compared with what grows in all plenty there, Deserves not to be named The Power I serve Laughs at your happy Araby, or the Elysian shades, for He hath made His bowers Better in deed than you can fancy yours

Anton. O, take me thither with you! Dor Trace my steps,

And be assured you shall

Sap. With mine own hands
I'll rather stop that little breath is left thee,
And rob thy killing fever.

Thio. The gates to hell are open

Theo By no means,

Let him go with here do, seduced young man,

And wait upon thy saint in death, do, do:

And, when you come to that imagined place,

That place of all delights,—pray you, observe me,—

And meet those cursed things I once called daughters,

Whom I have sent as harbingers before you,

If there be any truth in your religion,

In thankfulness to me, that with care hasten

Your journey thither, pray you send me some

Small pittance of that curious fruit you boast of

Anton Grant that I may go with her, and I will.

Sap. Wilt thou in thy last minute damn thyself?

FACT IV

Dor. Know, thou tyrant, Thou agent for the devil, thy great master, Though thou art most unworthy to taste of it, I can, and will

Enter ANGELO in the Angel's habit

Hai b. Oh! mountains fall upon me, Or hide me in the bottom of the deep, Where light may never find me!

Theo. What's the matter?

Sap. This is prodigious, and confirms her witchcraft.

Theo Harpan, my Harpan, speak!

Harp I dare not stay:

Should I but hear her once more, I were lost. Some whirlwind snatch me from this cursed place,

To which compared (and with what now I suffer,)

Hell's torments are sweet slumbers!

Sap Follow him

Theo He is distracted, and I must not lose him -Thy charms upon my servant, cursed witch,

Give thee a short reprieve Let her not die

Excunt Sapritius and Theophilus Till my return.

Anton She minds him not, what object Is her eye fixed on?

Ma I see nothing

Anton Mark her

Dor. Thou glorious minister of the Power I serve! (For thou art more than mortal,) is't for me,

Poor sinner, thou art pleased awhile to leave Thy heavenly habitation, and vouchsafest, Though glorified, to take my servant's habit?-

My lovely Angelo. Ang. Know, I am the same,

For, put off thy divinity, so looked

And still the servant to your piety

Your zealous prayers and pious deeds first won me (But 'twas by His command to whom you sent them) To guide your steps—I tried your charity, When in a beggai's shape you took me up, And clothed my naked limbs, and after fed, As you believed, my famished mouth—Learn all, By your example, to look on the poor With gentle eyes! for in such habits, often, Angels desire an alms.¹—I never left you Nor will I now, for I am sent to carry Your pure and innocent soul to joys eternal, Your martyidom once suffered; and before it, Ask anything from me, and rest assured You shall obtain it.

Dor I am largely paid
For all my torments Since I find such grace,
Grant that the love of this young man to me,
In which he languisheth to death, may be
Changed to the love of Heaven.

Ang. I will perform it;
And in that instant when the sword sets free Your happy soul, his shall have liberty
Is there aught else?

Dor For proof that I forgive
My persecutor, who in scorn desired
To taste of that most sacred fruit I go to,
After my death, as sent from me, be pleased
To give him of it

Ang Willingly, dear mistress Mac I am amazed.

Anton. I feel a holy fire,
That yields a comfortable heat within me,
I am quite altered from the thing I was
See! I can stand, and go alone, thus kneel
To heavenly Dorothea, touch her hand
With a religious kiss

[Kneels.

¹ Compare Hebrews xiii 2

Re-enter Sapritius and Theophilus

Sap He is well now,

But will not be drawn back.

Thee It matters not.

We can discharge this work without his help

But see your son

Sap Villain !

Anton Sir, I beseech you, Being so near our ends, divorce us not.

Theo I'll quickly make a separation of them.

Hast thou aught else to say?

Dor Nothing, but to blame

Thy tardiness in sending me to rest,

My peace is made with Heaven, to which my soul

Begins to take her flight strike, O ! strike quickly,

And, though you are unmoved to see my death,

Hereafter, when my story shall be read,

As they were present now, the hearers shall

Say this of Dorothea, with wet eyes,

"She lived a virgin, and a virgin dies"

Her head is struck off

Anton O, take my soul along, to wait on thine Mac Your son sinks too. [ANTONINUS falls

Sap. Already dead!

Theo Die all

That are, or favour this accursed sect

I triumph in their ends, and will raise up

A hill of their dead carcasses, to o'erlook

The Pyrenean hills, but I'll root out

These superstitious fools, and leave the world

No name of Christian

[Loud music Exit Angelo, having first laid his hand . upon the mouths of Antoninus and Dorothea.

Sap Ha! heavenly music! Mac 'Tis in the air

Theo Illusions of the devil,

Wrought by some witch 1 of her religion,
That fain would make her death a nuracle,
It frights not me. Because he is your son,
Let him have burial; but let her body
Be cast forth with contempt in some highway,
And be to vultures and to dogs a prey.

[Excunt

1 The quarto reads "one" The conjectural emendation which I find in Gifford (whether due to him or to one of his predecessors) is ingenious and plausible. It is confirmed, not merely by the general sense of the context, but by the passage in which Sapritius, speaking of this music, says to Theophilus

"Yet you said then 'twas witchcraft, And devilish illusions."





ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I —THEOPHILUS discovered sitting in his Study, books about him.

idolaters.

HEO Is't holiday, O Cæsar, that thy servant,

Thy provost, to see execution done
On these base Christians in Cæsarea,
Should now want work? Sleep these

That none are stirring?—As a curious

painter. When he has made some admirable piece, Stands off, and with a searching eye examines Each colour, how 'tis sweetened, and then hugs Himself for his rare workmanship—so here, Will I my drollenes, and bloody landscapes, Long past wrapped up, unfold, to make me merry With shadows, now I want the substances, My muster-book of hell-hounds Were the Christians, Whose names stand here, alive and armed, not Rome Could move upon her hinges What I've done, Or shall hereafter, is not out of hate To poor tormented wretches, no, I'm carried With violence of zeal, and streams of service I owe our Roman gods [Reads] "Great Britain,"-what?

"A thousand wives, with brats sucking their breasts, Had hot irons pinch them off, and thrown to swine,

And then their fleshy back-parts, hewed with hatchets, Were minced, and baked in pies to feed the starved Christians,"

Ha! ba! Again, again,—" East Angles,"—oh! "East Angles . Bandogs, kept three days hungry, worned A thousand British rascals, stied up fat Of purpose, stripped naked, and disarmed" I could outstare a year of suns and moons, To sit at these sweet bull-baitings, so I Could thereby but one Christian win to fall In adoration to my Jupiter - [Reads] "Twelve hundred Eyes bored with augers out "-Oh! " Eleven thousand Torn by wild beasts, two hundred rammed in the earth To the armpits, and full platters round about them, But far enough for reaching." Eat, dogs, hat ha! ha! Tush, all these tortures are but fillipings, He 1 ises Fleabitings; I, before the Destinies

Consort.1 Enter Angelo with a basket filled with fruit and flowers.

My bottom2 did wind up, would flesh myself Once more upon some one remarkable Above all these. This Christian slut was well, A pretty one; But let such horror follow The next I feed with torments, that when Rome Shall hear it, her foundation at the sound May feel an earthquake. How now? Musu

Ang. Are you amazed, sir?

So great a Roman spirit—and does it tremble! Theo. How cam'st thou in? to whom thy business? Ang To you,

I had a mistress, late sent hence by you Upon a bloody errand, you entreated,

¹ te Musicians in readiness behind 2 te. The "thread" of my life I thread, Un peloton de fil" (Fr Dict) Boyer has "A bottom of

THE VIRGIN-MARTYR That, when she came into that blessed garden Whither she knew she went, and where, now happy, She feeds upon all joy, she would send to you Some of that garden fruit and flowers, which here, To have her promise saved, are brought by me Theo Cannot I see this garden? Ang Yes if the Master Will give you entrance Theo. 'Tis a tempting fruit. And the most bright-cheeked child I ever viewed: Sweet-smelling, goodly fruit What flowers are these? In Dioclesian's gardens, the most beauteous, [He vanishes Compared with these, are weeds · is it not February. The second day she died > frost, ice, and snow

Hang on the beard of winter where's the sun That gilds this summer? pretty, sweet boy, say, In what country shall a man find this garden? My delicate boy, sone I vanished I within there. Julianus and Geta i

Enter Julianus and Geta Both My lord Theo Are my gates shut? Geta And guarded Theo San Jou not a boy > Jul Where?

Theo Here he entered, a voung lad, A thousand blessings danced upon his eyes A smoothfaced, glorious thing, that brought this basket

Theo Away—but be in reach, if my voice calls you No !____ anished and not seen !_ Be thou a spint, Sent from that witch to mock me I am sure [Excust | LLIANLS and GETA This is essential and, howe'er it grows, Will taste it

[Eats of the fruit

Harp [Within] Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Tiw. So good! I'll have some more. sure.

Harp. Ha, ha, ha, ha! great liquorish fool!

Tues What art thou!

Harp. A fisherman

Tiw. What dost thou catch?

Harr. Souls, souls; a fish called souls

Thie. Geta.

Re-eiter GETA

Geta. My lord.

Harf [IIIthm.] Ha, ha, ha, ha!

 T/ω What insolent slave is this dares laugh at me?

Or what is t the dog grans at so?

Geta. I neither know, my lord, at what, nor whom; for there is none without but my fellow Julianus, and he is making a garland for Jupiter.

Tree. Jupiter! all within me is not well.

And yet not sick.

Harp. [With. ...] Ha. ha ha, ha!

Tree. What's thy name, slave?

Harp. [At one case of the room] Go look.

Gela. 'Tis Harpax' voice.

Thee. Harpax! go. drag the caitiff to my foot.

That I may stamp upon him.

Hart [At the other erd.] Fool, thou liest!

Geta. He's vonder now, my lord

Ties. Watch thou that end

Whilst I make good this.

Hart. [It tre nudale.] Ha. ha. ha. ha, ha!

Tiw. He is at barley-break.2 and the last couple

Are now in hell.

The quarto has "now."

Mass. II.

This game was played by six people (three of each sex) who were coupled by lot. The ground was divided into three compartments, the middle one being called "hell" It was the object of the couple condemned to this division to catch the others without breaking hands

Search for him. [East Geta] All this ground, methinks, is bloody,

And paved with thousands of those Christians' eyes Whom I have tortured, and they stare upon me. What was this apparition? sure it had A shape angelical Mine eyes, though dazzled, And daunted at first sight, tell me it wore A pair of glorious wings, yes, they were wings; And hence he flew --- 'tis vanished! Jupiter, For all my sacrifices done to him, Never once gave me smile.—How can stone smile? Or wooden image laugh? [Music] Ha! I remember, Such music gave a welcome to my ear, When the fair youth came to me -'tis in the air, Or from some better place, a Power divine, Through my dark ignorance, on my soul does shine, And makes me see a conscience all stained o'er, Nay, drowned, and damned for ever in Christian gore

Harp [Within] Ha, ha, ha!

Theo Again!—What dainty relish on my tongue
This fruit hath left! some angel hath me fed,
If so toothfull, I will be banqueted

[Eats again]

Enter HARPAX in a fearful shape, fire flashing out of the Study.

Harp. Hold 1

Theo. Not for Cæsar

Harp But for me thou shalt.

Theo Thou art no twin to him that last was here. You Powers, whom my soul bids me reverence, guard me! What art thou?

Harp. I am thy master

Theo Mine!

Harp And thou my everlasting slave that Harpax, Who hand in hand hath led thee to thy hell, Am I

Theo Avaunt!

Harp I will not; cast thou down That basket with the things in't, and fetch up What thou hast swallowed, and then take a drink, Which I shall give thee, and I'm gone.

Theo. My fruit!

Does this offend thee? see!

[Eats again.

Harp Spit it to the earth,

And tread upon it, or I'll piecemeal tear thee

Theo. Art thou with this affrighted I see, here's more.

[Pulls out a handful of flowers.

Hasp. Fling them away, I'll take thee else, and hang thee

In a contorted chain of icicles,

In the frigid zone · down with them!

Theo At the bottom

One thing I found not yet

Holds up a cross of flowers

Harp Oh! I am tortured.

Theo Can this do't ! hence, thou fiend infernal, hence !

See !

Harp. Clasp Jupiter's image, and away with that.

Theo At thee I'll fling that Jupiter, for, methinks,

I serve a better master · he now checks me

For murdering my two daughters, put on 1 by thee.—

By thy damned rhetoric did I hunt the life

Of Dorothea, the holy virgin-martyr.

She is not angry with the axe, nor me,

But sends these presents to me, and I'll travel O'er worlds to find her, and from her white hand

To beg a forgiveness.

Harp. No; I'll bind thee here

Theo I serve a strength above thine; this small weapon,

Methinks, is armour haid enough.

Harp. Keep from me

[Sinks a little

Theo Art posting to thy centre? down, hell-hound to down!

¹ Instigated

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[ACI V.

Me hast thou lost That arm, which hinls thee hence, Save me, and set me up, the strong defence, In the fair Christian's quarrel! [HARPAN disappears

Re-enter Angelo

Ang Fix thy foot there,

Nor be thou shaken with a Cæsar's voice, Though thousand deaths were in it, and I then Will bring thee to a river, that shall wash

Thy bloody hands clean and more white than snow; And to that garden where these blest things grow, And to that martyred virgin, who hath sent

That heavenly token to thee spread this brave wing. And serve, than Cæsar, a far greater king Theo It is, it is, some angel Vanished again! Oh, come back, ravishing boy bright messenger

Thou hast, by these mine eyes fixed on thy beauty, Illumined all my soul Now look I back On my black tyrannies, which, as they did

Outdare the bloodiest thou blest spirit that lead st me, Teach me what I must do, and to do well, That my last act the best may parallel



SCENE II -Dioclesians Palace

Enter Diochesian, Mannings, the Kings of Epire Pontus and Macedon meeting ARIFMIA. Attendants

Artem Glor and conquest still attend upon r_{rumphant} Cæsar, Dio. Let the wish fair daughter,

Be equally divided, and hereafter

Learn thou to know and reverence Maximinus, Whose power, with mine united, makes one Cæsar, Max But that I fear 'twould be held flattery, The bonds considered in which we stand tied. As love and empire, I should say, till now I ne'er had seen a lady I thought worthy To be my mistress

Artem Sir, you show yourself Both courtier and soldier, but take heed. Take heed, my lord, though my dull-pointed beauty, Stained by a harsh refusal in my serv int, Cannot dart forth such beams as may inflame you, You may encounter such a powerful one, That with a pleasing heat will than your heart, Though bound in ribs of ice Love still is Love, His bow and arrows are the same. Great Julius, That to his successors left the name of Cresar, Whom war could never tame, that with dry eyes Beheld the large plains of Pharsalia covered With the dead carcases of senators And citizens of Rome, when the world knew No other lord but him, struck deep in years too. (And men gray-haired forget the lusts of youth,) After all this, meeting fair Cleopatra, A suppliant too, the magic of her eye, Even in his pride of conquest, took him captive. Nor are you more secure.

Max. Were you deformed,
(But, by the gods, you are most excellent,)
Your gravity and discretion would o'ercome me,
And I should be more proud in being a prisoner
To your fair virtues, than of all the honours,
Wealth, title, empire, that my sword hath purchased.

Diec This meets my wishes Welcome it, Artemia, With outstretched arms, and study to forget That Antoninus ever was: thy fate Reserved thee for this better choice, embrace it

Max This happy match brings new nerves to give To our continued league [strength

I will forget it. Good Theophilus, I'll speak with you anon .- Nearer, your ear.

[To SAPRITIUS

Theo [Aside to Macrinus] By Antoninus' soul, I do conjure you,

And though not for religion, for his friendship, Without demanding what's the cause that moves me, Receive my signet .- by the power of this, Go to my prisons, and release all Christians That are in fetters there by my command.

Mac. But what shall follow?

Theo. Haste then to the port,

You there shall find two tall 1 ships ready rigged, In which embark the poor distressed souls, And bear them from the reach of tyranny. Inquire not whither you are bound: the Deity That they adore will give you prosperous winds, And make your voyage such, and largely pay for Your hazard, and your travail. Leave me here; There is a scene that I must act alone Haste, good Macrinus; and the great God guide you!

Mac. I'll undertake't, there's something prompts me 'Tis to save innocent blood, a saint-like act: [to it,

And to be merciful has never been

By moral 2 men themselves esteemed a sin.

Eatt.

Dioc You know your charge? Sap And will with care observe it

Dioc. For I profess he is not Cæsai's friend

That sheds a tear for any torture that A Christian suffers Welcome, my best servant, My careful, zealous provost! thou hast toiled To satisfy my will, though in extremes I love thee for't, thou art firm rock, no changeling. Prithee deliver,3 and for my sake do it, Without excess of bitterness or scoffs,

¹ te Stout

Used in the sense of a low and conventional morality.
 "To deliver (or speak out in discourse)"—Boyer, Fr Dict

I ICT I

THE TREIN MARTIR Before my brother and these kings, how took The Christian her death > Tuco And such a presence,

Though every private head in this large room Were circled round with an impenal crown, Her story. will deserve it is so full Of excellency and wonder.

Dioc. Ha' how is this!

Theo O' mark it, therefore and with that attentio As you would hear an embassy from Heaven By a Winged legate, for, the truth delivered, Both how, and what, this blessed virgin suffered,

And Dorothea but hereafter named, You will use up with reverence, and no more,

As things unworthy of your thoughts, remember What the canonized Spartan ladies were

Which lying Greece so boasts of Your own matrons. Your Roman dames whose figures you yet keep As holy relics, in her history. Will find a second um Gracchus' Cornelia.

Paulina, that in death desired to follow Her husband Seneca, nor Brutus' Portia That snalloned burning coals to overtake him,

Though all their several worths were given to one With this is to be mentioned

 $T_{h_{ls}} d_{ld} n_{o} m_{ore}$

Due, Why they did die Theophilus and boldh They Out of desperation Or for vain glory of an after-name,

Parted with hie this had not mutinous sons As the rash Gracchi were nor was this saint A donng mother as Cornel a was

This lost no husband in whose overthrow Her wealth and honour supk, no fear of wint

Did make her being tedious but aiming At an immortal crown, and in His cause Who only can bestow it, who sent down

Legions of ministering angels to bear up Her spotless soul to Heaven who entertained it With choice celestial music, equal to The motion of the spheres, she, uncompelled, Changed this life for a better My Lord Sapritus, You were present at her death, did you e'er hear Such ravishing sounds?

Sap Yet you sud then 'twas witchcraft, And devilish illusions

The I then heard it With sinful ears, and belched out blasphemous words Against His Deity, which then I knew not. Nor did believe in Him

Die: Why, dost thou now?

Or dar'st thou, in our hearing-

The. Were my voice As loud as is His thunder, to be heard Through all the world, all potentates on earth

Ready to burst with rage, should they but hear it, Though hell, to aid their malice, lent her furies, Yet I would speak, and speak again, and boldly, I am a Christian, and the Powers you worship But dreams of fools and madmen

Max Lay hands on him

Diec. Thou twice a child! for doting age so makes Thou couldst not else, thy pilgrimage of life thee. Being almost passed through, in the last moment Destroy whate'er thou hast done goo l or great-Thy youth did promise much; and, grown a man, Thou mad'st it good, and, with increase of years, Thy actions still bettered as the sun, Thou didst rise gloriously, kept'st a constant course In all thy journey, and now, in the evening. When thou shouldst pass with honour to thy rest. Wilt thou fall like a meteor?

Sap Yet confess That thou art mad, and that thy tongue and heart Had no agreement.

Man Do; no way is left, else, To save thy life, Theophilus

Dioc. But, refuse it,

Destruction as horrid, and as sudden, Shall fall upon thee, as if hell stood open,

And thou wert sinking thither.

Theo Hear me, yet,

Hear, for my service past Artem. What will he say?

Theo As ever I deserved your favour, hear me, And grant one boon; 'tis not for life I sue for; Nor is it fit that I, that ne'er knew pity To any Christian, being one myself, Should look for any, no, I rather beg The utmost of your cruelty I stand Accountable for thousand Christians' deaths: And, were it possible that I could die A day for every one, then live again To be again tormented, 'twere to me An easy penance, and I should pass through A gentle cleansing fire, but, that denied me, It being beyond the strength of feeble nature, My suit is, you would have no pity on me In mine own house there are a thousand engines Of studied cruelty, which I did prepare For miserable Christians, let me feel, As the Sicilian 1 did his brazen bull, The hornd'st you can find, and I will say,

In death, that you are merciful Dioc Despair not,

In this thou shalt prevail. Go fetch them hither.

[Exeunt some of the Guard

Death shall put on a thousand shapes at once, And so appear before thee, racks, and whips!— Thy flesh, with burning pincers torn, shall feed The fire that heats them, and what's wanting to The torture of thy body, I'll supply

¹ Phalans

In punishing thy mind. Fetch all the Christians That are in hold; and here, before his face, Cut them in pieces.

SCENT II]

They 'Tis not in thy power.

It was the first good deed I ever did.

They are removed out of thy reach; howe'er,

I was determined for my sins to die,

I first took order for their liberty,

And still I dare thy worst,

Re-enter Guard with racks and other instruments of torture.

Duce Bind him, I say;
Make every artery and sinew crack:
The slave that makes him give the loudest shriek
Shall have ten thousand drachmas wretch! I'll force
To curse the Power thou worshipp'st [thee

Theo. Never, never

No breath of mine shall e'er be spent on Him,

But what shall speak His majesty or mercy.

[They too ment him]

I'm honoured in my sufferings Weak tormentors, More tortures, more —alas! you are unskilful—For Heaven's sake more, my breast is yet untorn Here purchase the reward that was propounded. The irons cool,—here are arms yet, and thighs, Spare no part of me.

May. He endures beyond
The sufferance of a man
Sap. No sigh nor groan,
To witness he has feeling
Duc. Harder, villains!

Enter HARPAX.

Harp. Unless that he blaspheme, he's lost for ever. If torments ever could bring forth despair, Let these compel him to it —Oh me! My ancient enemies again! [Falls down.

Enter Dorothea in a white robe, a crown upon her head, led in by Angelo, Antoninus, Calista and Christeta following all in white but less glorious, Angelo holds out a crown to Theophilus

Theo Most glorious vision!—
Did e'er so hard a bed yield man a dream
So heavenly as this? I am confirmed,
Confirmed, you blessed spirits, and make haste
To take that crown of immortality
You offer to me. Death! till this blest minute,
I never thought thee slow-paced, nor could I
Hasten thee now, for any pain I suffer,
But that thou keep'st me from a glorious wreath,
Which through this stormy way I would creep to,
And humbly kneeling, with humility wear it.
Oh! now I feel thee —blessed spirits! I come,
And, witness for me all these wounds and scars.
I die a soldier in the Christian wars.

Dus.

Sap. I have seen thousands tortured, but ne'er yet A constancy like this

Harp I am twice damned.

Ang Haste to thy place appointed, cursed fiend!
[HARPAX sinks with thunder and lightning

In spite of hell, this soldier's not thy prey; 'Tis I have won, thou that hast lost the day.

[Exit with DOROTHEA, &c.

Dioc I think the centre of the earth be cracked—Yet I stand still unmoved, and will go on The persecution that is here begun,
Through all the world with violence shall run

[Flourish Excunt









elleve 18 you lets.—first acted on May 7, 1631, the chief parts being filled by Joseph Taylor (Antiochus), John Lowin (Flaminius), and Thomas Pollard (Berecinthius)—was long reckoned among the lost works of Massinger, being included in the list of fifty-five manuscript plays that were destroyed in

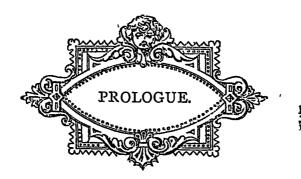
the last century by Warburton's cook In 1844, however, the late Mr T Crofton Croker acquired a copy, possibly in the author's handwriting, and bearing the stage licence, signed by Sir Henry Herbert Nearly the whole of one leaf had been torn out, and elsewhere damp and age had rendered some passages illegible The play was reprinted for the Percy Society in 1849, but, unfortunately, with extreme carelessness, and, as the manuscript, notwithstanding diligent inquiry, cannot now be found, the true reading in several places is still uncertain

Although the action is thrown back to the time of the Roman Republic, the plot is really founded on the adventures of a claimant to the throne of Portugal, whose wanderings and sufferings excited much interest in Europe about the beginning of the seventeenth century. He professed to be Don Sebastian, commonly believed to have been killed at the battle of Alcazar in 1578, and two pamphlets favouring his pretensions were published in London in 1602-3. Some incidents related in these tracts, which are reprinted in *The Harleian Miscellany*, vols. iv. and v., furnished materials for Massinger's play. This will sufficiently explain the words of the prologue. "A late and sad example."

s w o



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So far our author is from arrogance That he craves pardon for his ignorance In story If you find what's Roman here, Grecian, or Asiatic, draw too near A late and sad example, 'tis confessed He's but an English scholar at his best, A stranger to cosmography, and may err In the countries' names, the shape and character Of the persons he presents Yet he is bold In me to promise, be it new or old, The tale is worth the hearing, and may move Compassion, perhaps deserve your love And approbation. He dares not boast His pains and care, or what books he hath tossed And turned to make it up The rarity Of the events in this strange history, Now offered to you, by his own confession, Must make it good, and not his weak expression You sit his judges, and like judges be From favour to his cause, or malice, free, Then, whether he hath hit the white or missed, As the title speaks, Believe you as you list





ANTIOCHUS, King of the Lower Asia TITUS FLAMINIUS, Roman Ambassador at Carthage. LENTULUS Successor of FLAMINIUS at Carthage METELLUS. Proconsul of Lusitania MARCELLUS, Proconsul of Sicily AMILCAR, Prince of the Carthaginian Senate HANNO. Carthaginian Senators ASDRUBAL CARTHALO. PRUSIAS, King of Bithymia PHILOXENUS, his Minister and Tutor. BERECINTHIUS, a Flamen of Cybele 1st Merchant. and Merchant, former Subjects of ANTIOCHUS 3rd Merchant, CALISTUS. Freedmen of FLAMINIUS DEMETRICS. (TITUS, a Spy in the service of FLAMINIUS CHRYSALUS, Servants of ANTIOCHUS SYRUS. GETA. SEMPRONIUS, a Captain A Stoic Philosopher A Jailor. Senators, Captain, Officers, Guards, Attendants, &c

Queen of PRUSIAS
CORNELIA, Wife of MARCELLUS
A Courtezan
A Moorish Waiting-woman

SCENE—CARTHAGE, BITH\NIA, CALLIPOLIS, and SYRACUSE





BELIEVE AS YOU LIST.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I .- The neighbourhood of Carthage.

Enter Antiochus and a Stoic Philosopher.

TOIC You are now in sight of Carthage, that great city,

Which, in her empire's vastness, rivals Rome

At her proud height, two hours will bring you thather.

Make use of what you have learned in your long travels,
And from the golden principles read to you
In the Athenian Academy, stand resolved
For either fortune. You must now forget
The contemplations of a private man,
And put in action that which may comply
With the majesty of a monarch
Ant How that title.

That glorious attribute of majesty,
That troublesome though most triumphant tobe
Designed me in my birth, which I have worn
With terror and astonishment to others,

Mass II CC

Affrights me now! O memory, memory Of what I was once, when the Eastern world With wonder, in my May of youth, looked on me, Ambassadors of the most potent kings, With noble emulation, contending To court my friendship, their fair daughters offered As pledges to assure it, with all pomp And circumstance of glory, Rome herself, And Carthage, emulous whose side I should Confirm in my protection! O remembrance! With what ingenious cruelty and tortures, Out of a due consideration of My present low and desperate condition, Dost thou afflict me now !

Stoic You must oppose (For so the Stoic discipline commands you) That wisdom, with your patience fortified, Which holds dominion over fate, against The torrent of your passion. Ant I should.

I do confess I should, if I could drink up That river of forgetfulness poets dream of . But still in dreadful forms, (philosophy wanting Power to remove them,) all those innocent spirits, Borrowing again their bodies, gashed with wounds, Which strowed Achaia's bloody plains, and made Rivulets of gore, appear to me, exacting A strict account of my ambition's folly, For the exposing of twelve thousand souls, Who fell that fatal day, to certain ruin, Neither the counsel of the Persian king Prevailing with me, nor the grave advice Of my wise enemy, Marcus Scaurus, hindering My desperate enterprise, too late repented Methinks I now look on my butchered army-Store This is mere melancholy Ant. O, 'ns more, sir,

SCENE J.]

Here, there, and everywhere they do pursue'me. The genius of my country, made a slave, Like a weeping mother, seems to kneel before me, Wringing her manacled hands; the hopeful youth And bravery of my kingdom, in their pale And ghastly looks, lamenting that they were Too soon by my means forced from their sweet being, Old. spei with his fierce beams nour... e in vain Their olives and Trained up in all delights, or sacred to The chaste Diana's rites, compelled to bow to The soldier's lusts, or at an outcry sold Under the spear 1 like beasts, to be spurned and trod on By their proud mistresses, the Roman matrons !-O, sir, consider then if it can be In the constancy of a Stoic to endure What now I suffer

Stoic Two and twenty years

Travelling o'er the world, you have paid the forfeit
Of this engagement, shed a sea of tears
In your sorrow for it; and now, being called from
The rigour of a strict philosopher's life
By the cries of your poor country, you are bound
With an obedient cheerfulness to follow
The path that you are entered in, which will
Guide you out of a wilderness of horror
To the flourishing plains of safety, the just gods
Smoothing the way before you

Ant Though I grant
That all impossibilities are easy
To their omnipotence, give me leave to fear
The more than doubtful issue Can it fall
In the compass of my hopes, the lordly Romans,
So long possessed of Asia, their plea
Made good by conquest, and that ratified

An "outcry" is an auction In incient Rome a spear was set up, beneath which the goods were sold

With their religious authority.

The propagation of the commonwealth.

To whose increase they are sworn to, will e'er part with A prey so precious, and dearly purchased?

A tigress circled with her famished whelps

Will sooner yield a lamb snatched from the flock.

To the dumb oratory of the ewe

Than Rome restore one foot of earth that may

Diminish her vast empire.

Sky. In her will. This may be granted; but you have a title So strong and clear that there's no colour left To varnish Rome's pretences. Add this, sir: The Asian princes, warned by your example. And vet unconquered, never will consent That such a foul example of injustice Shall, to the scandal of the present age. Hereafter be recorded. They in this Are equally engaged with you, and must, Though not in love to justice, for their safety. In policy assist, guard, and protect you. And you may rest assured neither the king Of Parthia, the Gauls, nor big-boned Germans, Nor this great Carthage, grown already realous Of Rome's encroaching empire, will cry aim 1 To such an usurpation, which must Take from their own security Besides, Your mother was a Roman, for her sake And the families from which she is derived. You must find favour

Ant For her sake 'Alas sur
Ambinon knows no kindred, 'right and lawful'
Was never yet found as a marginal note
In the black book of profit. I am sunk
Too low to be buoyed up, it being held
A foolish weakness and disease in statists

¹ Give encouragement a term of archery.

In favour of a weak man, to provoke Such as are mighty. The imperious waves Of my calamities have already fallen

. Il unravel 1
[Excunt all but Antiochus.

Ant

. . . opes despair with sable wings . . . ore my head, the gold with which . us furnished me to supply my wants . . made my first appearance like myself . s disloyal villains ravished from me Wretch that I was to tempt their abject minds With such a purchase 12 Can I, in this weed, And without gold to fee an advocate To plead my royal title, nourish hope Of a recovery? Forlorn majesty, Wanting the outward gloss and ceremony To give it lustre, meets no more respect Than knowledge with the ignorant. Ha! what is Contained in this waste paper? 'Tis endorsed "To the no-king Antiochus", and subscribed "No more thy servant, but superior, Chrysalus." What am I fallen to? There is something writ more Why this small piece of silver? What I read may Reveal the mystery .- "Forget thou wert ever Called King Antiochus. With this charity I enter thee a beggar" Too tough heart, Will nothing break thee? O that now I stood On some high pyramid, from whence I might Be seen by the whole world, and with a voice Louder than thunder pierce the ears of proud And secure greatness with the true relation

Pige 2 of the manuscript enied here, the record leaf, containing about 120 lines, was almost wholly missing. From the few prefixes and detached words and sallables remaining, and from the following speech, it may be guilleted that Chrisalas, Syrus, 2r i Geta, servints of Antochi's, come upon the see se, and deep them of his money, jewels, and rich graments.

2 Boots.

Of my remarkable story, that my fall
Might not be fruitless, but still live the great
Example of man's frailty I that was
Born and bred up a king, whose frown or smile
Spake death or life, my will a law, my person
Environed with an army, now exposed
To the contempt and scorn of my own slave,
Who in his pride, as a god compared with me,
Bids me become a beggar! But complaints
Are weak and womanish I will, like a palm-tree,
Grow under my huge weight, nor shall the fear
Of death or torture that dejection bring,
To make me live or die less than a king.

[Exil.



SCENE II.—A Street in Carthage

Enter Berecinthius, with three petitions, and three Merchants of Asia

1st Mer We are grown so contemptible he disdains To give us hearing.

and Mer. Keeps us off at such distance, And with his Roman gravity declines Our suit for conference, as with much more ease We might make our approaches to the Parthian, Without a present, than work him to have A feeling of our grievances.

3rd Mer A statesman!

The devil, I think, who only knows him truly,

Can give his character When he is to determine

A point of justice, his words fall in measure Like plummets of a clock, observing time

And just proportion

1st Mer. But when he is

¹ The palm-tree was supposed to grow more vigorous y when weights were hung on the branches,

To speak in any cause concerns himself, Or Rome's republic, like a gushing torrent, Not to be stopped in its full course, his reasons, Delivered like a second Mercury, Break in, and bear down whatsoever is Opposed against them.

2nd Mer. When he smules, let such 'Beware as have to do with him, for then, Sans doubt, he's bent to mischief

Bere 'As I am

Cybele's flamen (whose most sacred image,
Drawn thus in pomp, I wear upon my breast),
I am privileged, nor is it in his power
To do me wrong, and he shall find I can
Think, and aloud'too, when I am not at
Her altar kneeling. Mother of the gods ' what is he?
At his best but a patrician of Rome,
His name Titus Flaminius, and speak mine,
Berecunthius, arch-flamen to Cybele,
It makes as great a sound.

31 d Mer. True, but his place, sir, And the power it carries in it, as Rome's legate, Gives him pre-eminence o'er you

Bere Not an atom
When moral honesty and jus gentum fail
To lend rehef to such as are oppressed,
Religion must use her strength — I am perfect
In these notes you gave me — Do they contain at fuil

Your grievances and losses?

1st Mer. Would they were
As well redressed, as they are punctually
Delivered to you.

Bere. Say no more, they shall, And to the purpose

and Mar. Here he comes

Bue Have at him!

¹ Sexted in a charact if an a by home

Enter Flaminius, Calistus, and Demltrius.

Flam. Blow away these troublesome and importunate drones.

I have embryons of greater consequence

In my imaginations, to which

I must give life and form, not now vouchsafing To hear their idle buzzes

2nd Mer. Note you that?

Bere Yes, I do note it, but the flamen is not So light to be removed by a groom's breath.

I must and will speak, and I thus confront him

Flam But that the image of the goddess which Thou wear'st upon thy breast protects thy rudeness, It had forfeited thy life Dost thou not tremble

When an incensed Roman frowns?

Bere I see

No Gorgon in your face Flam Must I speak in thunder

Before thou wilt be awed?

Bere I rather look

For reverence from thee, if thou respectest

The goddess' power, and in her name I charge thee

To give me hearing If these hons roar,

For thy contempt of her expect a vengeance

Suitable to thy pride

Flam Thou shalt o'ercome.

There's no contending with thee.

3rd Mer Hitherto

The flamen hath the better

ist Mer But I fear

He will not keep it

Bere Know you these men's faces?

Flam Yes, yes, poor Asiatics

Bere Poor they are made so

By your Roman tyranny and oppression

Flam

If arrogantly you presume to take The Roman government, your goddess cannot Give privilege to it, and you'll find and feel 'Tis little less than treason, flamen.

Beec Truth

In your pride is so interpreted: these poor men, These Asiatic merchants, whom you look on With such contempt and scorn, are they to whom Rome owes her bravery, their industrious search To the farthest Ind, with danger to themselves Brings home security to you unthankful; Your magazines are from their sweat supplied, The legions with which you fright the world Are from their labour paid; the Tyrian fish, Whose blood dyes your proud purple in the colour Distinguishing the senator's garded robe From a plebeian habit, their nets catch, The diamond hewed from the rock, the pearl Dived for into the bottom of the sea, The sapphire, ruby, jacinth, amber, coral, And all rich ornaments of your Latian dames Are Asian spoils. They are indeed the nurses² And sinews of your war, and without them What could you do?—Your handkercher——

Flam. Wipe your face, You are in a sweat, the weather's hot, take heed Of melting your fat kidneys.

Bere There's no heat
Can that thy frozen conscience
Flam To it again now;
I am not moved.

Bere. I see it. If you had
The feeling of a man you would not suffer
These men, who have deserved so well, to sink
Under the burthen of their wrongs. If they

Outward splendour
Perhaps "nerves" is the true reading.

Are subjects, why enjoy they not the right
And privilege of subjects? What defence
Can you allege for your connivance to
The Carthaginian galleys, who forced from them
The prize they took, belonging not to them
Nor their confederates?

Flam With reverence

To your so sacred goddess, I must tell you
You are grown presumptuous; and, in your demands,
A rash and saucy flamen Meddle with
Your juggling mysteries, and keep in awe
Your gelded ministers Shall I yield account
Of what I do to you?

1st Mr He smiles in frown.
2nd Mer Nay, then, I know what follows
31d Mer In his looks

A tempest rises

Flam How dare you complain,
Or in a look repine? Our government
Hath been too easy, and the yoke which Rome
In her accustomed lenity imposed
Upon your stubborn necks begets contempt.
Hath our familiar commerce and trading,
Almost as with our equals, taught you to
Dispute our actions? Have you quite forgot
What we are, and you ought to be? Shall vassals
Capitulate with their lords?

and Mer I vow he speaks

In his own dialect

Flam 'Tis too frequent, wretches,
To have the vanquished hate the conqueror,
And from us needs no answer Do not I know
How odious the lordly Roman is
To the despised Asian, and that
To gain your liberty you would pull down
The altars of your gods, and, like the giants,
Raise a new war 'gainst Heaven?

1st Mer. Terrible.

Flam. Did you not give assurance of this, when Giddy Antiochus died? and, rather than Accept us guardians of your orphan kingdom, When the victorious Scaurus with his sword Pleaded the Roman title, with our vote, You did exclaim against us as the men That sought to lay an unjust gripe upon Your territories, ne'er remembering that In the brass-leaved book of fate it was set down' The earth should know no sovereign but Rome: Yet you repined, and rather chose to pay Homage and fealty to the Parthian, The Egyptian Ptolemy, or indeed any, Than bow unto the Roman

Bere. And perhaps

Our government in them had been more gentle, Since yours is insupportable.

Flam If thou wert not

In a free state, the tongue that belcheth forth

These blasphemies should be seared —For you, presume
not

[To the Merchants.

To trouble me hereafter. If you do, You shall with horror to your proudest hopes Feel really that we have iron hammers

To pulverize rebellion, and that

We dare use you as slaves —Be you, too, warned, sir, [70 Berecinthius

Since this is my last caution. I have seen A murmurer, like yourself, for his attempting To raise sedition in Rome's provinces, Hanged up in such a habit

[Excunt Flaminius, Calistus, and Demetrius.

Bere I have took

Poison in at my ears, and I shall burst If it come not up in my reply

1st Mer. He's gone, sir.

Berc. He durst not stay me. If he had, had found I would not swallow my spittle.

and Mer. As we must

Our wrongs and our disgraces.

3rd Mer. O, the wretched

Condition that we live in, made the anvil

On which Rome's tyrannies are shaped and fashioned ! ist Mor. But our calamities there's nothing left us

Which we can call our own.

2nd Mer. Our wives and daughters Lie open to their lusts, and such as should be Our judges dare not right us.

3rd Mer. O Antiochus!

Thrice happy were the men whom fate appointed To fall with thee in Achaia.

and Mer. They have set

A period to their miseries

1st Mer We survive

To linger out a tedious life, and death—We call in vain what flies us.

Bere. If religion

Be not a mere word only, and the gods Are just, we shall find a delivery

When least expected.

1st Mer. 'Tis beyond all hope. sir.

Enter ANTIOCHUS

Bere. Ha! who is this?

Ant Your charity to a poor man,

As you are Asians

2nd Mer Pray you observe him

3rd Mer I am amazed

1st Mer. I thunderstruck

Bere What are you?

Ant The King Antiochus

2nd Mer Or some deity

That hath assumed his shape?

Bac He only differs
In the colour of his hair, and age.

Ant. Consider

What two and twenty years of misery

Can work upon a wretch, that long time spent too.

Under distant zeniths, and the change you look on
Will not deserve your wonder.

1st Mer His own voice

2nd Mer His very countenance, his forehead, eyes 1, 31 d Mer His nose, his very lip

Bere His stature, speech.

1st Mer His very hand, leg, and foot, on the left side Shorter than on the right

2nd Mer. The moles upon

His face and hands

3rd Mer. The scars caused by his huits On his right brow and head.

Bere The hollowness

Of his under-jaw, occasioned by the loss

Of a tooth pulled out by his chirurgion.

1st Mer. To confirm us,

Tell us your chirurgion's name, when he served you Ant. You all knew him,

As I do you Demetrius Castor.

2nd Mer. Strange!

31d Mer But most infallibly true.

Berc. So many marks

Confirming us, we owe, i in our distrust,

A sacrifice for his safety.

1st Mer. May Rome smile!

and Mer. And Asia once more flourish!

3rd Mer You the means, sir 1

Ant Silence your shouts I will give stronger proofs Than these exterior marks when I appear

Before the Carthaginian senators,

With whom I have held more intelligence

1 The reprint has "faine."

And private counsels than with all the kings Of Asia or Afric I'll amaze them With the wonder of my story.

Bere. Yet, until
Your majesty be furnished like yourself,
To a neighbour village——

Ant Where you please The omen Of this encounter promises a good issue. And, our gods pleased, oppressed Asia. When aid is least expected, may shake off The insulting Roman bondage, and in me Gain and enjoy her pristine liberty.

Excunt.





ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.—Carthage. A Room in the House of Flaminius

Enter FIAMINIUS and CALISTUS



LAM. A man that styles himself Antiochus, say you?

Cal Not alone styled so, but as such received

And honoured by the Asians

Flam. Two impostors,

For their preferrior to that fate

For their pretension to that fatal name,

Already have paid dear; nor shall this third Escape unpunished

Cal. 'Twill exact your wisdom
With an Herculean arm (the cause requires it)
To strangle this new monster in the birth.
For, on my life, he hath delivered to
The credulous multitude such reasons why
They should believe he is the true Antiochus
That, with their gratulations for his safety,
And wishes for his restitution, many
Offer the hazard of their lives and fortunes
To do him service.

Flam Poor seduced fools!

However, 'tis a business of such weight
I must not sleep in't. Is he now in Carthage?

Cal. No, sir, removed to a grange some two miles off; And there the malcontents, and such whose wants With forfeited credits make them wish a change

Of the Roman government, in troops flock to him,

Flam. With one puff—thus—I will disperse and scatter
This heap of dust—Here, take my ring by this
Entreat my friend Amilcar to procure
A mandate from the Carthaginian senate
For the apprehension of this impostor,
And with all possible speed [East Calistus] Howe'er I know

The rumour of Antiochus' death uncertain, It much imports the safety of great Rome To have it so believed.

Enter DEMETRIUS

Dem There wait without
Three fellows I ne'er saw before, who much
Importune their access. They swear they bring
Business along with them that deserves your ear,
It being for the safety of the republic,
And quiet of the provinces They are full
Of gold, I have felt their bounty

Flam Such are welcome,

Give them admittance [Exit Demetrius] In this

various play

Of state and policy, there's no property

Of state and policy, there's no property But may be useful

Re-enter Demetrius, with Chrysalus, Geta, and Syrus

Now, friends, what design

Carnes you to me?

Flam. Let one speak for all;

I cannot brook this discord

Chrys As our duties

Command us, noble Roman, having discovered A dreadful danger, with the nimble wings Of speed, approaching to the state of Rome.

We hold it fit you should have the first notice, That you may have the honour to prevent it.

Flam. I thank you, but instruct me what form wears
The danger that you speak of

Chrys. It appears

In the shape of King Antiochus.

Flam. How! is he

Rose from the dead?

Chrys. Alas! he never died, sir; He at this instant lives, the more the pity He should survive, to the disturbance of Rome's close and politic counsels, in the getting

Possession of his kingdom, which he would Recover (simple as he is) the plain

And downright way of justice Flam. Very likely.

But how are you assured this is Antiochus, And not a counterfeit? Answer that.

Chrys. I served him

In the Achaian war, where, his army routed,
And the warlike Romans hot in their execution,
To shun their fury he and his minions were
(Having cast off their glorious armour) forced
To hide themselves as dead, with fear and honor,
Among the slaughtered carcases. I lay by them,
And rose with them at midnight. Then retiring
Unto their ships, we sailed to Corinth; thence
To India, where he spent many years
With their gymnosophists There I waited on him,

With their gymnosophists There I waited on him, And came thence with him; but, at length, tired out With an unrewarded service, and affrighted In my imagination with the dangers

In my imagination with the dangers, Or rather certain ruins, in pursuing

His more than desperate fortunes, we forsook him Flam A wise and politic fellow! Give me thy hand

Thou art sure of this?

Chrys. As of my life

Flam. And this is

Known only to you three?

Chrys. There's no man lives else

To witness it.

Flam The better. but inform me,
And, as you would oblige me to you, truly,

Where did you leave him?

Sir. For the payment of Our long and tedious travel, we made bold To rifle him

Flam Good 1

Geta And, so disabling him
Of means to claim his right, we hope despair
Hath made him hang himself.

Flam It had been safer

If you had done it for him But, as 'tis,
You are honest men. You have revealed this secret
To no man but myself?

Chrys. Nor ever will.

Flam [Aside.] I will take order that you never shall—And, since you have been true unto the state, I'll keep you so, I am e'en now considering How to advance you.

Chrys What a pleasant smile His honour throws upon us'

Gela We are made

Flam And now 'us found out That no danger may Come near you, should the robbery be discovered, Which the Carthaginian laws, you know, call death, My house shall be your sanctuary

Sir There's a favour!

Flam And that our entertainment come not short Of your deservings, I commit you to My secretary's care — See that they want not, Among their other delicates——

Chrys Mark that!

Flam [Aside to DEMETPILS] A sublimated pill of For sugar to their wine [mercury,

, Dem. I understand you

Flam Attend these honest men, as if they were Made Roman citizens; and be sure, at night, I may see them well-lodged.—Dead in the vault, I mean: Their gold is thy reward.

[Aside to Demetrius.]

Dem Believe it done, sir.

Flam. And when 'tis known how I have recompensed (Though you were treacherous to your own king)
The service done to Rome, I hope that others
Will follow your example. Enter, friends;
I'll so provide that when you next come forth
You shall not fear who sees you.

Chrys. Was there ever So sweet a tempered Roman?

Exeunt all but Flaminius. Flam You shall find it Ha! what's the matter? Do I feel a sting here, For what is done to these poor snakes? My reason Will easily remove it. That assures me, That, as I am a Roman, to preserve And propagate her empire, though they were My father's sons, they must not live to witness Antiochus is in being. The relation . The villain made, in every circumstance Appeared so like to truth, that I began To feel an inclination to believe What I must have no faith in. By my birth I am bound to serve thee, Rome, and what I do Necessity of state compels me to. Exit.



SCENE II -The Senate Hall in Carthage

Enter Amilicar, Hanno, Asdrubal, Carihalo, Senators, and Attendants

Anul To steer a middle course 'twint these extremes Exacts our serious care.

Han I know not which way I should incline.

Amil The reasons this man urges,
To prove himself Antiochus, are so pregnant.
And the attestation of his countrymen
In every circumstance so punctual,
As not to show him our compassion were
A kind of barbarous cruelty.

Car Under correction.

Give me leave to speak my thoughts. We are bound to weigh

Not what we should do in the point of honour, Swayed by our pity, but what may be done With the safety of the state

Asd. Which is, indeed,
The main consideration; for, grant
This is the true Antiochus, without danger,
Nay, almost certain ruin to ourselves,
We cannot yield him favour or protection.

Han We have feared and felt the Roman power.

Expect, if we provoke him, a return
Not limited to the quality of the offence,
But left at large to his interpretation,
Which seldom is confined. Who knows not that
The tribute Rome receives from Asia is
Her chief supportance? other provinces
Hardly defray the charge by which they are
Kept in subjection They, in name, perhaps,
Render the Roman terrible, but his strength
And power to do hurt, without question, is
Derived from Asia. And can we hope, then.
That such as lend their aids to force it from them
Will be neld for ess than capital enemies,
And as such pursued and punished?

Car I could wish

Car I could wish
We were well nd of him.

st.

Asd The surest course Is to deliver him into the hands Of bold Flaminius.

Han And so oblige

Rome, for a matchless benefit. Amil. If my power Were absolute, as 'tis but titular, ... And that confined too, being by you elected Prince of the Senate only for a year, I would oppose your counsels, and not labour With arguments to confute them; yet, however, Though a fellow-patriot with you, let it not savour Of usurpation, though in my opinion I cross your abler judgments Call to mind Our grandsires' glories (though not seconded With a due imitation), and remember in the With what expense of coin, as blood, they did Maintain their liberty, and kept the scale Of empire even 'twixt Carthage and proud Rome; And, though the Punic faith is branded by Our enemies, our confederates and friends Found it as firm as fate; and seventeen kings, Our feodaries, our strengths upon the seame Exceeding theirs, and our land soldiers' 't'in' In number far above theirs, though inferior In arms and discipline (to our shame we speak it); And then for our cavallery, in the champaign 1 How often have they brake their piles, and routed Their coward legions!

Han. This, I grant, sir, is not To be contradicted.

Anul If so, as we find it In our records, and that this state hath beer The sanctuary to which mighty'kings Have fled to for protection, and found it, Let it not to posterity be told

¹ Flat, open country'

That we so far degenerate from the race
We are derived as, in a servile fear
Of the Roman power, in a kind to play the bawds
To their ravenous lusts, by yielding up a man,
That wears the shape of our confederate,
To their devouring gripe, whose strong assurance
Of our integrity and impartial doom
Hath made this seat his altar.

Car I join with you
In this opinion, but no farther than
It may be done with safety

Asd In his ruins '

To bury ourselves, you needs must grant to be An inconsiderate pity, no way suiting With a wise man's reason

Car Let us face to face
Hear the accuser and accused, and then,
As either's arguments work on us, determine
As the respect of our security
Or honour shall invite us.

Amil [To an Attendant.] From the Senate, Entreat the Roman, Titus Flaminius, To assist us with his counsel.

Han And let the prisoner
Be brought into the court.

Anul The gods of Carthage
Direct us to the right way!

Asd With what gravity

Exit Attendant.

Enter FLAMINIUS

He does approach us!

Car As he would command,

Not argue his destres

Anul May it please your lordship

To take your place?

Flam In civil courtesy,

As I am Titus Flaminius, I may thank you,

But, sitting here as Rome's ambassador,
(In which you are honoured,) to instruct you in
Her will (which you are bound to serve, not argue),
I must not borrow—that were poor—but take,
As a tribute due to her that's justly styled
The mistress of this earthly globe, the boldness
To reprehend your slow progression in
Doing her greatness right. That she believes,
In me, that this impostor was suborned
By the conquered Asiatics, in their hopes
Of future liberty, to usurp the name
Of dead Antiochus, should satisfy
Your scrupulous doubts; all proofs beyond this being
Merely superfluous.

Car. My lord, my lord, You trench too much upon us.

Asd. We are not

Led by an implicit faith.

Han Nor, though we would
Preserve Rome's amity, must not yield up
The freedom of our wills and judgments to
Quit or condemn as we shall be appointed
By her imperious pleasure.

Car. We confess not,

Nor ever will, she hath a power above us. Carthage is still her equal.

Amil If you can '

Prove this man an impostor, he shall suffer As he deserves; if not, you shall perceive You have no empire here.

Han. Call in the prisoner; Then, as you please, confront him.

Flain. This neglect'

Hereafter will be thought on.

Amil We shall stand

The danger howsoever When we did, His cause unheard, at your request commit This king or this impostor, you received More favour than we owed you

Officer. [Within] Room for the prisoner.

Enter Antiochus, habited like a king, Berecinthius, the three Merchants, and a Guard

And This shape that you have put me in suits ill With the late austereness of myrlife

Bere Fair gloss

Wrongs not the richest stuff, but sets it off, And let your language, high and stately, speak you, As you were born, a king

Ant Health to the Senate We do suppose your duties done, sit still. Titus Flaminius, we remember you As you are a public nunister from Rome

You may sit covered.

Flam How!

Ant. But as we are

A potent king, in whose court you have waited And sought our favour, you betray your pride, And the more than saucy rudeness of your manners A bended knee, remembering what we are, Much better would become you

Flam. Ha!

Ant We said it.

But fall from our own height to hold discourse With a thing so far beneath us

Bere Admirable!

Amil. The Roman looks as he had seen the wolf. How his confidence awes him!

Asd. Be he what he will.

He bears himself like a king, and I must tell you I am amazed too

Ant Are we so transformed

1 The sight of a wolf was supposed to take away the power of speech.

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From what we were, since our disaster in The Grecian enterprise, that you gaze upon us As some strange prodigy ne'er seen in Afric? Antiochus speaks to you, the King Antiochus, And challenges a retribution in His entertainment of the love and favours Extended to you. Call to memory Your true friend and confederate, who refused In his respect to you the proffered amity Of the Roman people. Hath this vile enchanter Environed me with such thick clouds in your Erroneous belief, from his report. That I was long since dead, that, being present, The beams of majesty cannot break through The foggy mists raised by his wicked charms, To lend you light to know me? I cite you, My Lord Amilcar-now I look on you As prince of the Senate, but, when you were less, I have seen you in my court, assisted by Grave Hanno, Asdrubal, and Carthalo, The pillars of the Carthagiman greatness: I know you all. Antiochus ne'er deserved To be thus slighted.

Anul Not so, we in you Look on the figure of the King Antiochus; But, without stronger proofs than yet you have Produced to make us think so, cannot hear you But as a man suspected.

Ant Of what guilt?

Flam. Of subornation and imposture. Ant. Silence

This fellow's saucy tongue. O majesty! How soon a short eclipse hath made thy splendour As it had never shined on these, forgotten! But you refuse to hear me as a king; Deny not yet, in justice, what you grant To common men,—free liberty without

His interruption (having heard what he Objects against me) to acquit myself Of that which, in his malice. I am charged with

Anul. You have it.

Auf As my present fortune wills me I thank your goodness Rise, thou cursed agent Of mischief and accumulate in one heap All engines by the devil thy tutor fashioned To ruin innocence, in poison steep Thy bloodied tongue, and let thy words as full Of bitterness as malice, labour to Seduce these noble hearers · make me, in Thy comed accusation guilty of Such crimes whose names my innocence he'er knew. I'll stand the charge; and when that thou hast shot All arrows in thy quiver, feathered with Slanders and aimed with cruelty, in vain. My truth, though yet concealed, the mountains of Thy glossed fictions in her strength removed. Shall in a glorious shape appear, and show Thy painted mistress. Falsehood, when stripped bare Of borrowed and adulterate colours in Her own shape and deformity.

Bere I am ravished!

1st Mer O more than royal sir!

Arril. Forbear

and Mer. The monster

Prepares to speak

Bere And still that villamous smile Ushers his following mischiess

Flam. Since the assurance
From one of my place, quality and rank
Is not sufficient with you to suppress
This bold seductor to acquit our state
From the least tyrannous imputation
I will forget awhile I am a Roman
Whose arguments are warranted by his sword.

And not filed from his tongue. This creature here, That styles himself Antiochus, I know For an apostata Jew, though others say He is a cheating Greek called Pseudolus, And keeps a whore in Corinth. But I'll come To real proofs; reports and rumours being Subjects unsuitable with my gravity To speak, or yours to hear. 'Tis most apparent The King Antiochus was slain in Greece; His body, at his subjects' suit, delivered; His ashes from the funeral pile raked up, And in a golden urn preserved, and kept In the royal monument of the Asian kings,-Such was the clemency of Marcus Scaurus, The Roman conqueror, whose triumph was Graced only with his statue. But suppose He had survived (which is impossible) Can it fall in the compass of your reason That this impostor (if he were the man Which he with impudence affirms he is) " Would have wandered two and twenty tedious years Like a vagabond o'er the world, and not have tried Rome's mercy as a suppliant?

Han. Shrewd suspicions

Flam A mason of Callipolis, heretofore, Presumed as far, and was, like this impostor, By slavish Asians followed; and a second, A Cretan of a base condition, did Maintain the like. All ages have been furnished With such as have usurped upon the names And persons of dead princes. Is it not as evident as the day this wretch, instructed By these poor Asians (sworn enemies. To the majesty of Rome), but personates. The dead Antiochus, hired to it by these. To stir up a rebellion, which they call

Delivery or restoring? And will you.

Who, for your visdom, are esteemed the sages
And oracles of Afric, meddle in
The affairs of this affronter, which no monarch
Less rash and giddy than Antiochus was
Would undertake?

Art. Would I were dead indeed, Rather than hear this, living!

Flam. I confess

He hain some marks of King Antiochus, but The most of them artificial. Then observe What kind of men they are that do abet him: Proscribed and banished persons; the ringleader Of this sedicious troop a turbulent fiamen, Grown ist with idleness——

Bere That's L

Flar. And puffed up

With the wind of his ambition.

Bere. With reverence to

This place, thou lest. I am grown to this bulk By being

Arul..... your goddess. She Defeeds you from a whipping.

eects you from a winpp: Han. Take him off;

a dan dina the same

He does disturb the court.

Bere. I shall find a place yet Where I will roar my wrongs out.

[Excunt Officers with BERECINTHIUS.

Fian. As you have.

In the removing of that violent fool.

Given me a taste of your seventy,

Make it a feast, and perfect your great justice. In the surrendering up this false pretender

To the correction of the law, and let him Undergo the same punishment which others

Have justly suffered that preceded him

In the same machination.

Ant As you wish

SCENF II

A noble memory to after times, Reserve one ear for my defence, and let not-For your own wisdoms let not-that belief This subtle fiend would plant be rooted in you 🥇 Till you have heard me. Would you know the truth, And real cause, why poor Antiochus hath So long concealed himself? Though in the opening A wound, in some degree by time closed up, I shall pour scalding oil and sulphur in it, I will, in the relation of my To be lamented story, punctually Confute my false accuser. Pray you conceive, As far as your compassion will permit, How great the grief and agony of my soul was, When I considered that the violence Of my ill-reined ambition had made Greece ve The fatal sepulchre of so many thousands Of brave and able men, that might have stood In opposition for the defence Of mine own kingdom, and a ready aid For my confederates; after which rout, And my retreat in a disguise to Athens, The shame of this disgrace, though I then had The forehead of this man, would have deterred me

And such was then my resolution

Amil This granted, whither went you?

From being ever seen where I was known,

Ant As a punishment
Imposed upon myself, and equal to
My wilful folly, giving o'er the world,

I went into a desert.

Flam This agrees'

With the dead slaves' report; but I must contemn it.

Aside

Amil What drew you from that austere life?

Asd Clear that

Incline to that belief. But, since we calnot As such protect you but with certain danger, Until you are by other potent nations. Proclaimed for such, our fitting caution Cannot be centured, though we do entreat You would the, here seek justica.

Ant. Where, when 'tis
Frighted from you by power?

Amil. And yet take comfort.

Not all the threats of Rome shall force up to
Deliner you: the chort time that you stay
In Carriage you are safe; no more a prisoner;
You are enlarged; with full security
Control of your affairs. In what we may
We are your ifiends.—Break no the court.

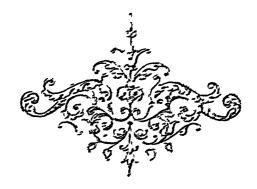
[Execut all but Antiochus and the three Mescheris, int Mer. Dear fr.

Take corrage in your liberty; the world Lies open to you.

and Mer. We shall meet with corrient When most despaired of by us.

Ant. Neres, neser!

Poor men, though fallen, may rive; but kings like me, If once by fortune sizeed, are never set free. [Excum





ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE 1-Carthage A Roman He Howerf FLAMINIUS

Enter Flaminius (with two litters), Califius, and DEMETRIES



LAM You gave him store of gold rich the instructions That I prescribed him?

Cal. Yes my lord, and, o The foresture of my credit was your

honour, Titus will do his pares, and that into

their deepest secrets Flam Men of place pay deer For their intelligence, it eats out the : ::::

If their employment, but, in a design If such weight, prodigality is a virtue.

The fellow was of trust that you dispatch of To Rome with the packets?

Dem. Yes sir, he flies, not rides. By this, if his access answer his care.

He is upon return

Flam I am on the stage.

And if now, in the scene imposed upon me, So full of change—nay, a mere laby with

Of politic windings—I show not myself

.A Protean actor, varying every shape

nd،

With the occasion, it will hardly poise
The expectation. I'll so place my nets
That, if this bird want wings to carry him
At one flight out of Afric, I shall catch him.
Calistus!

Cal. Sir.

Flam. Give these at Syracusa
To the proconsul Marcellus. Let another post
To Sardin'a with these.—You have the picture
Of the impostor?

Dem. Drawn to the life, my lord.

Flam. Take it along with you. I have commanded, In the Senate's name, that they man out their galleys, And not to let one vessel pass without A strict examination; the sea
Shall not protect him from me. I have charged too The garrisons, that keep the passages
By land, to let none scape that come from Carthage,
Without a curious search.

[Lait Calistus

Enter LENTULUS.

Let. [Speaking to one within] I will excuse My visit without preparation; fear not.

Flam. Who have we here?

Len. When you have viewed me better You will resolve yourself.

Flam. My good ford Lentulus!

Len. You name me right. The speed that brought me As you see accoutred, and without a train [hither Suitable to my rank, may tell your lordship That the design admits no vacant time For compliment. Your advertisements have been read In open court, the consuls and the Senate Are full of wonder and astonishment At the relation, your care is much Commended, and will find a due reward, When what you have so well begun is ended.

In the meantime, with their particular thanks
They thus salute you. [Tenders a letter.] You shall find
there that

(Their good opinion of me far above My hopes or merits) they have appointed me Your successor in Carthage, and commit Unto your abler trust the prosecution Of this impostor.

Flam. As their creature ever I shall obey and serve them. I will leave My freedman to instruct you in the course Of my proceedings. You shall find him able And faithful, on my honour.

Len. I receive him

At his due value. Can you guess yet whither This creature tends? By some passengers I m I was told, howe'er the state denies to yield him To our dispose, they will not yet incense us By giving him protection.

I hope I shall resolve you.—To my wish!

Enter Trius

Here comes my true discoverer Be brief, and labour not with circumstance to endear. The service thou hast done me

Tit. As your lordship

Commanded me, in this Carthaginian habit
I made my first approaches, and delivered
The gold was given me as a private present
Sent from the Lord Amilcar for his viaticum
To another country, for I did pretend
I was his menial servant.

Flam. Very well.

Tit 'Twas entertained almost with sacrifice,' And I, as one most welcome, was admitted Into their turbulent counsel. Many means

Were there propounded, whither, and to whom, Their King Antiochus (for so they style him) Should fly for safety. One urged to the Parthian, A second into Egypt, and a third To the Batavian; but, in conclusion, The corpulent flamen, that would govern all, And in his nature would not give allowance To any proposition that was not The child of his own brain, resolved to carry Their May-game prince, covered with a disguise, To Prusias King of Bithynia. His opinion Carried it, and thither, without pause or stay, To thank my lord for his bounty, they are gone, Upon my certain knowledge, for I rid Two days and nights along, that I might not build Upon suppositions; by this they are At their journey's end

Flam. With my thanks, there's thy reward

[Groung money

. 4

I will take little rest until I have
Soured his sweet entertainment —You have been
In the court of this Prusias, of what temper is he?

Len. A well-disposed and noble gentleman, And very careful to preserve the peace And quiet of his subjects.

Flam I shall find him

The apter to be wrought on Do you know who is
His special favourite?

Len One that was his tutor, A seeming politician, and talks often, The end of his ambition is to be A gentleman of Rome.

Flam I shall fit him, fear not
Your travel's ended, mine begins, and therefore
I will take my leave
Formality of manners now is useless:
I long to be a-horseback.

Len. You have my wishes. For a fair success.

Flam. My care shall not be wanting

Excunt.

Flou.



SCENE II -Bithyma. Before the Palace

Enter Antiochus and the three Merchants.

Long discontinuance of riding hard,
With weariness hath dulled your spirits.

2nd Mer. The flamen,

His corpulency considered, hath held out Beyond imagination.

31 d Mer As often

As he rode down a hill I did expect The chining of his horse.

Aut I wonder more

How mine sustained his burden, since the weight That sits on my more heavy heart would crack The sinews of an elephant.

and Mer. 'Tis said

That beast hath strength to carry six armed men In a turret on his back.

Ant. True; but the sorrow
Of a wretched and forsaken king like me
Is far more ponderous.

From your own strength by yielding to despair I am most confident Berecinthius will, From the great King Prusias—in his goodness great-Bring comfort to you.

Ant I am prepared, however,

Lower I cannot fall.

3rd Mer. Ha! these are signs
Of a glorious entertainment, not contempt!

Enter BERECINTHIUS.

Bere. Bear up, sir I have done you simple service, I thank my eloquence and boldness for it.

When would a modest silent fool effect
What I have done? but such men are not born
For great employments The fox that would confer
With a lion without fear must see him often
O for a dozen of rubbers and a bath!
And yet I need no tub, since I drench myself
In mine own balsam

ist Mer. Balsamum! it smells Like a tallow-chandler's shop

Bere. Does it so? thou thin-gut!

Thou thing without moisture! But I have no time

To answer thee The great king—by my means, sir.

Ever remember that—in his own person,

With his fair consort and a gallant train,

Are come to entertain you.

And Jove! if thou art
Pleased that it shall be so----

Bere. Change not you Jove's purpose In your slowness to receive it; in your carriage Express yourself. They come.

Enter PRUSIAS, his Queen, PHILONENUS, and Attendants

Pru. The strong assurance
You gave at Carthage to confirm you are
The King Antiochus (for so much from
My agent there I have heard) commands me to
Believe you are so, and however they,
Awed by the Roman greatness, durst not lend you
Aid or protection, in me you shall find
A surer guard I stand on mine own bases,
Nor shall or threats or prayers deter me from
Doing a good deed in itself rewarded
You are welcome to my bosom.

Kisses her.

Ant. All that yet

I can return you, sn, is thanks, expressed In tears of joy, to find here that compassion Hath not forsook the earth.

Queen. Alas, good king,

I pity him!

SCENE II]

Pru This lady, sir, your servant,

Presents her duty to you.

Ant Pray you forgive me'.

Calamity, my too long rude companion,

Hath taught me, gracious madam, to forget

Civility and manners.

Oucen, [Aside] I ne'er touched

But the king my husband's hps, and, as I live, He kisses very like him.

Pru. Here is one

I date present to you for a knowing man In politic designs. But he is present,

I should say more else.

Ant. Your assistance, sn,

To raise a trod-down king will well become you.

Ph. What man can do that is familiar with.

The deep directions of Xenophon, Or Aristotle's politics, besides

Mine own collections, which some prefer,

And with good reason, as they say, before them,

Your highness may expect.

Pru. We will at leisure

Consider of the manner and the means

How to restore you to your own.

Queen. And till then

Suppose yourself in your own court.

Ant. The gods

Be sureties for the payment of this debt ...
I stand engaged! Your bounties overwhelm me.

[Flourish Excunt all but Bereginthius and the Merchants.

Berc. Ay, marry, this is as it should be! Ha! After these storms raised by this Roman devil, Titus Flaminius—you know whom I mean—Are we got into the port once—I must purge.

st Mer. Not without cause

Beic Or my increasing belly
Will metamorphose me into the shape
Of a great tortoise, and I shall appear
A cipher, a round man, or what you will.
Now jeer at my bulk, and spare not.

1st Mer You are pleasant.

Bere. Farce thy lean ribs with hope, and thou wilt

Another kind of creature. When our king is Restored, let me consider, as he must be, And I the principal means, I'll first grow rich, Infinite rich, and build a strange new temple To the goddess that I worship, and so bind her To prosper all my purposes

and Mer Be not rapt so

Bese. Prithee, do not trouble me First I will exper The Romans out of Asia, and, so breaking Their reputation in the world, we will Renew our league with Carthage, then draw to Our party the Egyptian Ptolemy, And great Arsaces' issue I will be The general, and march to Rome, which taken, I'll fill proud Tiber with the carcases Of men, women, and children Do not persuade me I'll show no mercy

3rd Mer Have the power to hurt first
Bere Then by the senators, whom I'll use as horses,
I will be drawn in a chariot, made for my bulk,
In triumph to the Capitol, more admired
Than Bacchus was in India, Titus Flaminius,
Our enemy, led like a dog in a chain,
As I descend or reascend in state,

[Exit

Shall serve for my foot-stool. I will conjure him, If revenge hath any spells.

Enter FLAMINIUS and DEMETRIUS.

Flam. Command the captain

To wait me with his galley at the next port,

I am confident I shall fraught him. [Ent DEMETRIUS

1st Mer. You are conjuring,

And see what you have raised

Bac. Cybele save me!

I do not fear thee, Pluto, though thou hast ... Assumed a shape not to be matched in Cocytus! Why dost thou follow me?

Flam. Art thou mad?

Bere, Thou comest

To make me so. How my jelly quakes ! Avaunt! What have I to do with thee?

Flam You shall know at lessure,

The time is now too precious.

Berc. 'Tis vanished.

Sure, 'twas an apparition.

1st Mei I fear

A fatal one to us

2nd Mer. We may easily guess at .
The cause that brings him hither

31 d Mer Now, if ever,

Confirm the king

1st Mer. Against this battery

New works are to be raised, or we are ruined.

Berc What think you of this rampire? 1 'twill hold out,

And he shall shoot through and through it but I'll cross him.

[Event

1 Rampart. He means his own body.



SCENE III .- Bith; nia. An Apartment in the Palace.

Erter FLAMINIUS and PHILOXENUS.

Flam. What we have said the consuls will make good. And the glad Senate ratify.

Pri. They have so

Obliged me for this favour, that there is not A service of that difficulty from which I would decline. In this rest confident,

I am your own, and sure.

Flam, You shall do six.

A noble office in it; and, however
We thank you for the courtesy, the profit
And certain honours, the world's terror. Rome.
In thankfulness cannot but shower upon you.
Are wholly yours. How happy I esteem
Myself, in this employment, to meet with
A wise and provident statesman!

Pai. My good lord!

Flam. I flatter not in speaking truth. You are so. And, in this prompt alacrity, confirm it: Since a wise forecast in the managing Worldly affairs is the true wisdom, rashness. The schoolmispess of idiots. You well know Charity begins at home, and that we are Nearest unto ourselves, fools build upon Imaginary hopes but vise men ever On real certainties, a tender conscience. Like a glowworm, shows a seeming fire in darkness But set near to the glorious light of honour. It is invisible. As you are a statesman. And a master in that art, you must remove All rubs, though with a little wrong sometimes. That may put by the bias of your counsels From the fair mark they aun at. Pri. You are read well

Pri. You are read In voridity passages." Flam. I barter with you
Such trifles as I have, but, if you pleased,
You could instruct me that philosophy
And policy in states are not such strangers
As men o'er-curious and precise would have them.
But to the point. With speed get me access
To the king your pupil: and 'tis well for him
That he hath such a tutor, rich Bithynia
Was never so indebted to a patriot
And vigilant watchman, for her peace and safety,
As to yourself.

Phi Without boast I may whisper I have done something that way.

Flam. All in all;
Fame, filling her loud trump with truth, proclaims it.
But, when it shall be understood you are

The principal means by which a dangerous serpent, Warmed in your sovereign's bosom, is delivered To have his sting and venomous teeth pulled out, And the ruin, in a willing grant, avoided, Which in detaining him falls on the kingdom, Not Prusias alone, but his saved people,

Will raise your providence altars.

Phi. Let me entreat Your patience some few minutes: I'll bring the king In person to you.

Flam Do, and, this effected,

Think of the ring you are privileged to wear

When a Roman gentleman; and, after that,

Of provinces and purple [East Philoxenus] I must

smule now

In my consideration with what glibness
My flatteries, oiled with hopes of future greatness,
Are swallowed by this dull pate. But it is not
Worth the observation Most of our seeming statesmen

Are caught in the same noose

Enter PRUSIAS and PHILOGENUS

Returned so soon!

And the king with him! but his argry forehead Furrowed with frowns. No matter. I am for him.

Pru. From the people of Rome? so quick? Hath he brought with him

Letters of credence, and authority

To treat with us?

Pia. I read them.

Pru. What can he

Propound which I must fear to hear? I vould Continue in fair terms with that warlike nation.

Ever provided I wrong not myself

In the least point of honour.

Phi To the full

He will instruct your majesty.

Flam. So may

Felicity, as a page, attend your person, As you embrace the friendly counsel sent you From the Roman Senate!

Pru. With my thanks to you Eheir instrument, if the advice be such As by this preparation you would have me Conceive it is. I shall, and 'twill become me, Receive it as a favour

Flam. Know then, Rome.
In her pious care that you may still increase
The happiness you live in. and your subjects.
Under the shadow of their own vines, eat
The fruit they yield them, their soft musical feasts
Continuing, as they do yet, unaffrighted
With the harsh noise of war, entreats as low
As her known power and majesty can descend
You would return with due equality,
A willingness to preserve what she hath conquered
From change and innovation.

Fru I attempt not To trouble her, nor ever will.

Flam Fix there;

Or if, for your own good, you will move farther, Make Rome your thankful debtor by surrendering Into her hands the false impostor that Seeks to disturb her quiet.

Fig. This I looked for.

And that I should find mortal poison wrapped up In your candied pills Must I, because you say so, Beheve that this most miserable king is A false affronter, who, with arguments Unanswerable, and near miraculous proofs, Confirms himself the true Antiochus? Or is it not sufficient that you Romans, In your unsatisfied ambition, have Seized with an unjust gripe on half the world. Which you call conquest, if that I consent not To have my innocence soiled with that pollution You are willingly smeared o'er with?

Flam. Pray you, hear me

Pru I will be first heard Shall I, for your ends, Infringe my princely word; or break the laws Of hospitality; defeat myself Of the certain honour to restore a king Unto his own, and what you Romans have Extorted and keep from him? Far be it from me! I will not buy your amity at such loss. So it be to all after times remembered I held it not sufficient to live As one born only for myself, and I Desire no other monument.

Flam. I grant

It is a specious thing to leave behind us A fair report, though in the other world We have no feeling of it; and to lend A desperate, though fruitless, aid to such As Fate, not to be altered, hath marked out Examples of calamity, may appear A glorious ornament: but here's a man, The oracle of your kingdom, that can tell you, When there's no probability it may be Effected, 'tis mere madness to attempt it.

Plu A true position
Flam Your inclination
Is honourable, but your power deficient

To put your purposes into act

Pru. My power?

Flam Is not to be disputed, if weighed truly
With the petty kings your neighbours; but, when balanced

With the globes and sceptres of my mistress Rome, Will—but I spare comparisons But you build on Your strength to justify the fact. Alas! It is a feeble reed, and leaning on it, Will wound your hand much sooner than support you You keep in pay, 'tis true, some peace-trained troops, Which awe your neighbours, but consider, when Our eagles shall display their sail-stretched wings, Hovering o'er our legions, what defence Can you expect from yours?

Plu Urge that point home

Flam Our old victorious bands are ever ready,
And such as are not our confederates tremble
To think where next the storm shall fall with horror
Philosenus knows it. Will you, to help one
You should contemn, and is not worth your pity,
Pull it on your own head? Your neighbour Carthage
Would smile to see your error Let me paint
The danger to you ere it come Imagine
Our legions, and the auxiliary forces
Of such as are our friends and tributaries,
Drawn up, Bithynia covered with our armies,
All places promising defence blocked up

With our armed troops, the siege continuing; Famine within and force without disabling All opposition, then, the army entered, As victory is insolent, the rapes Of virgins and grave matrons, reverend old men With their last groans accusing you; your city And palace sacked——

Phi Dear sir!

Flam And you yourself.

Captived, and, after that, chained by the neck, Your matchless queen, your children, officers, friends, Waiting, as scorns of fortune, to give lustre To the victor's triumph.

Phu. I am in a fever To think upon't.

Flam As a friend I have delivered,
And more than my commission warrants me,
This caution to you. But now, peace or war?
If the first, I entertain it; if the latter,
I'll instantly defy you

Plu Pray you say peace, sir.

Tru On what conditions?

Flam The delivery

Of this seductor and his complices, On no terms else, and suddenly.

Pru How can I

Dispense with my faith given?

Plu. I'll yield you reasons

Pru Let it be peace then—oh! Pray you call in [Exit Philomenus

The wretched man; in the meantime I'll consider How to excuse myself.

Flam. [Aside] While I, in silence,
Triumph in my success, and meditate
On the reward that crowns it A strong army
Could have done no more than I alone, and with
A little breath, have effected.

Erter Queen, Antiochus Berecinthius, the tarce Merchants Philoxenus, Devetrius and Attendants.

Ant. Goodness guard me!

Whom do I look on? Sir. come further from him. He is infectious: so swollen with mischiefs And strange impleties, his language too So full of siren sorceries, if you hear him There is no touch of moral honesty. Though rampired in your soul, but will fly from you The mandrake's shrieks,1 the aspic's deadly tooth The tears of crocodiles or the basilisk's eye Kill not so soon nor with that violence. As he who in his cruel nature, holds

Antipathy with mercy. Pru. I am sorry-

Ant. Sorry! for what? That you had an intent To be a good and just prince? Are compassion And charity grown crimes?

Pru. The gods can witness How much I would do for you; and but that Necessity of state-

Art. Make not the gods

Gulty of your breach of faith! From them you find not

Treachery commanded. and the state, that seeks Strength from disloyalty in the quicksands which She trusteth in is swallowed. Tis in vain To argue with you: if I am condemned. Defences come too late. What do you purpose Shall fall on poor Antiochus?

Pru. For my

Security—there being no means left else— Against my will I must deliver you.

Art. To whom?

¹ See note at te, p 326

Enter Guard.

Piu To Rome's ambassador Ant O, the Furies!

Exceed not him in cruelty! Remember
I am a king, your royal guest, your right hand
The pawn and pledge that should defend me from
My bloody enemy. Did you accuse
The Carthaginian senate for denying
Aid and protection to me, giving hope.
To my despairing fortunes; or but now
Raise me to make my fall more terrible?
Did you tax them of weakness, and will you,
So far transcend them in a coward fear,
Declaimed against by your own mouth? O sir,
If you dare not give me harbour, set me safe yet
In any desert, where this serpent's hisses
May not be heard; and to the gods I'll speak you
A prince both wise and honourable.

Pru Alas I

It is not in my power.

Ant As an impostor

Take off my head then, at the least, so far Prove merciful, or with any torture ease me Of the burthen of a life, rather than yield me To this politic state hangman

Flam. [Aside] This to me is

A kind of rayishing music

Queen I have lived,

For many years, sir, your obedient handmaid, Nor ever in a syllable presumed
To cross your purposes, but now, with a sorrow
As great almost as this poor king's, beholding
Your poverty of spirit—for it does
Deserve no better name—I must put off
Obsequiousness and silence, and take to me

The warrant and authority of your queen, And as such give you counsel.

Piu You displease me.

Queen. The physic promising health is ever bitter.

Hear me Will you that are a man-nay more,

A king of men—do that, forced to it by fear,
Which common men would scorn? I am a woman—

A weak and feeble woman-yet before

I would deliver up my bondwoman,

And have it told I did it by constraint,

I would endure to have these hands cut off,

These eyes pulled out-

Piu. I'll hear no more.

Queen Do you, then.

As a king should

Pru Away with her!

[They bear off the Queen

Flam. My affairs

Exact a quick despatch.

Pru He's yours Conceive

What I would say. Farewell.

Excunt PRUSIAS and PHILOXENUS

Ant That I had been

Born dumb! I will not grace thy triumph, tyrant, With one request of favour [Exit Antiochus guarded

Bere My good lord !

Flam Your will, dear flamen?

Bere. I percene you are like

To draw a great charge upon you My fat bulk, And these my hons, will not be kept for a little, Nor would we be chargeable, and, therefore, kissing Your honoured hands, I take my leave

Flam By no means,

I have been busy, but I shall find lessure To treat with you in another place

Bere I would not

Put your lordship to the trouble

Flam. It will be

A pleasure rather.—Bring them all away.

. Bere. The comfort is, whether I drown or hang

I shall not be long about it; I'll preserve The dignity of my family

Flam. 'Twill become you.

Exeunt.





ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I -Callipolis. A Room in the Proconsul's House.

Enter METELLUS and SEMPRONIUS.



El.-A revolt in Asia?

Semp Yes, on the report The long-thought-dead Antiochus lives

Med.-I heard

Such a one appeared in Carthage, but suppressed

By Titus Flammus, my noble friend. Who, by his lettters, promised me a visit. -If his designs, as I desire they may, Succeeded to his wishes

Semp. Till vou behold him I can bring your honour; if you please, where you May find fair entertainment.

Met. From whom, captain?

Semp. A new-rigged pinnace, that put off from Corinth, And is arrived among us tight and yare; Nor comes she to pay custom for her fraught, But to impose a tax on such as dare

Presume to look on her, which smock-gamesters offer Sooner than she demands it.

Met. Some fresh courtezan.

Upon mine honour!

Semp. You are i' the right, my lord.

Met. And there lies your intelligence?

Semp. Trive: my good lord:

Semp. True, my good lord;
'Tis a discovery will not shame a captain
When he lies in garrison Since I was a trader
In such commodities I never saw
Her equal I was ravished with the object,
And, would you visit her, I believe you would write
Yourself of my opinion.

Met Fie upon thee!

Semp. And therefore have the greater use
Of such a cordial All Medea's drugs,
And her charms to boot, that made old Æson young,
Were nothing to her touch, your viper wine,
So much in practice with grey-bearded gallants,
But vappa to the nectar of her lip
She hath done miracles since she came a usurer,
Full of the gout, and more diseases than
His crutches could support, used her rare physic
But one short night, and, rising in the morning,
He danced a lavolta.

Met Prithee, leave thy fooling, And talk of something else.

Semp The whole world yields not
Apter discourse. She hath all the qualities
Conducing to the sport sings like a siren,
Dances as the gross element of earth
Had no part in her, her discourse so full
Of eloquence and prevailing, there is nothing
She asks to be denied her Had she desired
My captain's place, I had cashiered myself;
And, should she beg your proconsulship, if you heard her,
'Twere heis,' upon my life

Met. She should be damned first. And her whole tribe.

¹ Palled wine

Enter FLAMINIUS.

My Lord Flaminius, welcome!

I have long been full of expectation
Of your great design, and hope a fair success
Hath crowned your travail in your bringing in
This dangerous impostor.

Flam At the length,

I have him and his complices.

Met. I'll not now

Inquire how you achieved him, but would know, Since 'tis referred to you, what punishment Should fall upon him.

Flam. If you please, in private, I will acquaint you.

Met. Captain, let me entreat you To meditate on your woman in the next room; We may have employment for you.

Semp. I had rather

She would command my service.

Exit.

Md. Pray you sit.

Flam. Now, my good lord, I ask your grave advice What course to take.

Met. That, in my judgment, needs not Long consultation. He is a traitor, And, his process framed, must, as a traitor, suffer A death due to his treason.

Flam. There's much more
To be considered, there being a belief,
Dispersed almost through Asia, that he is
The true Antiochus; and we must decline
The certain scandal it will draw upon
The Roman government if he die the man
He is by the most received to be, and therefore,
Till that opinion be removed, we must
Use some quaint practice, that may work upon
His hopes or fears, to draw a free confession

That he was suborned to take on him the name He still maintains

Mel. That, torture will wrest from him, I know no readier way

Flam. If you had seen His carriage in Carthage and Bithynia, You would not think so. Since I had him in My power I have used all possible means that might Force him into despair, and so to do A violence on himself He hath not tasted These three days any sustenance, and still Continues fasting

Met. Keep him to that diet Some few hours more.

Flam I am of opinion rather, Some competence offered him, and a place of rest, Where he might spend the remnant of his days In pleasure and security, might do more Than fear of death or torture.

Met. It may be,

There are such natures, and now I think upon't, I can help you to a happy instrument To motion it. Your ear.

Maspers.

Flam 'Tis wondrous well, And it may prove fortunate

Met. 'Tis but a trial,

However, I will send for her.

Flam. Pray you do;

She shall have my directions.

Mel. What botches

Are made in the shop of policy !

Flam. So they cover

The nakedness we must conceal, it skills not. Execut.

1 s.e Matters not



SCENE II .- Callipolis The Prison ...

Enter Jailor, with a pomard and a halter.

Jai Why should I feel compunction for that Which yields me profit? ha! a prisoner's tears Should sooner pierce flint or Egyptian marble Than move us to compassion. Yet I know not, The sufferings of this miserable man. Work strangely on me. Some say he is a king It may be so, but, if they hold out thus, I am sure he is like to die a beggar's death, And starve for hunger. I am, by a servant Of the Lord Flaminius, strictly commanded, Before-I have raised him out of the dungeon, To lay these instruments in his view, to what end I am not to inquire, but I am certain, After his long fast, they are viands that Will hardly be digested. Do you hear, sir?

Ant [Below.] If thou art my deathsman, welcome fat I so pity you

That I wish I had commission, as you rise, To free you from all future misery, To knock your brains out.

Ant Would thou hadst!

The liberty to air yourself, and that Is all I can afford you Fast, and be merry, I am elsewhere called on.

I am elsewhere called on.

Ant [Rusing from below] Death! as far as faintness
Will give me leave to chide thee, I am angry
Thou comest not at me No attendance? Famine,
Thy meagre harbinger, flatters me with hope
Of thy so wished arrival, yet thy coming
Is still deferred. Why? Is it in thy scorn
To take a lodging here? I am a king,
And, though I know the reverence that waits

Upon the potent sceptre, nor the guards Of faithful subjects, neither threats, nor prayers Of friends or kindled, nor yet walls of brass Or fire, should their proud height knock at the moon, Can stop thy passage, when thou art resolved To force thy entrance: yet a king, in reason, By the will of fate severed from common men, Should have the privilege and prerogative, When he is willing to disrobe himself Of this cobweb garment, life, to have thee ready To do thy fatal office. What have we here?

Enter Flaminius, Mi II Llus, and Simpronius above.

A pomard, and a halter! From the objects I am easily instructed to what end They were prepared; either will serve the turn To ease the burthen of a wretched life, Or thus [Lifts the dagger], or thus [Lifts the haller], in death! I must commend The Roman courtesy. How am I grown

So cheap and vile in their opinion that I am denied an executioner? Will not the loss of my life quit the cost? O rare frugality! will they force me to Be mine own hangman? Every slave, that's guilty Of crimes not to be named, receives such favour By the judge's doom, and is my innocence-The oppressed innocence of a star-crossed king-Held more contemptible? My better angel, Though wanting power to alter fate, discovers Their hellish purposes. Yes, yes, 'tis so . My body's death will not suffice, they aimed at My soul's perdition; and shall I, to shun A few hours more of misery, betray her? No, she is free still, and shall so return From whence she came, and in her pureness triumph

Their tyranny chained and fettered.

Flam O, the devil

Thou art weak This will not do.

Met. Mark how he'll stand

The second charge

Semp The honour is reserved

For the pretty tempting friend I brought, my life on't.

Re-enter Jailor, with brown bread, and a wooden dish of water.

Jai Here, sir, take this, though coarse, it will kill hunger;

It is your daily pittance, yet, when you please, Your commons may be mended

Ant Show me the way

Jai Confess yourself to be a cozening knave; The matter's feasible, but, if you will be Still king of the crickets, feed on this and live: You shall not say we starved you

[Exit

Aut Stay, I beseech thee, And take thy cruel pity back again To him that sent it. This is a tyranny That doth transcend all precedents My soul. But even now, this lump of clay, her prison, Of itself, in the want of nourishment, opening, Had shook off her sick feathers, and prepared Herself to make a noble flight, as set At liberty, and now this reparation Again immures You, for whose curious palates The elements are ransacked, look upon This bill of fare, by my penurious steward, Necessity, served to a famished king; And, warned by my example, when your tables Crack not with the weight of dear and far-fetched dainties,

Dispute not with Heaven's bounties. What shall I do? If I refuse to touch and taste these coarse And homely cates, I hasten my own fate,

And so, with willingness, embrace a sin I hitherto have fled from. No, I'll eat; And if, at this poor rate, life can continue, I will not throw it off

Flam. I pine with envy To see his constancy.

SCENE II]

Met. Bid your property enter, , And use her subtlest magic.

A lute is heard

Semp. I have already

Acquainted her with her cue The music ushers
Her personal appearance.

[A song within

Ant From what hand
And voice do I receive this charity?
It is unusual at such a feast.
But I miscall it, 'tis some new-found engine
Mounted to batter me Ha!

Enter Courteran.

Com If I were not

More harsh and rugged in my disposition

Than thy tormentors, these eyes had outstripped

My tongue, and, with a shower of tears, had told you

Compassion brings me hither.

Ant That I could
Believe so much, as, by my miseries!
(An oath I dare not break) I gladly would;
Pity, methinks, I know not how, appears
So lovely in you

Com It being spent upon
A subject in each circumstance deserving
An universal sorrow, though 'tis simple,
It cannot be deformed. May I presume
To kiss your royal hand? for sure you are not
Less than a king.

Ant Have I one witness living Dares only think so much?

Cour. 1 do believe it,

And will die in that belief; and nothing more Confirms it than your patience, not to be Found in a meaner man. Not all the trim Of the majesty you were born to, though set off With pomp and glorious lustre, showed you in Such full perfection as at this instant Shines, round about you, in your constant bearing Your adverse fortune, a degree beyond All magnanimity that ever was Canonized by mankind.

Aut. Astonishment

And wonder eizes on me. Pray you what are you?

Cour. Without your pray, nearer to the grave

Than the malice of prevailing enemies

Can hurry you.

Ant. My pity! I will part with So much from what I have engrossed to mourn Mine own afflictions as I freely grant it. Will you have me weep before I know the cause In which I may serve you?

Cour. You already have

Spent too much of that stock. Przy you, first hear me, And wrong not my simplicity with doubts

Of that I shall deliver. I am a virgin-

Semp. If I had not toyed with her myself, I should now believe her!

Cour. And though not of the eagle's brood, descended From a noble family.

Symp. Her mother sold her To a Correthian lecher at thritten, As 't's reported.

Mel. Be silent, I command you.

Ant. To be a virgin, and so well derived, In my opinion, fair one, are not things To be lattented.

Cour. If I had not fallen
From my clear height of chastity—I confess it—

In my too forward wishes . . . , that is A sin I am guilty of I am in love, sir,—Impotently mad in love, and my desires Not to be stopped in their career,

ant. With whom

Are you so taken?

Cour With your own dear self, sir.
Behold me not with such a face of wonder;
It is too sad a truth. The story of
Your most deplorable fortune at the first warmed me
With more than modest heats; but, since I saw you,
I am all fire, and shall turn cinders, if
You show not mercy to me.

Ant. Foolish creature.

If I could suppose this true, and met your wishes With equal ardour, as I am, what shadow Of seeming hope is left you to arrive at The port you long for?

Cour. If you will be good
Unto yourself, the voyage is accomplished:
It is but putting off a poisoned shirt,
Which in the wearing eats into your flesh,
And must, against your will, be soon forced from you,
The malice of your enemies tendering to you
More true security and safety than
The violence of your friends' and servants' wishes
Could heap upon you

Ant. 'Tis impossible Clear this dark mystery, for yet, to me,

You speak in riddles

Cour. I will make it easy

To your understanding, and thus sweeten it

[Offers to kiss dam.

Uncontrollably.

Ant [Aside] Devil Flaminius! I find you here!

Cour Why do you turn away? The counsel that I offer, if you please To entertain it, as long-wished companions, In her right hand brings liberty, and a calm After so many storms; and you no sooner Shall, to the world, profess you were suborned To this imposture—though I still believe It is a truth-but, with a free remission For the offence, I, as your better genius, Will lead you from this place of horror to A paradise of delight, to which compared, Thessalian Tempe, or that garden where Venus with her revived Adonis spend Their pleasant hours, and make from their embraces A perpetuity of happiness, Deserve not to be named. There, in an arbour, Of itself supported o'er a bubbling spring, With purple hyacinths and roses covered, We will enjoy the sweets of life, nor shall Arithmetic sum up the varieties of Our amorous dalliance, our viands such, As not alone shall nourish appetite, But strengthen our performance, and, when called for, The quiristers of the air shall give us music; And, when we slumber, in a pleasant dream You shall behold the mountains of vexations Which you have heaped upon the Roman tyrants In your free resignation of your kingdom, And smile at their afflictions

Ant. Hence, you siren!

Cour Are you displeased?

Ant Were all your flatteries

Amed at this mark? Will not

Assisted by contempt and scorn, yield strength
To spurn thee from me? But thou art some whore—

East

Some common whore—and, if thou hast a soul! (As in such creatures it is more than doubted), It hath its being in thy wanton veins, And will, with thy expense of blood, become Like that of sensual beasts.

Met. This will not do.

Ant. How did my enemies lose themselves to think, A painted prostitute with her charms could conquer What malice, at the height, could not subdue! Is all their stock of malice so consumed, As, out of penury, they are forced to use A whore for their last agent?

Com. If thou wert

Ten times a king thou hest I am a lady, A gamesome lady of the last edition, And, though I physic noblemen, no whore.

Mcl. He hath touched her freehold.

Semp. Now let-her alone, And she will worry him,

Com. Have I hved to have My courtesies refused? That I had leave To pluck thy eyes out !

Are you so coy? Thou art a man of snow, And thy father got thee in the wane of the moon! But scorn me not. 'Tis true I was set on By the higher powers, but now, for all the wealth In Asia, thou shalt not have the favour, Though, prostrate on the earth, thou wouldst implore it, To kiss my shoestring

Re-enter Jailor and others

Flam. We lose time, my lord. Cour Foh! how he stinks! I will not wear a rag more

That he hath breathed on Met Without more ado Let him have his sentence, Flam. Drag him hence.

Ant Are you there?

Nay, then----

Flam I will not hear him speak. My anger

Is lost. Why linger you?

Ant. Death ends all, however !

(Escunt



SCENE III - Callipolis' A Street.

Enter Officers, leading in Berecinthius and 1st Merchant, with halters.

Bere What a skeleton they have made of me! Starve me first,

And hang me after! Is there no conscience extant
To a man of my order? They have degraded me,
Ta'en away my lions, and to make me roar like them
They have pared the flesh off from my fingers' ends,
And then laughed at me, I have been kept in darkness
These five long days, no visitants but devils,
Or men in shapes more hornd, coming at me,
A chafing-dish of coals and a butcher's knife
I found set by me, and, inquiring why,
I was told that I had flesh enough of mine own,
And, if that I were hungry, I might freely
Eat mine own carbonadoes, and be chronicled
For a cannibal never read of

Off Will you walk, sir?

Bere I shall come too soon, though I creep, to such a breakfast.

I ever use to take my portion sitting Hanging in the air, 'tis not physical

Off Time flies away, sir

Bere Why, let him fly, sir Or, if you please to stay him,

1 Sinces of broiled meat

And bind up the bold knave's wings, make use of my collar,

There is substance in it, I can assure your worship,
And I thank your wisdom that you make distinction
Between me and this starteling—He goes to it
Like a greyhound for killing of sheep in a twopenny
shp;

But here's a cable will weigh up an anchor, And yet, if I may have fair play, ere I die Ten to one I shall make it crack.

Off. What would you have, sir?

Bere. My ballast about me; I shall ne'er sail well else To the other world. My bark, you see, wants stowage, But give me half a dozen of hens and a loin of yeal To keep it steady, and you may spare the trouble Of pulling me by the legs, or setting the knot Under mine ear. This drum, well braced, defies Such foolish courtesies

Is out of season. Let us think of Elysum, If we die honest men; or what we there Shall suffer from the Furies

Beic. Thou art a fool
To think there are or gods or goddesses:

For the latter, if that she had any power.

Mine, being the mother of them, would have helped me. They are things we make ourselves Or, grant there

should be

A hell, or an Elysum, sing I cannot
To Orpheus' harp in the one, nor dance in the other:
But, if there be a Cerberus, if I serve not
To make three sops for his three heads, that may serve
For something more than an ordinary breakfast,
The cur is devilish hungry. Would I had
Ran away with your fellow merchants 1 I had then
Provided for my fame. Yet, as I am,
I have one request to make, and that, my friends,
Mass. II.

Concerns my body, which I pray you grant. And then I shall die in peace

Off. What is it?
Bere Marry,

That you would be suitors to the proconsul for me That no covetous Roman, after I am dead, May beg to have my skin flayed off, and stuff it. With straw like an alligator, and then show it. In fairs and markets for a monster. Though: I know the sight will draw more fools to gape on't. Than a camel or an elephant, aforehand. I tell you, if you do, my ghost shall haunt you.

Off. You shall have burial, fear not Berc. And room enough

To tumble in, I pray you, though I take up More grave than Alexander I have ill luck If I stink not as much as he; and yield the worms As large a supper

1st Mer Are you not mad to talk thus?

Berc I came crying into the world, and am resolved
To go out merrily. therefore despatch me [Exeunt.



SCENE IV — Callipolis A Room in the Proconsul's House

Enter METELLUS and FLAMINIUS

Met There never was such constancy
Flam You give it

Too fair a name 'tis foolish obstinacy,
For which he shall, without my pity, suffer
What we do for the service of the republic,
And propagation of Rome's glorious empire,
Needs no defence, and we shall wrong our judgments
To feel compunction for it Have you given order,
According to the sentence, that the impostor,

Riding upon an ass, his face turned to The hinder part, may in derision be Brought through Callipolis?

Met Yes, and a paper Upon his head, in which, with capital letters, His faults inscribed, and by three trumpeters, Proclaimed before him, and, that done, to have him Committed to the galleys Here comes Sempronius,

Enter, SEMPRONIUS.

To whom I gave the charge . Semp. I have performed it

In every circumstance Flam. How do the people

Receive it?

Semp. As an act of cruelty, And not of justice: it drew tears from all The sad spectators His demeanous was

In the whole progress worth the observation. But one thing most remarkable.

Flam. What was that?

Semp. When the city-clerk with a loud voice read the cause .

For which he was condemned, in taking on him The name of a king, with a settled countenance The miserable man replied, "I am so But when he touched his being a cheating Jew, His patience moved, with a face full of anger He boldly said, "'Tis false." I never saw Such magnanimity.

Flam. Frontless impudence rather.

Semp. Or anything else you please.

Flam Have you forced on him

The habit of a slave?

Semp. Yes, and in that,

Pardon my weakness, still there does appear A kind of majesty in him,

Flam You look on it
With the eyes of foolish pity that deceives you

Semp This way he comes, and, I believe, when you see him,

You'll be of my opinion
Off [Within] Make way there

Enter Officers, leading in Antiochus, his head shaved, in the habit of a slave

Ant Fate! 'tis thy will it should be thus, and I With patience obey it Was there ever, In all precedent maps of misery, Calamity so drawn out to the life As she appears in me? In all the changes Of fortune, such a metamorphosis Antiquity cannot show us Men may read there Of kings deposed, and some in triumph led By the proud insulting Roman, yet they were Acknowledged such, and died so, my sad fate Is of a worse condition, and Rome To me more barbarous than ere yet to any Brought in subjection Is it not sufficient That the locks of this our royal head are shaved off, My glorious robes changed to this slavish habit, This hand that grasped a sceptre manacled, Or that I have been, as a spectacle, Exposed to public frown, if to make perfect The cruel reckoning I am not compelled To live beyond this, and, with stripes, be forced To stretch my shrunk-up sinews at an oar, In the company of thieves and murderers, My innocence and their guilt no way distinguished. But equal in our sufferings?

Met. You may yet
Redeem all, and be happy
Flam But, persisting
In this imposture, think but what it is

To live in hell on earth, and rest assured It is your fatal portion.

Art. Do what you please.

I am in your power, but still Antiochus,
King of the Lower Asia—no impostor—
That, four and twenty years since, lost a battle,
And challenge now mine own, which tyrannous Rome
With violence keeps from me.

Flam Stop his mouth!

Ant. This is the very truth; and, if I live Thrice Nestor's years in torture, I will speak No other language.

Met. I begin to melt.

Flam To the galley with him!

Ant Every place shall be
A temple to my penitence in me!

L. wunt





ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE I - Syracuse An Apartment in a Palace

Enter Marcellus, and the 2nd and 3rd Merchants.



011

AR Upon your recantation this galle-

Was not Antiochus, you had your pardons

Signed by the senate?

2nd Mer. Yes, my lord

Mar Troth, tell me,

And freely—I am no informer—did you Believe and know him such, or raised that rumour For private ends of your own?

31 d Mer May it please your excellence To understand the fear of death wrought on us, In a kind, to turn apostatas · 2 besides, Having proved our testimonies could not help him, We studied our safeties.

2nd Mer A desire too

Of the recovery of our ow

Of the recovery of our own, kept from us With strong hand, by his violent persecutor, Titus Flaminus, when he was at Carthage, Urged us to seek redress, nor was it fit We should oppose great Rome.

Mar In worldly wisdom
You are excusable, but——
31 d Mer We beseech your honour
Press us no further

¹ Fr. Galérien, a galley-slave

Mar. I do not purpose it.

Do you know what this contains? [Helding up a letter.

and Mer. No. my good lord.

31d Ma. Perhaps we bring the warrant for our deaths, As 'tis said of Bellerophon, yet we durst not

Presume to open it.

Mar. 'Twas manners in you;

But I'll discharge you of that fear. There is No hurt intended to you.

3rd Mer. We thank your lordship.

Mar. How is the service of Flaminus spoke of In Rome?

2nd Mer. With admiration, and many Divine great honours to him.

Mar. The people's voice

Is not oraculous ever. Are you sure
The galley in which your supposed king is chained
Was bound for Syracusa?

31d Mer She is now

In the port, my lord

Mar. Titus Flammius in her?

31 d Mer Upon my certain knowledge.

Mar. Keep yourselves

Concealed till you are called for. When least hoped for, You shall have justice.

and Mer Your honour's vassals ever

Execut Merchants

Mar Here, here, it is apparent that the poet Wrote truth, though no proof else could be alleged To make it good, that, though the Heavens lay open To human wishes, and the Fates were bound To sign what we desire, such clouds of error Involve our reason, we still beg a curse, And not a blessing How many, born unto Ample possessions, and, like petty kings, Disposing of their vassals, sated with The peace and quiet of a country life,

Carried headlong with ambition, contend
To wear the golden fetters of employment,
Presuming there's no happiness but in
The service of the state! but when they have tried,
By a sad experience, the burthen of them,
When 'tis not in their power, at any rate
They would redeem their calm security,
Mortgaged in wantonness Alas! what are we,
That govern provinces, but preys exposed
To every subtle spy? and when we have,
Like sponges, sucked in wealth, we are squeezed out
By the rough hand of the law, and, failing in
One syllable of our commission, with
The loss of what we got with toil, we draw

Enter Cornelia and a Moor-woman

What was our own in question—You come timely, To turn my tired thoughts from a sad discourse That I had with myself

Corn I rather fear, sir,
I bring an argument along with me
That will increase, not lessen, such conceptions
As I found with you

Mar. Why, sweet? what's the matter?

Corn When I but name Antiochus, though I spare

To make a brief relation how he died,

Or what he is, if he now live, a sigh,

And seconded with a tear, I know, must fall

As a due tribute to him

Mar Which I pay
Without compulsion, but why do you
Lance this old sore?

Corn The occasion commands it,
And now I would forget it, I am forced,
In thankfulness, to call to memory
The favours for which we must ever owe him
You had the honour, in his court at Sardis

To be styled his friend, an honour Rome and Carthage Were rivals for, and did deserve the envy Of his prime minions and favourites; His natural subjects planted in his favour Or rooted up, as your dislike or praise Reported them, the good king holding what You spake to be oraculous, and not To be disputed. His magnificent gifts. Confirmed his true affection, which you were More weary to receive than he to give. Yet still he studied new ones

Mar Pray you, no more

Corn Oh, 'tis a theme, sir, I could ever dwell on, But, since it does offend you, I will speak Of what concerns myself. He did not blush, In the height of his felicity, to confess Fabricius, my lord and father, for His much-loved kinsman, and as such observed him You may please to remember too, when, at A public sacrifice made to the gods After a long infection, in which The Asian kings and queens were his assistants, With what respect and grace he did receive me; And, at a solemn tilting, when he had Put on the nchest armour of the world, Smiling he said-his words are still, and shall be, Writ in the tablet of my heart-" Fair cousin," So he, began (and then you thought me fair too), "Since I am turned soldier, 'twere a solecism, In the language of the war, to have no mistress; And therefore, as a prosperous omen to My undertakings, I desire to fight, So you with willingness give suffrage to it, Under your gracious colouis." and then, loosening A scarf tied to mine arm, he did entreat me To fasten it on his O, with what joy I did obey him, rapt beyond myself

In-my imagination to have So great a king my servant!

Mar You had too

Some private conference

Corn And you gave way to it
Without a sign of jealousy, and dispensed with
The Roman gravity

Mar. Would I could again Grant you like opportunity.

Is this remembered now?

Con It does prepare

A suit I have, which you must not deny me,
To see the man, who, as it is reported,
In the exterior parts Nature hath drawn
As his perfect copy There must be something in him
Remarkable in his resemblance only
Of King Antiochus' features

Mar. 'Twas my purpose,

Enter Flaminius and Demetrius.

And so much, my Cornelia, Flaminius Shall not deny us

Flam As my duty binds me, _ My stay here being but short, I come unsent for To kiss your lordship's hands

Mar I answer you

In your own language, sir —And yet your stay here
May be longer than you think

[Aside

Flam Most honoured madam, I cannot stoop too low in tendering of My humblest service.

Corn. You disgrace your courtship In overacting it, my lord. I look not For such observance

Flam I am most unhappy, If that your excellence make any scruple Of doubt you may command me. Corn. This assurance

Gives me encouragement to entreat a favour, In which my lord being a suitor with me, I hope shall find a grant.

Flam Though all that's mine Be comprehended in 't.

Mar. Your promise, sir.

Shall not so far engage you. In respect Of some familiar passages between The King Antiochus, when he lived, and us, And, though it needs it not, for farther proof That this is an impostor, we desire Some conference with him.

Flam For your satisfaction

I will dispense a little with the strictness

Of my commission—Sirrah, will the captain

To bring him to the proconsul

Corn His chains took off,
That I entreat too, since I would not look on
The image of a king I so much honoured
Bound like a slave.

Flam See this great lady's will
Be punctually obeyed [Exit DEMETRIUS
Mar. Your wisdom, sir,

Hath done the state a memorable service,
In strangling in the birth this dreadful monster;
And, though with some your cruel usage of him
(For so they call your fit severity)
May find a harsh interpretation, wise men
In judgment must applaud it.

Flam Such as are
Selected instruments for deep designs,
As things unworthy of them must not feel
Or favours or affections Though I know
The ocean of your apprehensions needs not
The rivulet of my poor cautions, yet,
Bold from my long experience, I presume

(As a symbol of my zeal and service to you)
To leave this counsel when you are, my lord,
Graced or distasted by the state, remember
Your faculties are the state's, and not your own;
And therefore have a care the empty sounds
Of friend or enemy sway you not beyond
The limits are assigned you We, with ease,
Swim down the stream, but to oppose the torrent
Is dangerous, and to go more or less
Than we are warranted, fatal

Mar With my thanks

For your so grave advice, I'll put in practice
On all occasions what you deliver,
And study them as aphorisms in the meantime,
Pray you accept such entertainment as

Syracusa can present you When the impostor
Arrives let us have notice Pray you walk, sir [Eacunt



SCENE II - Another Room in the same.

Enter Antiochus, Captain, and Soldiers

Capt Wait at the palace gate. There is no fear now Of his escape, I'll be myself his guardian Till you hear further from me. [Excunt Soldiers

Ant What new engine
Hath cruelty found out to raise against
This poor demolished rampire? it is levelled
With the earth already Will they triumph in
The ruins they have made, or is there yet
One masterpiece of tyranny in store
Beyond that I have suffered? If there be
A vial of affliction not poured out yet
Upon this sinful head, I am prepared,
And will look on the cloud before it break
Without astonishment. Scorn me not, captain,

١.

As a vain braggart; I will make this good,
And I have strength to do it. I am armed
With such varieties of defensive weapons,
Lent to me from my passive fortitude;
That there's no torment of a shape so horrid
Can shake my constancy Where hes the scene now?
Though the hangings of the stage were congealed gore,
The chorus flinty executioners,
And the spectators, if it could be, more
Inhuman than Flammus, the cue given,
The principal actor's ready

Capt. If I durst

I could show my compassion.

Ant. Take heed, captain;
Pity in Roman officers is a crime
To be punished more than murder in cold blood:
Bear up To tell me where I am, I take it,
Is no offence

Capt You are in Syracusa, In the court of the proconsul.

Ant. Who? Marcellus?

Capt. That noble Roman. By him you are sent for, But to what end I am ignorant

Ant. Ha! He was

My creature, and, in my prosperity, proud
To hold dependence of me, though I graced him
With the title of a friend; and his fair lady
In courtship styled my mistress. Can they be
Infected with such barbarism as to make me
A spectacle for their sport?

Enter Marcellus, Flaminius, Cornelia, Moorwoman, and Servants

Capt. They are here, and soon They will resolve you.

Mar. Be reserved, and let not The near resemblance of his shape transport you Beyond yourself, though I confess the object Does much amaze me

Corn You impose, my lord,

What I want power to bear

Mar. Let my example,

Though your fierce passions make war against it, Strengthen your reason.

And Have you taken yet

A full view of me? In what part do I

Appear a monster?

Corn His own voice!

Mar. Forbear.

Ant Though I were an impostor, as this fellow Labours you to believe, you break the laws Of fair humanity in adding to Affliction at the height, and I must tell you The reverence you should pay unto the shape Of King Antiochus may challenge pity As a due debt. not scorn. Wise men preserve Dumb pictures of their friends, and look upon them With feeling and affection, yet not hold it A foolish superstition; but there is In thankfulness a greater tie on you

To show compassion.

Mar Were it possible

Thou couldst be King Antiochus-

Ant What then?

Mar I should both say and do-

Ant. Nothing for me

(As far as my persuasion could prevent it)
Not suiting with the quality and condition
Of one that owes his loyalty to Rome,
And since it is by the inscrutable will
Of fate determined that the royalties
Of Asia must be conferred upon her
For what offence I know not, 'tis in vain

For men to oppose it. You express, my lord,

CENE II A kind of sorrow for me, in which, madam,

You seem to be a sharer. That you may Have some proof to defend it, for your mirth's sake ... I'll play the juggler, or more subtle gipsy, And to your admiration reveal

Strange mysteries to you, which, as you are Romans, You must receive for cunning tricks, but give . No farther credit to them,

Flam. At your pen!

You may give him hearing, but to have faith in him Neighbours to treason Such an impudent slave'. Was never read of.

Mar. I dare stand his charms 1 With open ears.—Speak on.

Ant If so, have at you!

Can you call to your memory, when you were At Sardis with Antiochus, before His Grecian expedition, what he, With his own hands, presented you as a favour, No third man by to witness it?

Mar Give me leave

To recollect myself Yes-sure 'twas so-He gave me a fair sworld.

Ant. 'Tis true, and you Vowed never to part from it Is it still In your possession?

Mar. The same sword I have, And, while I live, will keep

Ant. Will you not say, It being four and twenty years since you Were master of that gift, if now I know it, Among a thousand other's, that I have '

The art of membry? Mar I shall receive it

As no common sleight -Siriah, fetch all the swords For mine own use in my armoury, and, do you hear? Do as I give directions. Whisper's. S.rr. With all care, sir

[Exil.

Ant To entertain the time until your servant Returns, there is no syllable that passed Between you and Antiochus which I could not Articulately deliver. You must still Be confident that I am an impostor, Or else the trick is nothing.

Re-enter Servant, with many swords.

Corn Can this be?

Ant O, welcome, friend Most choice and curious swords,

But mine is not among them Mar. Bring the rest.

Enter another Servant, with more swords.

Ant Ay, this is it this is the sword I gave you Before I went to Greece Be not amazed,
Nor let this trifle purchase a belief
I am Antiochus. Here is one will assure you
These are but juggling tricks of an affronter.

Flam They are no more A contract's sealed between The devil and this seducer, at the price Of his damned soul, and his familiar dæmon Acquaints him with these passages.

Mar. I know not,

But I am thunderstruck

Corn. I can contain

Myself no longer.

Ant Stay, dear madam, though
Credulty be excusable in your sex,
To take away all colour of guilt in you,
You shall have stronger proofs The scarf you gave it
As a testimony you adopted me
Into your service, I ware on mine armour,
When I fought with Marcus Scaurus, and mine eye
Hath on the sudden found a precious jewel

You deigned to receive from me .

Which you wear on your . .

Corn I acknowledge

It was the King Antiochus' gift,

Art I will

Male a discovery of a secret in it Of which you yet are ignorant. Pray you trust it,

For King Antiochus' sake, into my hands,

I thank your readiness. Nay, dry your eyes; You hinder else the faculty of second

The cunning of the landary. I can

Pull out the stone, and under it you shall find My name, and cipher I then used, engraven.

Corn. Tis most apparent. Though I lose my life for't.

These knees shall pay their duty.

Ant. By no means:

For your own sake be still incredulous, Since your faith cannot save me. I should know

This Moorish woman Yes, 'tis she.-Thou wert One of my laundry, and thou wast called Zantha

While thou wert mine. I am glad thou hast lighted on So gracious a mistress,

Moor-we. Mine own king! O, let me kiss your feet. What cursed villains

Have thus transformed you? Flam. 'Tis not safe, my lord,

To suffer this.

Mar. I am turned statue, or All this is but a vision

Ant. Your ear, madam.

Since what I now shall say is such a secret As is known only to yourself and me,' m

And must exclude a third, though your own lord,

From being of the counsel. Having gained. 11 17

Access and privacy with you, my hot blood (No friend to modest purposes) prompted me; ' d

Mass. 11 HH With pills of poisoned language, candied o'er With hopes of future greatness, to attempt The ruin of your honour—I enforced then My power to justify the ill, and pressed you With mountainous promises of love and service. But when the building of your faith and virtue Began to totter, and a kind of grant Was offered, my then sleeping temperance Began to rouse itself, and, breaking through The obstacles of lust, when most assured To enjoy a pleasant hour, I let my suit fall, And, with a gentle reprehension, taxed Your forward proneness, but with many vows Ne'er to discover it, which Heaven can witness I have and will keep faithfully.

Corn This is

The King Antiochus, as sure as I am The daughter of my mother.

Mar. Be advised.

Flam. This is little less than treason!

Corn. They are traitors,

Traitors to innocence and oppressed justice, That dare affirm the contrary.

Mar Pray you temper
The violence of your passion.

Corn. but express Your thankfulness for his so many . . . And labour that the Senate may restore him Unto his own; I'll die else.

Ant. Live long, madam,
To nobler and more profitable uses:
I am a falling structure, and desire not
Your honours should be buried in my ruins.
Let it suffice, my lord, you must not see
The sun, if, in the policy of state,
It is forbidden With compassion

Of what a miserable king hath suffered,

Preserve me in your memory.

Flam. You stand as

SCENE II.]

This sorcerer had bewitched you.—Drag him to

His oar, and let his weighty chains be doubled.

Mar. For my sake, let the poor man have what favour

You can afford him.

Flam. Sir, you must excuse me.—You have abused the liberty I gave you;

[To Antiochus.

But, villain, you pay dear for't — I will trust
The execution of his punishment
To no man but myself; his cries and groans
Shall be my hourly music. So, my lord,
I take my leave abruptly.

Corn May all plagues,

That ever followed tyranny, pursue thee!

Mar. Pray you stay a little. Flam. On no terms.

Mar Yield so much' To my entreaties.

Flam. Not a minuté, for

Your government!

Mar I will not purchase, sir,

Your company at such a rate; and yet
Must take the boldness upon me to tell you
You must and shall stay.

Flam. How!

Mar. Nay, what is more,

As a prisoner, not a guest. Look not so high;

I'll humble your proud thoughts.

Flam You dare not do this Without authority.

Mar. You shall find I have

Sufficient warrant, with detaining you,

To take this man into my custody —

Though 'tis not in my power, whate'er you are,'

To do you further favour, I thus free you Out of this devil's paws

Ant. I take it as

A lessening of my torments.

Flam You shall answer

This in another place.

Mar. But you shall here

Yield an account without appeal for what
You have already done You may peruse

[Hands him a letter

Shake you already? Do you find I have

Enter 2nd and 3rd Merchants and Guards.

. now to be hanged

. . him that pities thee

cusers

... die and will prove that you took briles
Of the Carthaginian merchants, to detain
Their lawful prize, and, for your sordid ends,
Abused the trust, committed by the state,
To right their vassals The wise Senate, as
They will reward your good and faithful service,
Cannot, in justice, without punishment
Pass o'er your ill Guiltiness makes you dumb;
But, till that I have leisure, and you find

Your tongue, to prison with him *Flam.* I prove too late,

As Heaven is merciful, man's cruelty Never escapes unpunished.

[Exeunt Guards with Flaminius

Ant How a smile

Labours to break forth from me ! But what as

Rome's pleasure shall be done with me

Mar Pray you think, sir,

A Roman, not your constant friend, that tells you.

SCENF II.] BELIEVE AS YOU LIST.

You are confined unto the Gyaræ¹ With a strong guard upon you.

Re-enter Guard.

Ant. Then 'tis easy
To prophesy I have not long to live,
Though the manner how I shall die is uncertain.
Nay, weep not: since 'tis not in you to help me,
These showers of tears are fruitless. May my story
Teach potentates humility, and instruct
Proud monarchs, though they govern human things,
A greater power does raise, or pull down, kings!

[Flourish: Excunt.



The end of epilogues is to inquire

The censure of the play, or to desire

Pardon for what's amiss In his intent

The maker vows that he is innocent;

And, for me and my fellows, I protest,

And you may believe me, we have done our best;

And leason too we should. but whether you

Conceive we have with care discharged what's due

Rests yet in supposition, you may

If you please resolve us If our fate this day

Prove prosperous, and you too vouchsafe to give

Some sign your pleasure is this work shall live,

We will find out new ways for your delight,

And, to our power, ne'er fail to do you right.

¹ A penal settlement in the Ægean Sea ² Judgment.

